Australian
PENTHOUSE
$3.40*
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
SEPTEMBER 1984
EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL! MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
STRIKEBREAKER: STRONG-ARM TACTICS IN THE SHEARERS' DISPUTE
THE RACIST RIGHT: THEY'RE READY TO FIGHT
DISORGANISED CRIMES: A DOSSIER OF DISASTERS
IMELDA MARCOS: THE IRON BUTTERFLY
THE TRITE STUFF: TRIVIA QUIZ
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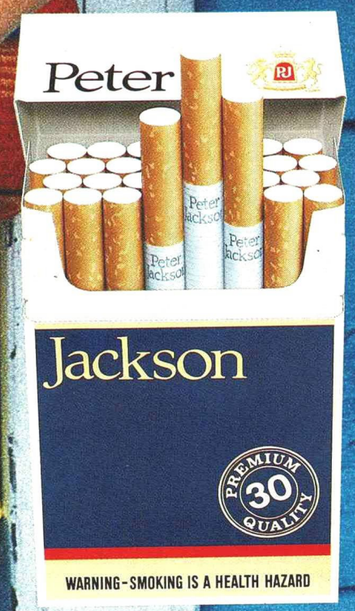

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 9/September 1984

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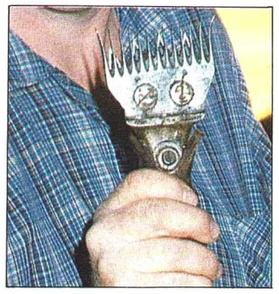
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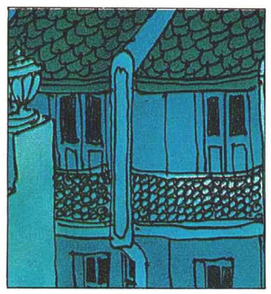
Disorganised Crime

The Racist Right

The Resurrection of the President

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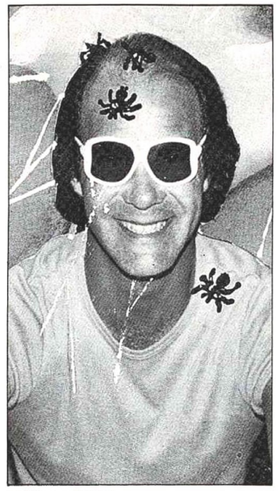
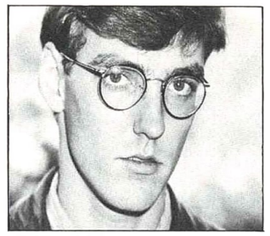
Quorum. A cologne for the other man lurking inside you.

Eau de toilette,
spray cologne,
after shave.

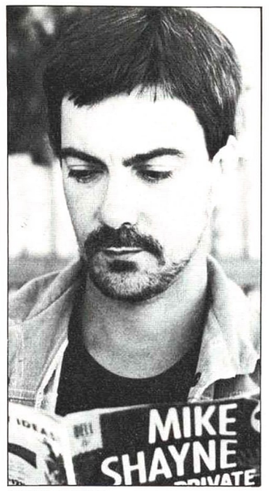


PETER MELDRUM



TONY MAGUIRE

MICHAEL JONES



ROGER RAFTERY

FRANTS KANTOR

DENIS WHITBURN

HOUSECALL

During the past decade, women's magazines have been providing their readers with detailed information on the latest advances in sex research, while men have continued to feel their way in the dark. *Penthouse* thinks it's time this information gap was closed, and so we present the *Australian Penthouse* Guide To Human Sexuality. In a regular series of explicit sealed sections, leading sex therapist and medical practitioner Dr Carl (who, because of medical ethics, will write under his Christian name) will discuss such topics as sexual positions, premature ejaculation, impotence, genital herpes, frigidity and homosexuality — all with the aim of helping *Penthouse* readers to become better-informed lovers. In Part One of the series, he sets out The Basics — the anatomy and physiology of the human sexual response. That starts on page 137.

In early 1984 the long-running dispute between Australian unionists and imported "scab" shearers escalated into a bloody rural war. At the centre of the conflict was a Kiwi contractor who took on the Australian Workers Union in NSW by importing a team of non-union shearers from Western Australia. The dramatic story of Neil Ellery's violent confrontations with the unionists is told by staff writer **Greg Hunter** in Strikebreaker, beginning on page 34. **Peter Barnes** contributed the photo.

What is disorganised crime? As defined by **Adrian Tame,** it is an act conceived with no regard for planning and executed with a minimum of finesse by a person with an unerring ability to incriminate himself. In Disorganised Crime (page 52), Tame retraces the bumbling steps of a selection of master disorganised criminals ranging from an endearing one-legged shoe thief to a guileless cannibal. The escapades of crime's born losers provide a rib-tickling read, aptly illustrated by cartoonist **Peter Meldrum.**

Imelda Marcos, wife of the Philippines' president and reportedly among the world's 10 richest women, indulges herself by spending a fortune on frivolous public works and personal possessions while her country reels in the face of grinding poverty. Don't Cry For Me Filipinos, by **Fred Poole** and **Max Vanzi,** is an absorbing portrayal of a woman whose failure to come to terms with reality has cost her people dearly. Turn to page 60.

Until now, the racist right in Australia has occupied a shadowy political twilight zone — never quite a force to be reckoned with. But that has changed dramatically in 1984 with the emergence of profound anti-Asian prejudices which are setting the stage for widespread racist violence. The far right is on the march, and its generals are the neo-Nazis and fanatics portrayed by **Tony Maguire** in his analysis of Australia's most extreme political organisations — National Action, the League of Rights and the White Australia Movement. The Racist Right, with photos by **Michael Jones,** starts on page 82.

Australia is in the grip of trivia. Characters who are anxious to prove to you that they can name the entire cast of *Leave It To Beaver* or show by logical deduction that Billy Jo was older than Bobby Jo and Betty Jo in *Petticoat Junction* are sprouting from the woodwork wherever people gather in the name of conversation. If you want any chance of competing with these eccentric loons, you can start with **Jim Pike's** testing TV trivia quiz, The Trite Stuff, on page 90. **J-9** provides some clues in her thoughtful illustration.

This month's fiction is a fantastic tale combining science fiction, melodrama and sophisticated farce. The Resurrection Of The President, from the pen of **Roger Raftery** and illustrated by **Frants Kantor,** starts on page 96. Don't miss it. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay,** teamed with Kevin Bartlett in a Mitsubishi Starion assault on the Super Series '84 production car showdown, has been grinding through the cogs with the best in the country. McKay reports that the Super Series has turned into "a litany of bent cars, smoking rubber, bruised egos, and voices raised in anger." **Phillip Christensen** provides the photographic evidence. Turn to page 122.

Hector Crawford's enormous contribution to Australian television drama was recognised this year when he became the first man to be elected to the Logie Hall of Fame. Contributing Editor **Denis Whitburn** talked with the man known variously as "the father of Australian television" and "the Silver Fox" about his successes, his failures, and his lifelong obsession with raising the consciousness of Australians through the medium of television. The interview starts on page 128. In Advise And Dissent, journalist **Robert Swan** looks at the Australian Democrats' prominent role in the rapidly expanding green/peace movement in Australia — a role which Swan believes may seriously undermine Bob Hawke's political power base in the near future. The Greening Of The Democrats is on page 156. This month's competition offers *Penthouse* readers a choice between two thrilling three-week adventure holidays for two — and both adventure prizes must be won. To be among the winners, simply turn to page 108, fill in the coupon and get your entry in.

Our September centrefold is a real eye-opener. *Penthouse* presents a publishing first in this country with mother and daughter Sue and Louise Elvin baring their complementary charms in a scintillating pictorial shot by **Bob Watson.** On posing for *Penthouse,* 16-year-old Louise responded innocently: "What's all the fuss about?" We'll let our readers be the judge of that. Donna Stevens displays her animal magnetism with the aid of photographer **Steve Wayda,** while country girl Rita Flanders adds the finishing touches, via **Michael Ancher's** lens, to an issue jampacked with entertainment. Jump in and enjoy it.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

High praise

Thank you for Jonathan Chester's definitive article on mountaineering, High Risks (June *Penthouse*). I have never seen a piece in a non-specialist magazine which captured the unique attributes of mountaineers with such insight. As a part-time climber I found the article a source of inspiration, as did many of my mountaineering associates. I look forward to seeing more stories in this vein and keep up the high standard. — *S. Warnerford, Canberra, ACT*

King of comedy

The *Penthouse* interview with Jerry Lewis in your June issue was a real eye-opener. It was about the frankest, most honest discussion with an entertainment superstar I have ever encountered anywhere, and it convinced me beyond reasonable doubt that if you want to avoid the bullshit and learn the reality, *Penthouse* magazine is the place to turn. Keep it up and you've got me. — *John Baker, Terrigal, NSW*

Not enough Cooks

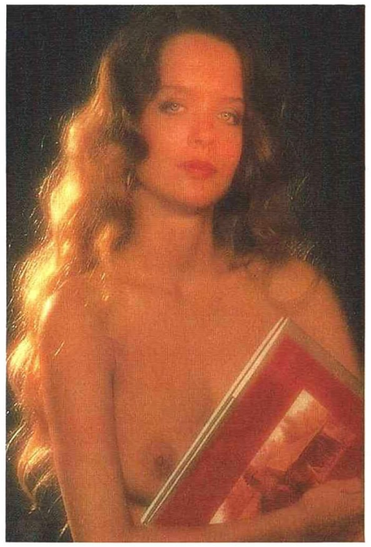
Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed Patrick Cook's Guide To Political Junketing (June *Penthouse*). The man is a genius, and his rare but long-awaited contributions to *Penthouse* are like a breath of fresh air. Can we have more of him, please? All my friends are of the opinion that in a country not over-endowed with political satirists of quality, there's no such thing as too many Cooks. — *G. Millward, Melbourne, Vic*

A scorcher

I've just chanced upon a copy of May *Penthouse,* having blown the chance to buy the magazine due to an overseas trip. Boy, was I missing something. Centrefold May Ling Lee was a scorcher — the most alluring piece of womanhood I've clapped eyes on all year. They don't build 'em like that in this country, or at least not in the places I've been looking. — *S. Nixon, Nowra, NSW*

Candyman

I read Greg Hunter's story The Filipino Connection in June *Penthouse* with great interest, since I consider myself an expert on the country, having been over there five times now. The story certainly made good reading but some of the prices quoted



Lara Kelly . . . potent blend

seemed way out of line with my experience. But then, on my trips to the Philippines I was quite prepared to go bargain-hunting off the beaten track. In some up-country villages north of Manila I was able to procure the services of "cherry girls" for a mere 100 pesos, although admittedly it was a time of bad drought and food shortages in that region. Next time I hit the area I intend to have with me a good supply of candy bars and comics. They guarantee a bargain.

Why wouldn't any red-blooded Aussie male go to the Philippines for a holiday? — *Phillip Rees, Collingwood, Vic*

You appear to have completely missed the point of Hunter's article. It was not a primer for ocker sex adventures, but a derogatory look at the sort of Australians who annually take advantage of economic hardship in the Philippines to launch themselves on the country's female peasantry. That means you, Mr Rees. Don't send us a report on this year's annual holiday, please. — Ed

On pampering pussy

Congratulations to *Penthouse* for publishing John Vader's Are Politicians Afraid Of Pussy? in the Advise & Dissent section of your July edition. Feral cats are in fact an enormous problem in country areas and the sooner this hard news is delivered to city-dwelling cat lovers the better. Cats play havoc with our beautiful native birds and act to totally disrupt the delicately-balanced ecology of the Australian bush.

I've been conducting a one-man vendetta against cats for years and it's good to get some support in the form of a *Penthouse* article. Actually it's a pity your Advise & Dissent section is hidden away at the back of the magazine as I always find the topics controversial and the opinions informative. They're well worth the effort it takes to find them. — *Glen Solley, Kalgoorlie, WA*

Sybaritic sweety

Allow me a few words of congratulations and thanks: congratulations to *Penthouse* for its May issue and thanks to Cara Richards for an uninhibited presentation of her gorgeous young body. Congratulations and thanks are also due to photographer Jerry Pasternak.

Cara is the sort of girl that dreams are made of. The full-page shot of her bum from under a tucked-up "off-the-shoulder" crimson gown is a masterpiece of composition. Those two perfect "hemispheres" of her butt, one resting neatly on a blood red stiletto and both deeply riven by her "line of equator," made me feel as stiff as a corpse, but much more lively.

Cara's pink mottled breasts, her luxurious fuzz, her bold look of disdain and the still-visible imprint of her discarded panties completed the picture of this glamorous young sybarite. I also enjoyed the table-top display highlighting her full breasts, her heavenly gash in its nest of fuzz and the delicate line of her shapely arse. But most of all I relished the last offering: the sight of that young arse thrusting out from under an uplifted white petticoat was enough to arrest my palpitating heart. — *Name withheld, Grafton, NSW*

Lovely Lara

Your July Pet Lara Kelly's combination of childlike innocence and raw sensuality proved to be an extremely potent mixture. As far as I'm concerned, that girl is simply perfect, and I don't think I'm being biased because she is a fellow Queenslander. Lara's come-hither eyes said it all. I know who I'll be voting for in the 1985 Pet Of The Year Competition. — *Jeff Masters, Tewantin, Qld*

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Once again, the auto play button makes life easier. For perfect recordings of records, just press auto play, place the record on the platter, prepare the deck for recording and start the turntable. The deck will begin recording as soon as the needle is in the groove.
Linear Tracking Turntable.
Your records will sound better than ever with the W07's highly accurate linear tracking system. And they're easier to play, too. With the Auto Speed Selector, the turntable determines the correct record speed from the size of the record. When Sanyo says "fully automatic," they really mean it!
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SANYO
That's Life!

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Tropical delight

A long-held fantasy of mine came true recently while I was working at a tourist resort island off the Queensland coast. The staff at the island were young and easy-going and a couple of days after I arrived a young American girl, Karen, joined the crew. We got talking one day and I told her about a quiet beach I visited on the other side of the island on my days off. She was interested and keen for me to show it to her the following week-end.

The next Saturday morning she knocked on my door and we set out on the three-kilometre hike over the island. About 500 metres from the resort the island became our own as the sounds of the tourists and staff drifted away. While we walked, she in a sarong and green bikini top, me in swimming togs and both of us in wide-brimmed straw hats, she told me what it was like to ski in Colorado and I rambled on about the delights of tropical Queensland.

When we reached the beach Karen was impressed. A beautiful small crescent of clean, white sand, fringed with pine-clad hills, lay before us and not too far out we could see the coral reef. We dropped bags and hats and she dropped her sarong as we looked at the clear, pale blue water. I unhooked her bikini top and let it fall, revealing small, firm breasts of the same color as the rest of her golden skin. Then we ran into the brilliant, clear water for 10 minutes of swimming and splashing about.

When we came back to the beach we drip dried, then got out the towels and sat down as Karen reached for her suntan oil. I said, "Hey, let me do that!" And she nodded, smiling, and lay on her back waiting for me. I started with the oil on her face and arms, then dripped it on to her breasts and rubbed it in very slowly and carefully. She seemed to like it. So far, so good. I moved down to her belly and navel for a while and then gently tugged at her bikini bottom. Still smiling, she held them firm and murmured, "Nope, they stay arn!"

I had encountered a problem. But then, "I don't want to get burnt." The sun was very hot, so I countered: "Well, we'd better make sure we use a lot of oil and you only have them off for half an hour."

At this, she, with eyes closed, lifted her butt and I slipped the pants off. My prick, which had been straining at my swimmers for some time, almost tore the material at this stage. Her mass of black curly hair was surrounded by a vivid white area of skin. She hadn't been kidding about getting burnt. I oiled her lovingly, including some long, slow strokes between her legs and over her saturated pussy. Then I took my time oiling down each of her legs to her feet.

As I finished, she asked: "I suppose you want me to do you now?"

"Why do you think I did you first?" was my lazy reply. I lay back with my hands behind my head and an enormous erection threatening the seams of my togs as I watched that beautiful body move over me, glistening with oil and her long black hair hanging down at either side of her face. She worked slowly, moving from my upper body and belly down to my waistband, then skipping the clothed area and rubbing my legs. Then she sat up and said, "Okay, that's it," and looked at me with a grin.

I smiled and murmured, "You haven't finished," and lifted my butt. She undid the string and pulled my togs down, letting my prick spring loose. Then she spent a good two minutes making sure he got a good covering of oil, before lying back, closing her eyes and placing a hat over her face. Very cool.

I, however, was feeling pretty hot by this time and I moved over her to provide some shade, brushing her hat away. She smiled, kissed, and opened wide, and my throbbing pole slipped in very easily to a slippery, hot, wet heaven that he'd been aching for for some time. With a few lazy, powerful strokes I released my load, but kept grinding in response to Karen's strong pelvic thrusts until she came with a trembling, quiet shudder some five minutes later.

For the next 15 minutes we just lay in the sun and stroked, enjoying the hot slippery feeling of our naked oil-covered bodies. Then it was into the sea for a different kind of dip, twining our bodies and groping whatever we could find. While Karen floated on her back I licked out her (very salty) pussy, then I stood for her to take me in her mouth while her fingers ran around my balls and arse. We finished joined at the crotch for an amazing series of weightless manoeuvres only hampered by the necessity of keeping our heads above water. Surprisingly, the sea water took away her natural lubrication and it was quite difficult to enter — but worth it! I

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

EDITOR
Andrew Cowell

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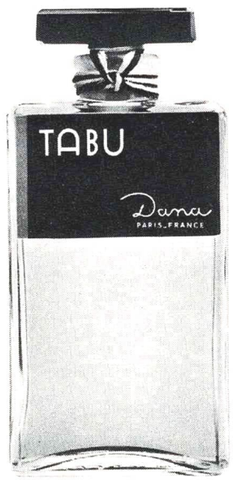
SEPTEMBER

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

was still rock hard when we returned to the beach and screwed her solidly for 15 minutes on her towel.

Back at my place that night I was able to take advantage of having hardly any spunk left in that I stayed hard continuously while I went into Karen from the front, side, behind and in between having her tongue my member while I licked her insatiable clitoris. She must have fancied herself as a marathon runner, as our hard, energetic sex with only a few "time-outs" took up about five hours of the hot Queensland night, after which we were both quite exhausted and very sore.

I was able to enjoy Karen for a couple more weeks before she was sacked — a shame, as she was a good drinking partner and played a mean game of backgammon. But I'll always remember her most for that magic first day. She *did* get sunburned pubes and arse, by the way. I had to rub in a lot of moisturiser. — *M.R., Gosford, NSW*

A fine, fermented screw.

I am a sexually active 24-year-old and, up until now, all of my encounters have been with women my own age. But they will never fulfil my needs again. You see, a recent romp with my cleaning lady showed me that older women really do it better — the best, that is.

Last Friday, I came home from work early and fell asleep on the bed. I was dreaming about my last girl friend, a 34C, who had the most delectable wet lips I have ever tasted. Suddenly I woke up to find my cleaning lady towering over me. She was about 45, but that didn't make a difference. She had the most well-rounded breasts I had ever seen.

"Come on, honey. I want to make it," she said.

"What?" I said, a bit startled.

"The bed . . . I have to make it."

"Oh." I began to get up, but she stopped me, saying that she would just tuck in the sheets around me. She started at my feet, then began to straighten the blankets around my legs.

Shit, I thought to myself. My dream had left me with a massive boner, and my penis was sticking straight up under the cover. It was too late to try to conceal it; she had already noticed. I was embarrassed, and it showed on my face.

"Oh, that's nothing to be embarrassed about, son," she said with a lusty grin. "In fact, that's something to be proud of."

With that, she pulled back the sheets, revealing my hot, thick cock. Before I could say one thing, her lips wrapped around it, and I was enjoying the best blowjob of my life. She engulfed my entire organ down her throat. I was in sheer ecstasy.

She sucked and sucked on my stiff rod, all the while massaging my scrotum with her right hand. Then, just as I was about to come, she pulled it out of her mouth and made an amazing switch on me. Now her right hand worked my cock as she licked my balls. It was an incredible sensation. Her slick tongue was all over my nuts. The feeling grew more and more intense, and my whole body was wet with sweat — mine and hers.

I just couldn't hold it back anymore. My come spurted all over the bed.

I was all out of breath, but she had her clothes off in no time. Her tongue touched my cock again, and my erection was back in full strength. I was ready for more. This time she was on her back with her legs apart. "Come on, sweetheart," she said, moaning. Her warm legs wrapped around me as I entered her tight pussy. My balls bathed in the sweet stream of liquid that trickled from her.

I came four times that day. She finally pushed me away, though I pleaded to do her again. I was extremely tired, yet relieved. I had finally felt what it was like to make it with a real woman. — *Name and address withheld*

A call for spontaneity

I am a 35-year-old male who would like to blow off a little steam about a subject that has been tossed around in your publication for a number of years, and that is garter belts and stockings vs pantihose. First of all, I was right on the dividing line between those who knew about the good old days when girls wore stockings and when they began to wear pantihose. Pantihose started to make their appearance during my last few years in high school and had all but replaced garter belts and stockings — much to my displeasure — by my second year out of school.

Pantihose may be great for the ladies, kind of like the difference between suit pants and jeans for men. Jeans are comfortable, suit pants are not. And I have been told by a number of ladies that garter belts are not comfortable whereas pantihose are. But have they ever thought about what an inconvenience pantihose are for men? Or how bad they make their sweet pussies smell, all wrapped up in nylon all day? And have they ever stopped to consider that pantihose are even more confining and masculine than the suit pants men must wear?

By now I am certain your readers will realise that I hate pantihose. They are the cruellest joke ever played on men and women alike. Spontaneity is a thing of the past. The warm and incredibly soft upper thigh above the stocking top is gone forever. Even garter straps by themselves are sexy. All gone. Now we are faced with mutual friction, and then a "wait a minute, I have to take my pantihose off." What a letdown. It destroys the mood. Besides, pantihose are not sexy. Stockings are.

I met a very special lady a year or so

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY
1. Entry is free. 2. One entry per envelope. 3. Entrants must be eighteen (18) years old and over. 4. Entries restricted to residents of Australia only. 5. The Judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Prizes are not redeemable for cash. The travel prize must be taken within the dates as specified to the winner.
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ago. We had a few drinks at a lovely restaurant, and I ended up giving her a lift home. For various reasons, we couldn't go into her house to say good night, so we had to settle for my small sports car.

With little difficulty, and much to my surprise, we managed to overcome the confines of our predicament to make love. With her in the lead, she climbed over the gear shift and straddled me. With my hand I hiked up her skirt and outlined the firm contours of her beautiful thighs and arse. She wore silky white stockings and delicate black garters. Her tits dangled in front of my lips, and I nibbled them through her cream-colored silk blouse. Her long and lovely neck arched over the steering wheel, and she gazed at me with half-open eyes. I ran my hands over her stockings and slipped them through her silky black garter straps. I was in heaven. After fumbling with my fly, she managed to release my prick and insert it in her pussy. Slowly and earnestly, she rocked back and forth, up and down on my glistening cock. Our moans turned to cries as we climaxed in unison. All the while, my hands enjoyed her stocking-covered legs and the garters that held them snugly around her shapely legs.

Thanks to this lovely woman's garters and stockings, a beautiful and spontaneous moment occurred. This episode would have been disastrous if she had been wearing pantihose. Can you imagine the mess we would have been in? Well, I can only tell you this. Nothing turns, me on more than the feel of stockings and garters. Running your hands up a woman's thigh and discovering that wonderful bare thigh above her stocking top is unquestionably a dying pleasure.

So please join me, *Penthouse* readers, in heralding the return of stockings and garters. The abovementioned scenario could be yours for the taking. — *Name and address withheld*

Sowing her wild oats

Never, even in my most wildest fantasies, did I ever think I would be writing *Penthouse* a letter. I am a 40-year-old female who had to get married at the age of 18 due to an unwanted pregnancy. Because of my early marriage, I completely missed out on a very important part of my life. I have not been content with my unsatisfying docile sex life, which mainly consists of my husband lying on top of me and getting his *oil changed*. This usually takes all of about three minutes, if I'm lucky. I would probably still be getting these quickie lube jobs from my husband, who is always too busy with the farm, but your column tempted me to get a complete overhaul. After reading countless fantastically arousing letters from satisfied women, I knew I deserved more than what I was getting. Boy did I get it!

My complete overhaul came in the form of Howard, my 22-year-old son's best friend. Howard is a third year physical education student at a CAE. This boy has the body of a Greek warrior and is the cutest guy I have ever laid eyes on. Every time Howard came over to visit, I could barely resist touching his gorgeous, virile young body.

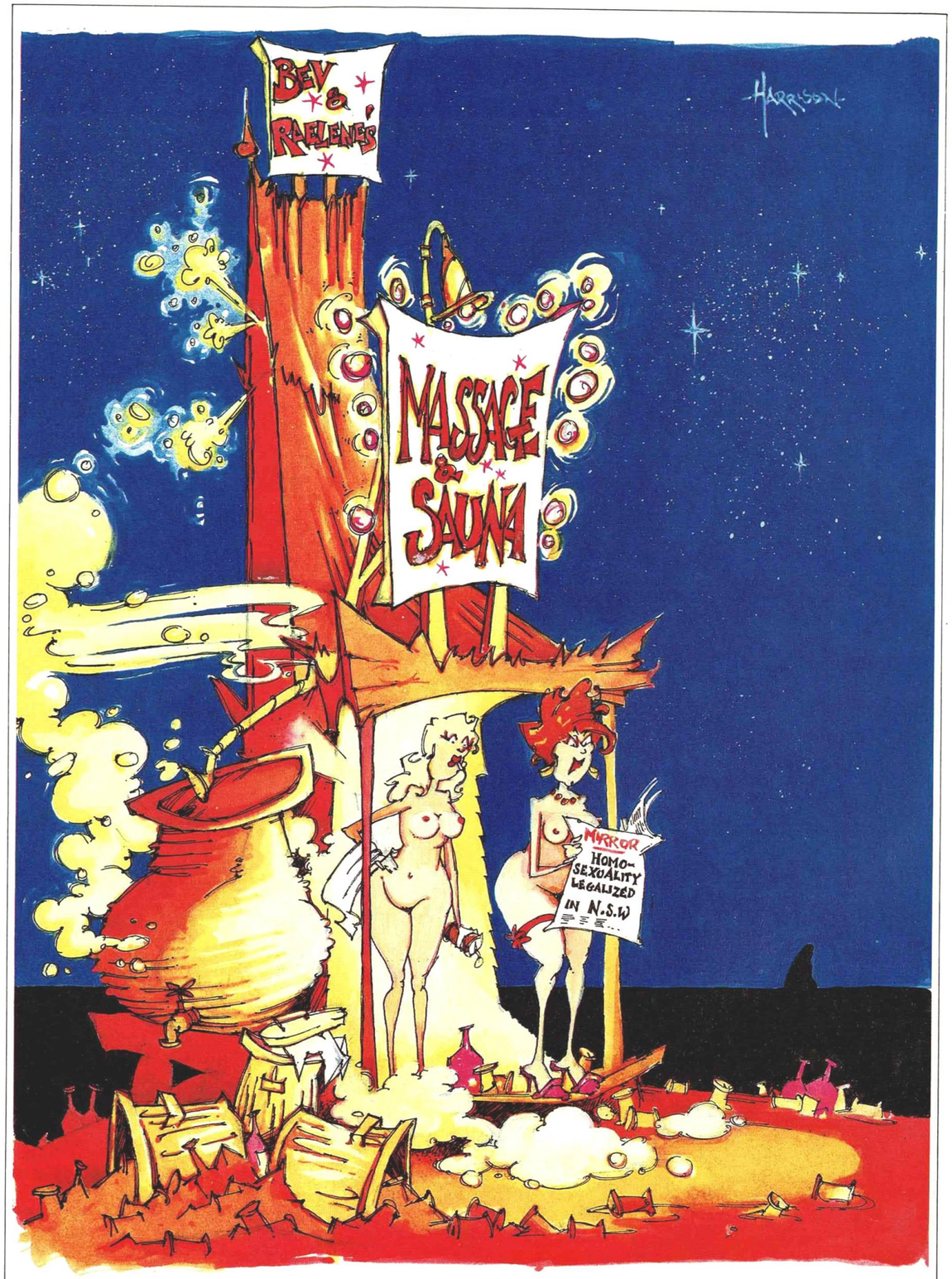
After I carefully planned it out, I decided to carry out my fantasy the next time I got a chance. It came three days later during harvest when my husband and son were still out in the paddocks and my daughter was away visiting friends. When I saw Howard's car pull up out the front, I quickly downed two glasses of wine and ran into the bedroom to undress. I took everything off and slipped on a robe.

As I let him in the door I could feel my love juices trickling down the insides of my thighs. After he walked into the kitchen with me behind him, I dropped my robe. When he turned around and saw me naked he gasped but quickly recovered. He grabbed me passionately and pressed his lips to mine. Our tongues feverishly searched each other's mouths. Meanwhile, he groped and caressed my small, but firm, 34A tits. In an instant he pushed me up against the refrigerator and fell to his knees. He buried his mouth in my silky brown box, then gently kissed and ate it until I screamed in sheer ecstasy. The mixed sensation of his beautiful and talented lips on my pussy and the cool feeling of the fridge on my arse made me come so quickly and violently that I almost fell over. I had never been eaten out before. The feeling was so sensational, my juices were running down the insides of my legs to my toes. Howard quickly cleaned it all up with his tongue.

Then he stood up and dropped his pants. Now it was my turn to gasp. Being accustomed to my husband's 15-centimetre cock, I was pleasantly shocked to see Howard's 20-centimetre love weapon standing at full attention. Howard backed me up against the fridge again, and instinctively, I parted my legs. As his cock penetrated my gash I moaned with glory. It seemed so big. He was screwing me so long and hard I could hear his thighs slap against me. When he was about to come he moaned, then screwed me faster. I thought I was going to pass out from the overwhelming sensation that I never felt before in my life. Just as Howard shot off, I achieved a second explosive climax. I just couldn't hold back the screams I was letting loose. After Howard pulled his limp cock out of my slit and stepped back, I wilted on the floor. He knelt beside me, and we passionately embraced and kissed each other.

Howard and I have made love many times since that first episode, but I felt I had to write to *Penthouse* and tell all

"I'll match my sperm count against any man's in the house!"



"Just typical of the Labor Party . . . always knockin' big business!"

because it was reading your magazine that gave me the idea and courage to actually go through with it. — *Name and address withheld*

Toe jammin'

Having just completed a hard day's work, I was ready to unwind by drinking a few beers out on the lawn near my block of units. So I pulled off my shoes and socks, changed into shorts, and headed out into the warm afternoon sunshine with a beach towel and an Esky.

After an hour or so had passed, Samantha, a girl from the home units next door, came over and sat down next to me. We didn't know each other well, but we had chatted occasionally in the laundry room. I gave her a beer and for about 20 minutes we talked about the beautiful weather. After a short lull in the conversation, Samantha abruptly turned to me and asked, "Did anyone ever tell you that you have nice feet?"

I was really taken by surprise and didn't know quite how to respond. I wasn't sure if she was being serious, because people often chide me for not wearing shoes. Finally, after an awkward pause, I said, "Actually you're the first one to notice." As Samantha stared at my bare feet, she told me quite directly that they were "attractive." When I realised that she meant what she said, I felt a little off balance and could only stammer, "Why?" In reply, Samantha explained that she had an attraction to guys' feet and she thought mine were sexy. She also said that guys who like to go barefoot outside really turn her on!

I was getting horny and needed no further prompting. The beer was all gone, so I conveniently suggested that we go up to my place for another drink. Samantha readily agreed. But when we got there, she told me to forget about the drink! We embraced, and I covered her neck and face with kisses until our mouths met and our tongues began to duel.

Before long, Samantha made me stop, saying only that she wanted "to do something special" for me. I looked at her inquisitively as she picked up my plastic kitchen tidy and headed for the kitchen. Not knowing what the hell she was up to, I sat and waited anxiously. She soon returned with my kitchen tidy full of soapy, warm water and told me to sit still and relax. Then she immersed my feet in the suds and began to scrub them with her long, nimble fingers, washing away the dirt that had accumulated from walking barefoot outside. I closed my eyes and felt my heart begin to race, as Samantha's hands glided slowly from my ankles to my heels, all along my arches and between my toes. When Samantha was through, she dried my feet and instructed me to lie down.

My whole body tingled with sexual energy, and my cock strained upward, which made my shorts look like a pitched tent. As Samantha reached for my shorts I put my arms around her, but she cautioned me to be patient and to leave everything to her.

As she removed her T-shirt, shorts, and panties, I could hear my breathing increase and feel my mouth go dry. Her body was fantastic! My eyes devoured her beauty — from her luscious tits and her shapely curves down to her pussy, which glistened with wetness. I wanted to screw her so badly! But I was determined to let her have her way for as long as I could stand it.

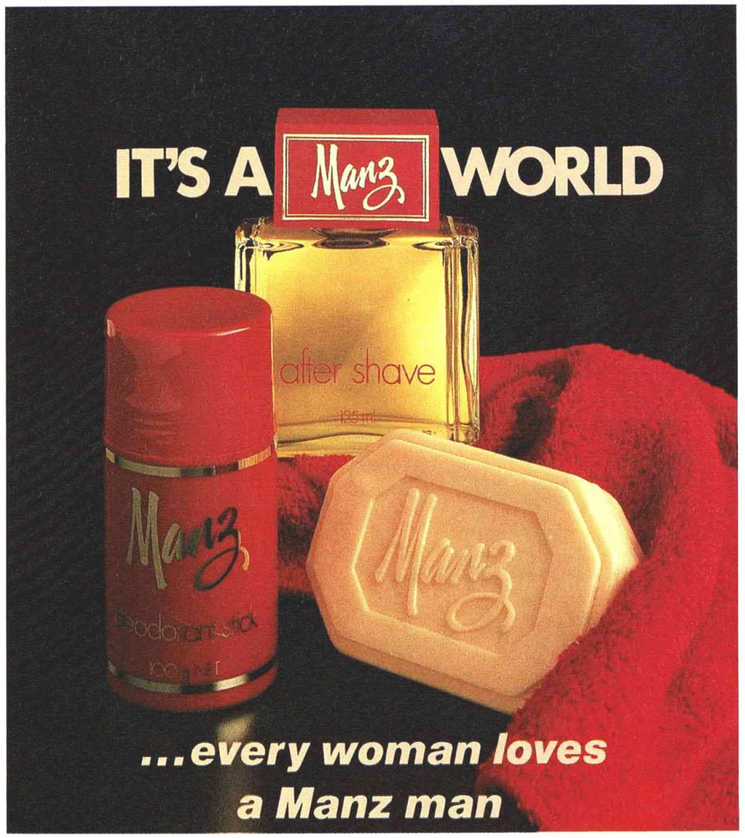
At this point, Samantha moved to the end of the bed and massaged my feet with her hands. Then she got down on her knees and started licking my feet, sliding her tongue slowly over the top of each foot, then up and down the bottoms. Periodically, she would swirl her tongue around my soft, sensitive arches or poke it in and out between my toes.

After a while Samantha began sucking and licking each of my toes. I heard myself moan as my hips began to hump in a ravenous desire for sexual release. She finally stood up, and I saw that her thighs were bathed in her juices. The pressure in my balls was becoming unbearable, so I leaned forward and grabbed her and pulled her on to the bed. Swiftly spreading her legs, I lunged into her ferociously and began to screw her like a wild animal. In a short time we both exploded in a simultaneous climax, thrashing and groaning in intense ecstasy.

I slowly rolled off of her and rested on my back, but I soon realised that Samantha wanted more! Once again she moved to the end of the bed, got on her knees, and straddled my left foot. I propped myself up on my elbows and watched with delight as she pushed all of my toes back, that is except for my big toe, which she saved for her steaming twat. An amazing feeling came over me as my big toe slid into her hot, tight tunnel! Samantha wrapped her arms around my leg and began gyrating her pelvis. She seemed insatiable!

I really wanted to bring Samantha as much pleasure as I could, so I began wiggling my big toe inside her, pressing it against the walls of her cave. She responded with moans of encouragement. I then decided to twist my foot around as far as I could, bringing my other toes into play in search of her clit. After a little groping around, my long second toe found its mark, causing her to buck wildly. Flicking my toes as fast as I could, I watched Samantha's body succumb from one orgasm after another. I could hear her love juice squish between my toes, and I could feel droplets of it stream down the bottom of my foot, as her inner muscles contracted around my big toe.

When her frenzy finally subsided,



Where would we be without Red?

~MASIUS WAL10092 AB3046/84

Samantha noticed my throbbing shaft and realised that I was fired up and ready for more action. She climbed on top of me and mounted my hungry rod, but with her head at my feet and her feet in my face. I rolled us both over, placed myself on top, and began pumping. In a low voice she commanded, "Screw me, barefoot boy! Fill me with your cream! Give me all you've got." With that, she began to kiss the bottoms of my feet and gently bite my toes. I responded by putting lips and tongue to work on her feet. It wasn't long before we both rocketed to another orgasmic eruption!

We relaxed for a few minutes and slowly pried our sweaty bodies apart. Samantha said she had to leave to keep a dinner date with her parents. I was so spent I stayed in bed until the following morning.

Unfortunately, Samantha moved to West Australia. But she certainly left her mark on me. Now I can't take my socks off or step outside barefoot without popping a hard-on! — *Name and address withheld*

Fill 'er up

My husband and I were married six years ago when we were 20. Although he's slightly effeminate, I liked him very much. After about four years of bland married life, I began to get restless. My husband is slim and blond with a smooth, hairless body. I used to like this characteristic, but I started to notice men with thick hair on their arms and chests. I found myself fantasising about hairy thighs more and more.

One day my neighbor told me about some of the love affairs she was having on the side while her husband was working. He drove a cab at night. My husband also worked nights as a bookkeeper, and in March and April, during the income tax time, he would often be out quite late. One night, Jan, my friend, asked me if I would like to come over. She was expecting one of her lovers and one of his friends. I told her I was excited at the thought of being slightly "bad", but I was nervous. I had never cheated on my husband before. She said, "Listen, Sue, what he doesn't know won't hurt him — try it, you'll like it!"

After taking a quick bath and carefully shaving my legs, I arrived to find two men sitting on the couch talking. Jan introduced me to Jim and Phil and told them I was married but that my husband was "fem." The men were obviously much bigger and stockier than my husband, and I could see from their unbuttoned shirts that they were very hairy. Phil asked me to sit beside him on the couch, and before a minute had passed, he was feeling my legs. I instinctively pulled away when Jan, looking over, said, "Doesn't she have great legs!" Jim just smiled sexily as he slowly unzipped his fly. Jan immediately went down on his huge cock. I couldn't believe the size of it — it must have been 25 centimetres long. She didn't seem at all disturbed about blowing him in front of me.

Phil took his cue and unbuttoned his pants, revealing a cock almost identical to Jim's. He placed my hand on it then started to kiss me. As he whispered sexy things into my ear, I started to get hot. He slipped his finger into my pussy — I was getting very wet. He said, "Jan tells me that your husband is feminine and hairless. Is he gay?" I told him I didn't think so, but I wasn't sure. I realised a long time ago that since he was blond and pretty there was a good chance that men would go for him. The more I thought about my husband's small penis compared to Phil's big, thick cock, the more I became hot and ready. My head went down without hesitation and I began to blow this stranger. I got on my knees between his hairy legs and sucked until my mouth was filled with his hot cream.

Jan had just finished blowing Jim and was watching me suck off Phil. It really turned her on. She said, "Well, Sue, now that you've done that, you might just as well go all the way. Let's take the boys to the bedroom."

We stripped down, and I was shocked to see their beautiful, masculine bodies. Both of them were big and husky, with very hairy bodies and enormous cocks. They lay us beside each other and immediately slid their stiff dicks deep into our hungry pussies. Jan and I climaxed over and over for the next 40 minutes. I found myself running my hands over Phil's hairy body as he banged his huge cock into me. I have never been this hot. The stimulating sight of Jan being screwed beside me rekindled my own sexual heat. I had no idea sex could be so great. I was already thinking about the next time. I knew I would be cheating on my husband from then on.

When the men finally left, Jan asked me if I'd be interested in meeting more men. She already knew my answer. — *Name and address withheld*

Fast and slow, hard and soft

When my man and I make love, sometimes it's slow and romantic, other times it's fast and passionate. Usually it's a beautiful combination of both. As he undresses and exposes his wonderfully broad hairy chest, I become slowly, yet steadily aroused. As he undresses me and lies me down, my juices begin to flow. He lights a candle. We lie in each other's arms and talk of our love for each other.

He softly touches my face with his fingertips. He cups my face with both hands and tenderly kisses my eyes, cheeks, and neck. He plunges his tongue deep into my mouth, exploring and exciting me. Slowly, he massages my breasts. Then he sucks, kisses, and licks them. Not just my nipples but all over. He urgently sucks the underside, leaving me a tattoo of his love and desire. I become breathless.

Slowly, he slides down my body and positions himself between my thighs, kissing and nipping them. Ever so carefully, he takes long, slow, deliberate strokes with his soft, strong tongue at my clit.

While his tongue does wild things to my clit, his hands roughly manipulate my breasts. At times it feels as if he's going to rip them right off. By now my thighs are wrapped tight around his neck and head. It's a wonder I'm not hurting him. He hardly hears my sweet cries of ecstasy because my thighs muffle the sound. I can only stand these beautiful feelings for so long. I push him back gently. When he stops licking me, he moves his fingers down and lets them do the walking. He shoves them in my pussy and moves them fast and hard, not giving my heart a chance to slow down. Over and over again, my body tenses and trembles. Fast and hard, in and out. I feel as if I can't handle it any longer. I push him back, I beg him to stop. I can't take anymore. My body continues to shake uncontrollably.

After I catch my breath and regain my composure, I roll him over, lie on top of him, and start nibbling at his ears and neck. I probe the inside of his mouth. I search out his tongue with my tongue, darting it in and out.

I move down his body, kissing his thighs and balls. I love sucking on them so hard that they pop into my mouth. Licking his balls and the underside of his cock brings us mutual satisfaction. I like to position my crotch on his leg so he can feel the juices drip on to it.

When he starts to reach the point of no return, I slither up his body. Placing his cock between my tits, I let him hump them. Slowly I move down on him again. I pause to let his cock lie against my neck. It feels so soft, yet so powerful against my skin. One more time I take his rock-hard cock in my mouth and move it up and down, hard and fast until he's ready to explode.

I love to straddle his cock. I raise and lower myself while tightening my love muscle. I go slow, then fast. I like to touch his nipples while riding him. After a while I let his cock slide out of me. Then his legs straddle me. I cross my ankles and reach down with my right hand to hold his cock next to my clit. We hump each other with his cock outside my pussy, rubbing against my clit. My ultimate climax comes slowly at first, but it builds, climbing and increasing until I'm clawing at his back and screaming his name. I clutch and grab him until this magical feeling ceases. We hold each other tight while I put his hard cock into my soaking hole. After a few quick, hard strokes, he explodes inside of me, and we collapse into each other's arms. — *Name and address withheld*

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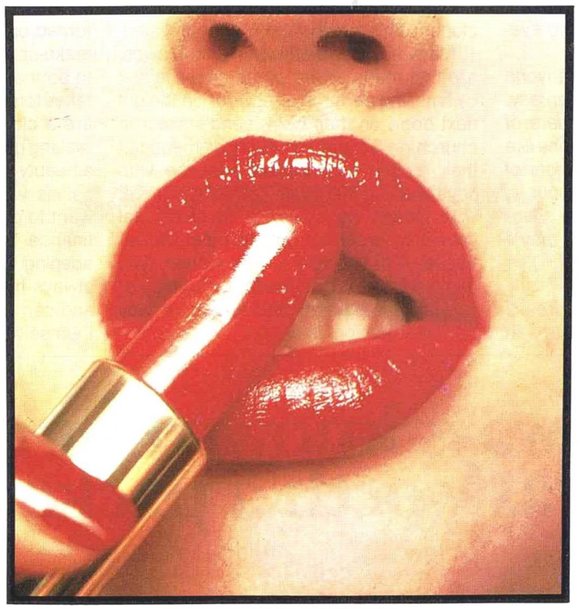
❛ As we embraced on the way to the car, her hips felt so hot I thought her pantihose were going to melt ❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a very successful male business executive, age 35, tall and well proportioned, with perfect features and an excellent build. I wear expensive three-piece suits — the typical Trent Nathan look. I attract women like honey does bees. Most of them are superstraight: They have conservative values and wear conservative make-up. They all come after me, but I'm not all that interested, because I have such unbelievable orgasms when I'm in bed with a woman wearing striking make-up. I'm sure I'm missing out on a lot of great women because of this, but a great make-up job turns me on so incredibly.



I get an incredible hard-on looking at a girl with a really fine make-up job. But it has to be stylish, perfect and frankly, just a bit on the heavy-handed side. I'm not talking about punk, or trashy, or streetwalker type make-up. I'm talking Vogue *magazine perfect and glamorous. The girl needn't be a raving beauty, but for me she must have an exquisitely done face.*

The most erotic night of my life happened about 10 years ago. There were still a lot of women around then who wore false eyelashes and wigs. I met Mandy when both of us were doing volunteer work for the local arts council. She was about five feet eight inches tall, with striking blonde hair and one of the most perfectly made up faces I had ever seen. She wore expertly-applied false eyelashes and exquisitely redrawn eyebrows. Her face was next to flawless, the result of a generous application of foundation and powder. Her hair was fabulous; I suspected her long, thick blonde tresses to be a hairpiece. When I first saw her my dick was so hard I was surprised I could speak when we were introduced.

We sat next to each other at the meeting. I told her I thought her eyebrows were erotic beyond belief. She said most men couldn't get past looking at her big breasts, and that her eyebrow "art" went unappreciated. She expressed pleasure that a handsome man had taken note of her skill. I could tell from the way her eyes kept dropping to my crotch that she liked what she saw.

I invited her out for a drink after the meeting. My eyes were riveted to her make-up and false eyelashes, and I was so hot for her I could hardly stand it. She must have felt the same way — as we embraced each other on the way to my car, her hips felt so hot I thought her pantihose were going to melt. We quickly fell into the cramped quarters of my Mercedes, both knowing we had to have it right then and there.

Kissing her madly, I could smell her face and eye make-up. It was making me harder and hotter by the minute! She said she couldn't wait to get her lips on my throbbing member, and when she turned to do so I grabbed her hair and it came off in my hand! Mandy's face turned red — she was terrified with embarrassment. By then I had kissed all her make-up off and was holding her beautiful, blonde hair in my hand. "Well," she said, "my beauty secrets are out now, I always wear expensive, human-hair wigs, and my perfect face comes from about 20 jars of glop on my dressing table. I told her she looked terrific without her make-up and wig (she did) and explained my particular fetish to her. Now both of us had our secrets.

Mandy often teased me by not being dressed on time. She would make me watch her get ready, knowing that I couldn't wrestle with her painted parts until after the big event. She would greet me at the door in her bra and panties without her make-up on and her hair up in curlers. Then I'd watch her transform herself

XAVIERA

into the glamorous piece of work I would be spending the rest of the evening with. She slowly applied lots of foundation liquid, down to the neckline of her low-cut dress, then on her face she put contouring cream, four shades of eye shadow, three shades of blush, three shades of lipstick and lip liner, two coats of lip gloss, and two pairs of false eyelashes. Afterward she would put on a generous amount of face powder, then style her wig with her own hair so it looked natural. What a turn-on!

Now I live right in the city, which has its own rewards. Right outside my door the city girls always wear the latest styles in make-up and lots of it! Just walking down any city street gets me hard just from looking! I often go to plays, sitting as close as I can to the stage so I can see the heavy make-up on the leading ladies. I often go to the hotel lounge when I'm away on business trips to see if the band has a girl singer with great make-up on. My ultimate fantasy would be to see a showgirl go from blue jeans and T-shirt to full make-up for the show. I'd like to feel those long eyelashes on a showgirl just once!

Tell me if you have ever heard of anyone with this particular fetish or fantasy. Perhaps some of the female readers of your column can tell me how someone like myself can meet girls who wear lots of make-up and are enthusiastic about it. Naturally, I'm always reluctant to share this fantasy with friends, for fear they'll think I'm a freak. — R.K., Sydney

Why should anyone call you a freak? You happen to be a man of good taste who likes to be surrounded by pretty women. That you prefer them to go to great pains to reach that particular state may sound somewhat unusual but can in no way be thought of as freakish.

If you had any idea what the make-up industry is earning every year selling artificial eyelashes, false nails, wigs, hairpieces, lipsticks, rouge, powders, mascaras, eyeshadows and whatever else is needed to make a plain woman into a raving beauty!

Curlers, hairdressers, people who specialise in manicure, pedicure, electrolysis (hair removing not only of eyebrows but also of moustaches, arm, breast, and leg hair), and last but not least, plastic surgeons: are all doing their best to beautify men as well as women, because you are not the only one interested in having a good-looking, well-groomed companion. Men also like to look their best nowadays . . .

What is interesting in your case is that you are one of very few men who not only enjoys watching a woman take hours to fix herself up but also gets a sexual thrill from seeing her come to pieces (hairpieces included). This to me is a form of undressing.

Many boys, particularly in small towns, are first made aware of the opposite sex by smelling perfume or powder on the girl next door, on their best friend's sister in church on Sunday, on aunts or friends of their mother's, who lean over the little boys and hug them with compliments like: "Oh, hasn't he grown a lot since last year!" In order for you to meet similar *Vogue* — or showgirl — type women, you could start your own modelling agency or take up photography and work your way up in the fashion field.

If you are into high-class showgirls, you need a bundle of cash in your pocket to get to know them intimately, then of course you can go through the same ritual of demasking their faces.

What you didn't mention in your letter, and possibly in your life, is whether or not you pay any attention to the person behind the make-up; in other words, what kind of personality the woman has. Remember, beauty is only skin deep!

Women who hide behind heavy make up often do so to cover up all sorts of complexes, apart from the occasional blemish, a wrinkle, or a scar. Indeed, a woman's personality may change when she puts on her make-up in the same way that the personalities of actors or clowns are transformed after they apply greasepaint.

Many models won't allow you to look at them when they are not made up. I have met my share of superficial beauties and even in the morning (after they have slept wearing a black mask in a darkened room) nobody is allowed to see them truly naked. In hotels, the DO NOT DISTURB sign will be on their doors until midday.

There may be other reasons you get so turned on by seeing a woman put on her make-up. (I thought men had better things to do than to hang around a woman who takes forever to paint her face.) Maybe you are a closet transvestite. Have you tried making up your own face? You could open a beauty salon and become a make-up artist as well as hairdresser. If you don't want to go through this process yourself, finance someone who is interested in opening a similar business, and you will always have access to beautiful women and can advise them on how to beautify themselves even more. ○⊢

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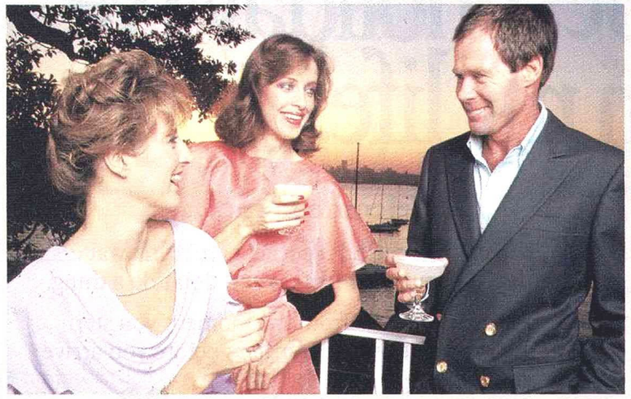

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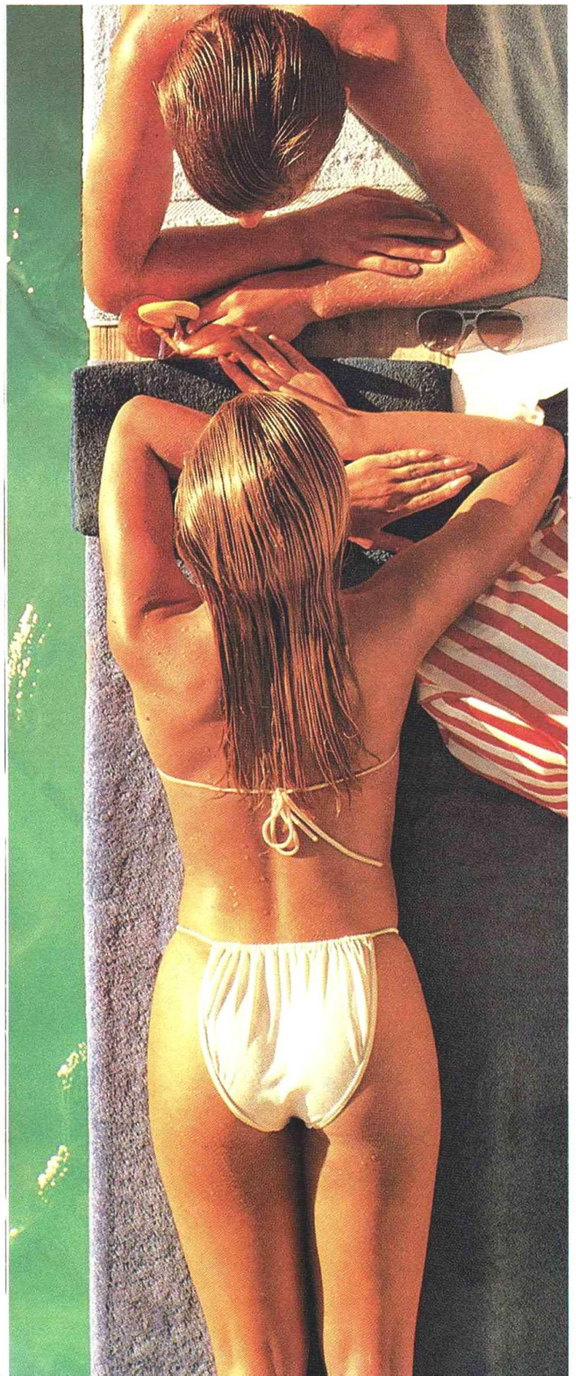

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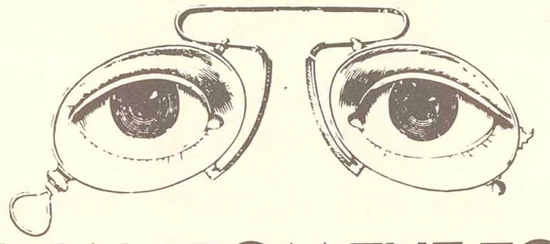


VIEW FROM THE TOP

SAVE THE BLOKE

BY C. J. MACKAY

This friend, Bob Darcy, called me up at work the other day to whip up a bit of support for his latest "can't miss, mate" scheme. A project guaranteed to stir the vitals of every red-blooded Australian male, he told me, and one of almighty social, patriotic and historical import.

I braced myself, remembering Bob's last dead cert brainwave. It occurred to him one night that he liked prawns and he liked pies. So did most of his mates. So why not market a prawn pie? He also likes a beer and it took some fast rhetoric to talk him out of swimming his prawns in a hops gravy. I provided the mobile part of Darcy's Mobile Prawn Pie Service and for several weeks we peddled our wares outside RSLs, Leagues Clubs, pubs and sporting fixtures. It was indeed a project that stirred the vitals of a few hapless Australian males, but by and large the greater public wasn't ready for it, and the boot of my Corolla still reeks of a particularly bad day's trading outside the Sydney Cricket Ground during the Australia-Pakistan Test. "Fire away, Bob," I said, "but keep my car out of it, right?"

"The only wheels I need are those of your industry," he explained. "I need column inches — publicity for the 'Save The Bloke Campaign'." It seems Bob had got a bee in his bonnet about the erosion of the Australian male image — his quintessential blokeness — by a variety of cosmopolitan influences like the male cosmetics industry, Trent Nathan and designer underwear, the white wine and mineral water boom, the swing away from the thong and the swing toward natural childbirth.

"For Chrissake," he said, gathering steam, "have you been to a surf club lately? Whatever happened to the strong, silent, bronzed lifesaver — the standard bearer of true blokedom? I reckon he drowned and was replaced by a poncing nancy boy who stands around all day rubbing Blockout on himself, admiring his reflection and hitching his bathers further up his crack than he's already crawled himself . . . " There was no stopping Darcy at this point. "Bryan Brown gave us hope for a while there, but he took off the same way as Hoges, denying kids a decent role model. They're teaching my kid cooking and sewing at school; he's playing softball — footy's not good enough for 'em anymore. There's a wine bar where the Cricketer's Arms used to be and even Bob Hawke has cashed in his blokedom for a Pierre Cardin suit and a bottle of Perrier. Something's got to be done and fast."

So it's Darcy's idea to stage a full-scale "Save The Bloke Campaign" along "Save The Whale" lines; ride the current wave of patriotism and appeal to the sense of loss the extinction of the larrikin bloke spirit would engender among thinking people. He's working on Cliff Young as a frontman and negotiations are underway with the *Bert Newton Show* and Westfield Shopping Centres.

"It's a dead-set winner," said Darcy, "We've got the Black and Decker people interested in a big way and John Singleton's odds-on to give us a few plugs. We're even working on a parade — a Bloke Mardi Gras. There'll be a Victa Lawnmower float, the Parramatta boys are bunging on a precision passing display, the girls from the TAB will be handing out complimentary betting vouchers and a galaxy of celebrities like Norm Erskine, Mike Gibson and Alan Bond will be there.

Well, a mate's a mate. So here's the rub, or rather the plug. It costs a motza to get a thing like this off the ground so Darcy's flogging Bloke Showbags to fuel his magnificent obsession. The Bloke Kit contains a Save The Bloke singlet, a similarly emblazoned terry towelling hat and matching polystyrene tinny holder, a collector's edition of *Rugby League Week*, a *Bluey And Curly* comic, a pouch of Champion Ruby, miniature thongs to hang from your rear vision mirror and a tennis ball for your towbar — all for the ridiculously low price of $19.99. Ring The Bloke Line for details of availability.

And if I know Darcy, the first 500 lucky customers will also receive a free prawn pie; he's still got a garage full of them. And if that is his plan, there could be an even stronger case for Save The Bloke.

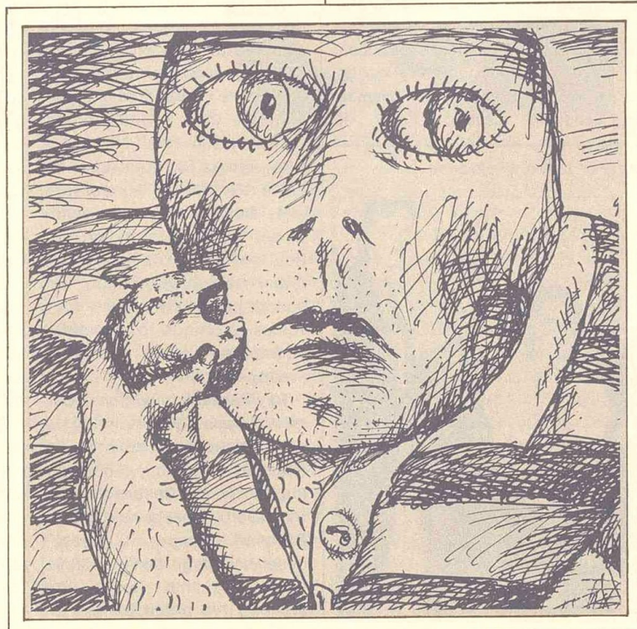


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

PROMISES, PROMISES

When the PR people in the music business bestow the title "Promising New Talent" on a band, it can be a mixed blessing. For their second album *This Island* (CBS), the **Eurogliders** have promoted themselves as being "distinctive", passing up a possible career as PNT. **Pseudo Echo**, on the other hand, demonstrate with their very tastefully-titled debut *Autumnal Park* (EMI) that such a label may have been only a premature rumor spread by their mothers.

The Echoes have all the right gear for Now (synthesisers, electronic drums and sequencers to keep them in time). Unfortunately they don't use them to push in any stunning new directions, nor do they achieve definitive versions of the sounds around. The album has its fair share of trim pop ditties that should stand them in good stead with an audience requiring this month's newest teddy bears. At his finest, vocalist Brian Canham is a generic Midge Ure (Ultravox), especially on little pumpers like "His Eyes."

The Eurogliders display a more mature grasp of sonic possibilities, though their biggest downfall is too many reasonable ideas for choruses that don't grow into great songs. New bass player Ron Francois (ex Teardrop Explodes and Lene Lovich) helps kick the feel in a funkier direction, but "Another Day In The Big World" still lapses into cosy calypso. They are now more at home in the studio and strive for a judicious blend of electronic and accoustic, even remixing "No Action" back to more discernible sound sources. Live, vocalist Grace Knight tries to enact more characters than these fairly simple songs have dwelling in them. In her more wistful moments here she echoes the Eurythmics' nod to past bands like Curved Air. Elsewhere ("Never Say") she shows herself to be a strong, soulful, almost bluesy stylist.

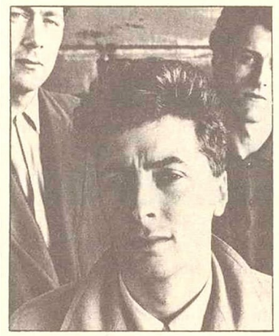
Elsewhere in the Middle East, Phil Oakey lives out his fantasies of BBC reporter and tour guide: "And where there used to be some shops is where the snipers sometimes hide", presumably awaiting fresh supplies of scampi and chips. **Human League's** second bout of *Hysteria* (Virgin), in their format of an electronic Abba, has been a long time coming. They've managed a few strong singles in the interim ("Fascination", "Mirror Man") but little of that excellence has made it on to this waste of polyvinyl chloride. Joe Callis has dusted off his fuzz box and provides some good moments on guitar, but the synth playing makes Depeche Mode look like Stravinsky. Phil baby lapses into homely monologues about what is truly ruly real, while the girls parody(?) fatuous back-up vocals — a recitation of what Oakey had for breakfast would have been more engaging.

Human League . . . *waste of polyvinyl chloride*

Three Glaswegian students, possibly pining for the fiords of Egypt and the romance of mysterious places, pooled their approaches to music-making in 1982 and formed **The Blue Nile**. After extensive rehearsals, demos and recording they were selected by Linn Products, the firm responsible for many an audiophile's wet dream, to inaugurate their Scottish record cutting plant. Production of *A Walk Across Rooftops* (Linn) became a five-month labor of love. They didn't use the opportunity to get the biggest rhythm section sound in the world, but rather it's clean, tight, full sounds across the board — from voices to strings to percussive oddments — so no instrument swamps another.

Ray Manzarak's version of *Carmina Burana* (A&M) is one of the most distressing albums I've heard in a long time. The opening chorus of "Destiny" has all the reverb it needs and all the Bavarian boogie it doesn't deserve. Things don't improve. Manzarak's finest hours came grinding his organ behind the Lizard King, Jim Morrison, in the Doors. He hits bottom here as a rock and roll Liberace who, at his most poignant, is like a cheap piano tuner. This is more sacrilegious than disco remakes of Vera Lynne. If you winced at Emerson, Lake and Palmer's Mussorgsky, you could be prone to terminal cramps at Ray's Carl Orff.

Not that **Bob Marley's** death is something to celebrate, but the third anniversary of his demise has been deemed a suitable time for the release of the aptly-titled *Legend* (Island). Tracks are the cream of Marley's crop from 1972 to 82, including a live "No Woman No Cry." Also in a compilatory mood is Deram with *Love You Till Tuesday,* which catches **David Bowie** in the late Sixties. **Michael Jackson's** past is also resurrected on *18 Greatest Hits* (Motown), which spans 1969 to 75.



The Blue Nile . . . *tight*

Festival is releasing a great series called Original Jazz Classics, chronicling the birth of be-bop and beyond. Included are *Miles Davis And Horns* (Prestige) from 1951 to 53, when he was considered weird for his popping, burning attack, and *The Unique Thelonious Monk* (Riverside) from 1956, when the pianist attempted to broaden his audience by replacing his originals for (then) more recognisable standards. — *Jeremy Cook*

FILM

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Most of Australian country music, to a city slicker like me, is a sad and tawdry imitation of a fairly sad and garish aspect of Americana. The local brands of fringed satin shirts seem a little more tacky than those on the American rhinestone cowboys, the feathered hats a little stiffer and sillier, and "the pat the missus, kiss the horse" twanging lyrics even more cliched and insincere.

I'm not talking through my Akubra (I've been to Tamworth, too.) In fact, Reg Lindsay changed my life. I used to watch TV all day Saturday until his program started and his phoney American accent and saccharine grin into camera three showed me that life was for being in: kites were to be flown, dogs walked.

But I've always had a soft spot for Slim Dusty. Nothing pseudo-septic about him and nary a fringe on his shirt. And his film **The Slim Dusty Movie** is all-Australian, a beautifully photographed film full of fine leathery-country characters.

The Slim Dusty Movie is essentially a "road picture", filmed, according to the production notes "across 11,000 miles of locations in the biggest logistical operation ever mounted by an Australian feature." It shows Slim and his wife Joy McKean and daughter Anne Kirkpatrick beating the track they have hauled their show over for decades. It's a concert movie interspersed with flashbacks to Slim's childhood days in Nulla Nulla Creek when he dropped the David Gordon Kirkpatrick and pulled his hat down in front to become Slim Dusty, and scenes from his courtin' days. John Blake plays Slim as a young man, Sandy Paul is the young Joy McKean and playing Slim as a boy, Dean Stidworthy lends his considerable appeal and impressive wingnut ears.

All credit to writer/producer Kent Chadwick, associate producer Brian Douglas and director Rob Stewart, whose combined backgrounds in documentary making bring a *Big Country* atmosphere to this film. The footage and feel of scenes at the Mt Isa rodeo, the Peppimenarti aboriginal settlement and Slim's meetings with legendary bush balladeers and characters are unforgettable. They might perhaps have gone a little lighter on Slim's wooden tendency to prop one cheek on the back of his purple Ford at places like Ayers Rock and say to whoever's listening: "Boys, I've been working on a number. It goes like this . . ."

Joy McKean and Slim making music in The Slim Dusty Movie

Plenty of Slim's greatest hits are in there so it should appeal to all those who sent 129 of his records gold and 27 platinum. I have to admit my tolerance of C&W was tested toward the end. But then again, when it came to a fulsome appreciation of country music, the greatest disappointment in the family was me.

A brumby of a different color comes from 24-year-old filmmaker Richard Lowenstein in the form of **Strikebreaker.** It's the story of a Scottish immigrant couple's involvement in an historic coal miners' strike in Victoria during the Thirties.

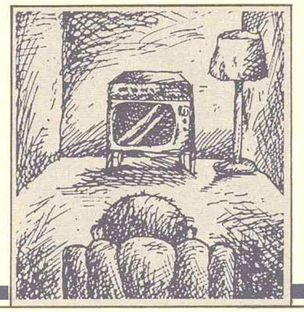
Wattie and Agnes Doig are the central characters. He's a miner and a vocal member of the fledgling Communist Party in the tiny mining town of Korumburra and she's a teacher with the Salvation Army. It's a true story, taken from the book *Dead Men Don't Dig Coal* by Wendy Lowenstein (the film-maker's mother), beginning with Wattie Doig's attempts to mobilise miners to demand a minimum wage and improved conditions. The agitation sparks a lockout and the management of Sunbeam Colliery brings in scab labor, resulting in violence. Ultimately the townspeople are mobilised and the mine is stormed by ousted workers who conduct a sit-in strike, the first in Australia.

The ubiquitous Chris Haywood is as good, if not better than ever as the cheeky larrikin Wattie, and Carol Burns is very strong as Agnes, his wife who leaves the Salvos to join her husband in the union cause.

Strikebound is Richard Lowenstein's second film. The young talent is well-known in the music industry for his video clips for Tim Finn, Cold Chisel, Jo Jo Zep and others and is thus being compared with the likes of Russell Mulcahy. On the merit of the effort, he looks like making a pig's ear of Mulcahy.

Robin Williams fans, don't sell your grandma to see **Moscow On The Hudson.** Williams is undeniably good as Vladimir Ivanoff, the Russian circus musician who decides to defect to America while buying a pair of designer jeans in that New York temple to idle running dog capitalists, Bloomingdale's. It's just the film around him that smells. Amid a kerfuffle he succeeds in joining the land of the free, as a busload of his wistful buddies returns to the toilet paper queues back home. The casting is the strongest point in this Paul Mazursky film which is essentially a biased, heavy-handed, tepidly humorous ethnic celebration of how great it is to live in America. It would be nice to see the talents of Robin Williams explored rather than exploited for a change.

And speaking of exploitation, a few words about **Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom**. Harrison Ford is back with a different gutsy gal sidekick, Willie (Kate Capshaw), on a series of rehash or perhaps prehash adventures — this caper is set in the days before he raided the lost ark. Too much *deja vu* — this time we're just being taken for a ride. This Eastern pot-boiler would have been more aptly titled *Indiana Jones And The Sacred Cow.* That way Spielberg and Lucas could honestly have milked it for all it's worth. — *C.J.Mackay.*



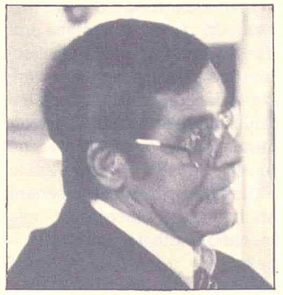
VIDEO

SLEEPING BEAUTIES

For film and television, India has become the new centre of the universe. For a while that precious position was held by the Australian film industry, and before that the French, Italians, Swedes, the Japanese all had their moment in the sun. *Ghandi, The Far Pavilions* (to be flaunted locally as a cinema feature, expanded TV mini-series *and* video), *The Jewel In The Crown, Passage To India* (David Lean's first feature since *Ryan's Daughter*), and the Merchant Ivory film, **Heat And Dust** (on Palace Video) are all serving to expand the Western view of the mystical subcontinent.

Heat And Dust is one of the numerous features making the hop-skip-and-jump from the cinema screen to home video. Along with *The Verdict, King Of Comedy, Blue Thunder, Tender Mercies* and *Under Fire* it is contributing to a revolution in movie-going. The cinematic pathway is now most likely to go straight past the box office to the local video shop. Most of these current video releases share one thing in common — they didn't do nearly as well commercially as was expected. However, unlike Paul Newman, Robert de Niro, Jerry Lewis, Roy Scheider, Robert Duvall, Gene Hackman and Nick Nolte (the stars of these films), the team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory have not had to depend on mainstream cinema audiences for survival. Their output over many years has been tailored for the "arthouse" circuits and non-commercial television networks of the world, and they have done well by it.

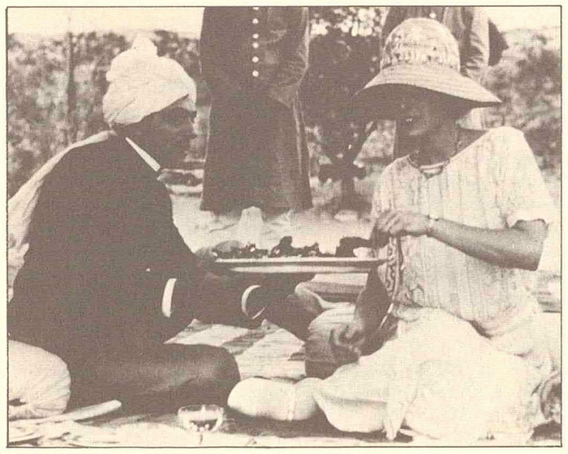
Indian author, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, who adapted her own novel for the screen, shares the same fascination for her country as Merchant (the producer) and Ivory (the director). Using a dramatic device as old as cinema itself, *Heat And Dust* follows the Indian "experiences" of two women, one contemporary — Anne (played by Julie Christie in one of her best roles in years) — the other back in the Twenties — Olivia, Anne's great aunt. Anne is intrigued by her great aunt's scandalous behavior when she came to India as the young bride of a diplomat husband. She investigates the past in order to understand why her great aunt took a path away from the British ruling class into the arms of the Indian prince she took as her lover.



Lewis in The King Of Comedy

Although separated from Olivia by 50 years and an entirely different lifestyle, Anne slowly finds herself drawn on a parallel journey to the one her great aunt undertook into the mystique of India (represented in both lives by a man). *Heat And Dust* heads the list of films deserving of a far greater audience through video than they received on cinema release.

The mystique of India explored in Heat And Dust

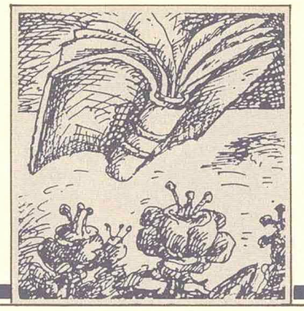


King Of Comedy (Thorn EMI) is another of the recently released brigade deserving of more attention. It is not, as the title suggests a comedy, but one of director Martin Scorsese's darkest films. That doesn't mean it is without humor. It is a film that pursues the American fascination for stardom. *King Of Comedy* explores the curious relationship between a would-be stand-up comedian (played by Robert de Niro) and the television tonight show host (Jerry Lewis in his first dramatic role) he reveres. Scorsese threads the plot through scenes of excruciating embarrassment in what is a very fine black comedy.

Australian Bruce Beresford's first American production **Tender Mercies** (Thorn EMI) *could* have been filmed in *Breaker Morant* country, for it has that much of an Australian look about it. Robert Duvall (who won an Oscar for his role) plays a washed out country and western singer who finds himself, and possibly the way back to stardom, (although he is not that certain he wants it anymore) through the care, then love, of a Vietnam war widow and her son. For a film in which the feeling is that nothing really happens, *Tender Mercies* is packed with more impact than most of last year's output. The gentleness and power live on long-after it is over.

The Verdict (CBS/Fox) earned Paul Newman his sixth Oscar nomination, only to be pipped at the post by Duvall. Here Newman plays an (equally) washed out catalyst, lawyer Frank Galvin. The case that brings out the best in the lawyer — long buried by failure and booze — is one against the doctor and hospital that made a perfectly healthy pregnant woman into a human "vegetable." Unfortunately for Galvin, the hospital is owned by a church which would prefer to make amends quietly rather than have their dirty linen dragged through court. Representing the church is the establishment lawyer (James Mason in one of his better cynical roles) who is as much concerned with destroying Galvin as he is with winning the case.

The Verdict (as with *King Of Comedy,* and *Tender Mercies*) is the type of film we don't see enough of these days. It is unfortunate, and disturbing, that their cinema runs were so brief. Thank heavens that video offers the discerning cinemaphile the opportunity to share some of the better films being made in the world today. — *Denis Whitburn*



WORDS

A BURNING ISSUE

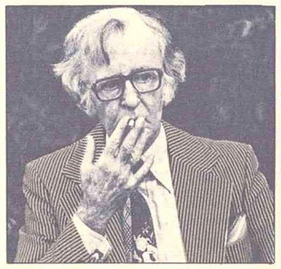
After the initially emotional reaction to Australia's most devastating ecological disaster — the Ash Wednesday fires of February 1983 — sober analyses of the tragedy which claimed 71 lives and caused stock and property damage estimated at $400 million are appearing in print.

John Baxter's **Who Burned Australia?** (New England Library $5.95) presents an excellent summary of the disaster. He points out that bushfires are a constant threat in the Australian environment. Fifteen thousand of them are recorded every year. But the Ash Wednesday infernos were not your average bushfires. Fed by bushland rendered tinder dry by years of drought, and a sudden wind change, they attained a firepower equivalent to a major nuclear explosion.

After looking at the climatic aspects of the tragedy, Baxter describes the fires and their impact on the people whose lives were destroyed by them. He then considers the way in which various authorities — from local councils to state governments — handled the disaster, and finds most of them wanting.

Although it occasionally degenerates into a superficial and inconclusive summary, *Who Burned Australia?* is a damning indictment of the official complacency and inadequate services which turned a natural disaster into a human holocaust. This is a dramatic true story of tragedy and courage on the one hand, and on the other it's an expose of the pig-headed lack of preparation and buck-passing on the part of Australia's fire control bureaucracy.

The requirements for inclusion in the Penguin Australian Collection, according to its editor Bruce Sims, is that the story be out of print or never published, that it have a distinctly Australian flavor, and that it be a good read.



Dal Stivens

Dal Stiven's **Jimmy Brockett** (Penguin $6.95). fulfills all these prerequisites and more. It's a ripper of a read . . . and rather than appearing to be dated 33 years after its initial publication, the book is as relevant today as it has ever been. This is the story of the rise to power and the demise of Jimmy Brockett, poor boy from Glebe who makes good as a boxing promoter and then goes on to bigger things in NSW state politics, big business and organised crime.

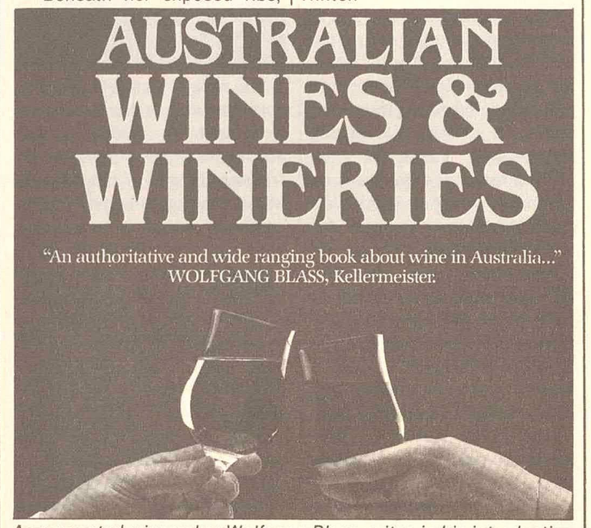
In the great traditions of Australian con men, Brockett exploits the greed and weakness of those around him to build his empire. He is a wealthy man before he's far into his thirties — a corrupt puppet master with a variety of politicians and power-brokers dangling from his strings. Although this story is set in the early 1900s, he could easily be a model for some of the individuals who have recently appeared before the courts and the commissions in NSW in relation to matters concerning corruption and the misuse of power and public funds.

The modern thriller writer must, it seems, have a knowledge of human anatomy which would do a surgeon proud if he is to make his mark on the best-seller lists.

Take Graham Masterton's latest effort **Tengu** (Sphere $5.95) as an example. Here's a taste of his descriptive powers. "With one hideously powerful movement he seized the lapels of nurse Abramski's uniform and the skin of her collarbone with them and tore the flesh off her shoulders and ribs. Sternomastoid or cleidomastoid muscles, deltoid muscles, pectoral muscles, all including her breasts, ripped raw from the one, all the way down to her abdominal muscles.

"Beneath her exposed ribs, her lungs expanded in one last powerful shriek of horror. The realisation of death." It's gristly stuff. Masterton's story concerns the Tengu, a mythical Japanese demon brought to life to wreak revenge on America for the atomic destruction of Hiroshima. Ill-conceived and poorly plotted, Tengu apears to have been inspired by avarice, an anatomical textbook and a first-time tourist's guide to Japan.

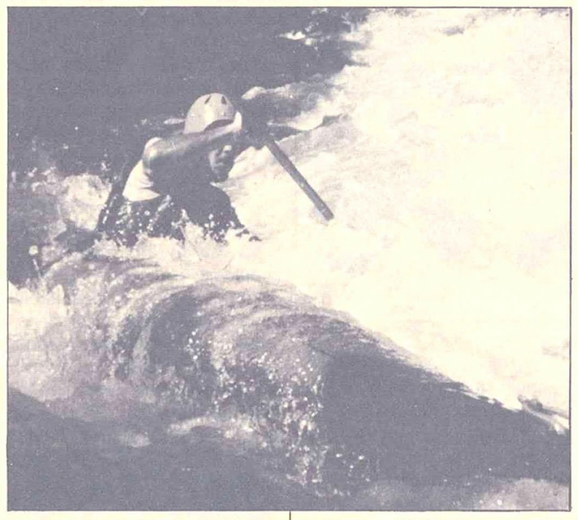
It is sad to think that an author should waste his time with such an endeavor, pathetic to consider that a publisher would pick it up, hard to believe that anyone would take the time to give it critical consideration and the final absurdity is the fact that anyone could even bother to read a review of Tengu. — *Colin Hinton*



As respected winemaker Wolfgang Blass writes in his introduction to Alan Young's **Australian Wines and Wineries** *(Horwitz Grahame $19.95), Australians are in the fortunate position of being able to afford a range of excellent wines at economical prices. Wine is now a part of the Australian way of life, and in typically Australian fashion, much of the ostentatious affectation which first accompanied its consumption has been eliminated. Young's book is perfectly compatible with this trend, presenting an authoritative and practical reference which covers wine styles, wine ratings, reviews of Australian vineyards, competitions, judging, wine service and etiquette. The verdict: a refreshingly unpretentious product which can be enjoyed now, but which is also certain to stand the test of time.*

SPORT

WILD WATER



It appeared only minutes after we'd been on the river. Like a skull on a stick at the edge of jungle, it was a signal, an omen, a portent of danger. We paddled around the first bend and there it was — the tail end of a fibreglass kayak, snapped cleanly in half and jammed into the fork of a casuarina tree two metres above the current water level: testament to the powers of the Shoalhaven and a warning to those who dared to take the flooded river lightly.

Further evidence of the fate of previous canoeists greeted us at the end of the next set of rapids — two paddles left high and dry on the rocks by floodwaters and a waterproof plastic barrel containing a couple of mouldy loaves of Vogel's, a fibreglass repair kit and a tiny primus stove.

These were the only signs of civilisation we sighted in four days on the river. It was this — the escape factor — which had prompted me and my three mad mates to clamber down the treacherous cliffs of the Shoalhaven gorge and take on the might of one of Australia's most magnificent rivers. No other activity offers the suburbanite wilderness adventure with such economy and at such proximity to the city. That's why white-water canoe touring is one of Australia's boom sports. It seems that these days everybody is keen to do a *Deliverance*.

Now, this wide brown land doesn't have canoeing waterways of the calibre of those found on the American and African continents. Australia's flat terrain and low rainfall makes sure of that. But we do have a range of big, scenic rivers which can still offer the adventurer adrenalin on tap.

Paralleling a similar boom in the USA, white-water kayaking is attracting thousands of new adherents in Australia. Secretary of the NSW Canoeing Association Cathie Holland says the number of paddlers affiliated with her organisation has leapt from fewer than 3000 to over 4000 in less than a year. She attributes the end of the drought as another factor behind the increasing numbers of canoes and kayaks on Australia waterways.

Now, I'm a complete novice at this caper. As we headed out of Sydney at the beginning of the three hour drive to the drop-off point out the back of Marulan, one of my three highly experienced canoeist companions asked if I could Eskimo roll. "Eskimo roll? You're joking," I replied. "I can barely paddle." With hindsight, I realised that my function on that journey was light relief.

Although they are only a few hours drive from Sydney the upper reaches of the Shoalhaven are still isolated and untouched by man. That's because the river is situated at the base of a gorge which has only two points of access in over 100 kilometres. Once you embark upon a journey down this river you are committed to go with the flow.

It was raining heavily as we clambered down the valley laden with kayaks and provisions. A thick layer of mist hung about the gorge and followed us down to the river, reducing vision to a couple of metres. As the mist curled about me I considered the old Chinese proverb. *When the cloud descends the mind becomes tranquil.* But this was no time for tranquility. As the river became swollen by floods over the next four days, terror became the operative word.

The horror experienced by the novice going over a large set of rapids for the first time can be equated with the fear felt by navigators in the Middle Ages who worried about sailing off the edge of the world. That's what it feels like to take the drop down a grade three rapid for the first time.

It's heart in mouth material. The noise level — the roar of white water smashing on rock — is phenomenal, and helps to boost the adrenalin flow. The trip through the rapids, demanding instantaneous reactions and swift shifts of weight and direction, becomes one long moment of glorious intensity which leaves the paddler breathless and high when he pops out at the end of a shute into a quiet pool.

My mates forced me through a variety of torrid white water encounters over the next few days. The floodwaters rose to the point where on the final day's paddle they were starting to dislodge large logs which turned the river into an even meaner obstacle course. Weary, sodden and starved after covering 70 kilometres of river on the final day, we made it intact to the finish at Talawah Dam.

Now, I could wax on with a whole lot of macho crap about the need for modern man to take on the odd elemental challenge if he wants to maintain his masculinity and not get softened and spoilt by the good life. And up to a point it's true. Adventure is therapy. Canoeing adventures, offering the range of reactions from terror to tranquility, are particularly good for the soul. If you want to take one, just get in touch with your nearest canoe club. Its officials are bound to be glad to help you get launched into a set of rapids compatible with your ability.

When I returned from that epic journey I caught sight of myself in the bathroom mirror and found I was looking at a different person than the one who had locked the front door behind him five days before. His hair was matted and filthy, eyes bloodshot and wild and the bristly stubble on his face made him appear slightly feral. As I drifted off to sleep in the comfort of a warm dry bed, images from the trip swirled about my mind like the fog above the Shoalhaven gorge. Months later they still drift across my consciousness . . . misty memories. The cloud descends. — *Mike Kent*

SEX

ITCHY GENES

Incest is strongly discouraged in all human cultures, sometimes by extreme measures. Many organisms have an inbuilt mechanism to avoid inbreeding and the more complex the biological structure, the more complex this mechanism becomes. In the upper echelons of the animal kingdom, where eggs are not laid by the thousands and where the individual counts, any impairment to sophisticated faculties is a serious shortcoming.

While Freud, Malinowski and others believed that incest avoidance mechanisms were purely cultural and not instinctive, other researchers such as Edward O. Wilson of Harvard disagree, and support their case with data that indicate an automatic, inbuilt aversion to inbreeding. One of the best examples is a study done on Israeli kibbutzim, where children of different families customarily grow up in an intimate, communal setting. These children were encouraged to marry within the same kibbutz — but they didn't. They simply refused to be sexually interested in somebody they had grown up with.

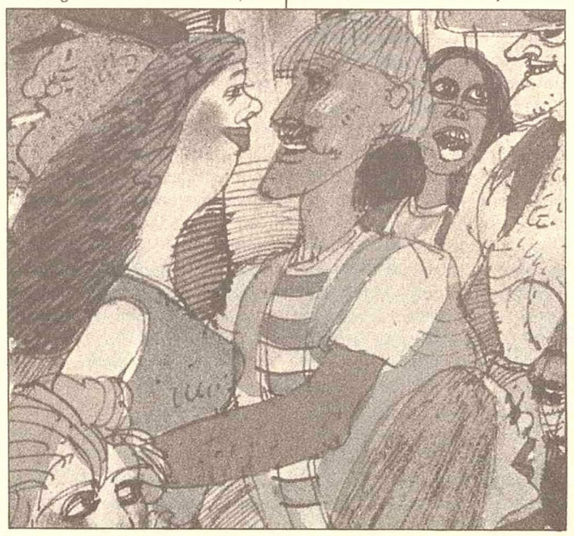
Another example is that of Chinese couples who would occasionally adopt girls with the intention of marrying them to their own sons when the time was ripe. This did not work either. Of 19 such cases in one village only two marriages took place as planned, and in both these cases the adopted girls had been much older than average when they were brought into the family. Such data seem to indicate that once a prospective partner becomes through familiar contact "like a brother or a sister", sexual desire is inhibited.

Sociologist Pierre L. van den Berghe (University of Washington) agrees: "For me there is no question anymore that we are genetically programmed to avoid inbreeding . . ." Edward Wilson maintains in his book *Genes, Mind And Culture* (co-authored by Charles J. Lumsden) that human genes and human culture developed together in constant feedback, creating natural inclinations that are in harmony with culture, although individual choice can override these genetically induced preferences or aversions. Thus our natural inclination, regardless of cultural pressure, is to automatically avoid sexual relationships that are incestuous, and even those that *seem* incestuous. Seven years (sometimes more, sometimes less) of familiar presence, and the fellow person is automatically and unconsciously classified as brother or sister, with sexual attraction being dampened.

Casual observation of contemporary social life confirms that sexual interest in prospective partners from the same environment is not as powerful as that triggered by the "stranger." There is an odd, undeniable attraction in the mysterious foreigner from far away, and it can be so strong that rational judgment is forgotten.

The lure of the almond-eyed, high-cheeked oriental face and a tanned skin is well-known to all Caucasians, and the feeling is reciprocated. Pale skins are actually regarded as attractive by those of darker hues. However, social convention does not usually approve of racially or religiously-mixed marriages; it merely desires partnerships from different tribes or different villages. But the partners shouldn't be *too* different.

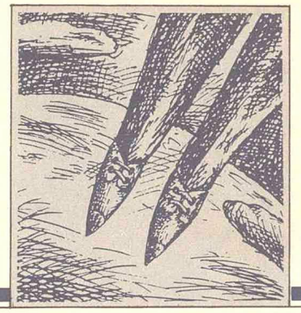
Even if the gene/culture co-evolutionary theory is applicable to earlier human development, it is clear that cultural evolution has chronologically outstripped genetic change. In present social structures it is desirable to have stable *long-lasting* marriages, mainly for the benefit of the offspring. But genetic bias continues to undermine the sexual desire after some years of marriage, when the partner begins to seem like a sibling rather than a sexual partner.



When gorillas refuse to mate because they regard each other as siblings, a marriage may be consummated — as happened this year in Melbourne Zoo — by shooting a tranquilliser dart into the male. Once he is rendered comatose a specially designed plastic tube with four electrodes is pushed into his rectum and an orgasm is triggered by the technique of "electro-ejaculation." The obtained sperm is then administered to the female. Such extreme measures are not usually applied when human males fail to perform. When sexual interest in a too-familiar partner flags, *imagination* takes over. Kinsey reports that 69 percent of women and 84 percent of men are erotically stimulated, to varying degree, by sexual fantasies.

So we are playthings of our genes as much as of our cultural conditioning. In support of his theory Wilson cites the phenomenon of phobias — those inbuilt primitive fears that seem to surface in all cultures. Such phobias may involve superceded dangers like snakes, thunderstorms, or great heights. Evolution has had no time, Wilson points out, to program humans to respond to modern more genuine dangers. Even such enormous threats as nuclear radiation could never trigger physical reactions as profound as those induced by the relatively harmless spider.

In the accelerated evolution of human civilisation there are now countless things that the snail-paced genetic change hasn't come to grips with, including marriages that are to last more than seven years. This may not be a potential target for a phobia, but there is a need to convince our genes that marital bliss after seven years is not incest. — *Rolf Heimann*



TRAVEL

FLYING HIGH

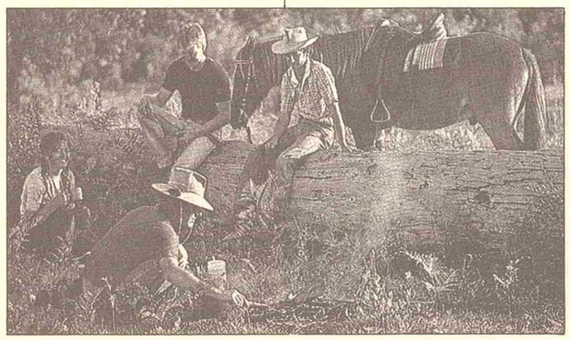
The trends which made travel available to everyone — bigger aircraft, hotel chains, purpose-built resorts — are precisely those which also removed the elements of the unexpected and the sense of adventure from the experience of travelling.

The travel industry today talks of processing its customers: they are just so many units to be "emplaned", "deplaned", shunted into lookalike hotels, bussed, debussed, fed, entertained and generally kept both safe and quiet. Perhaps it's why the bulk of Australians, about 80 percent, prefer to holiday under their own steam, using their cars to reach a favored destination in their own time with the advantage of being able to sidetrack to see something interesting, or step on the gas, whenever it suits.

But cars are restricting. In a country this size, they're slow, often pretty frustrating, and potentially dangerous. If you're like me and hate driving, then you tend to be tied to big impersonal operators like the airlines and the resorts.

Not that there's anything unpleasant about that — they deliver an excellent product efficiently and without ripping anyone off. But there tends to be a predictability about it all, and every track is well-trodden.

That predictability of the big operators is why adventure travel is growing — it's different, challenging and relatively inexpensive. However, for those of us who like the home comforts, most adventure travel operators take this communing with the elements a bit too seriously. I'm not one for frostbite or blisters, which is why I was so glad to find Cliff Kearney, who operates a crop dusting and air charter company out of Orange, NSW.



Spend three days at Queensland's Escott Station

Cliff is unusual among holiday promoters in that he isn't full of the megadollar ideas you find among developers in Queensland. He isn't aiming at a mass market, moving thousands of passengers a year in big aircraft. He's genuinely interested in people and in Australia, and his Greater Northland Air Safaris operation reflects this.

The idea is similar to the bigger air safaris offered under the name of Bill Peach by Sydney Express and East-West and under the *Women's Weekly* banner by Air New South Wales. Cliff acts as pilot, guide, tour manager and encyclopaedia of the Outback on his safaris, which use light aircraft — up to four in convoy — to take his passengers to some very out-of-the-way places.

The safari is a potent mixture of spectacular scenery, adventure and culture shock, and includes a three-day stop at Escott Station on the Gulf of Carpentaria. It's a fully-operational cattle station, but there's more to it than steers.

In the swamps near the station are colonies of crocodiles. You can take a look at them, chase game — wild buffaloes or brumbies — in one of Escott's muster helicopters, and go barramundi fishing. Real barramundi, by the way, is delectable. The stuff you get in city restaurants is, if you're lucky, frozen rather than fresh; if you're unlucky, it's probably angel shark. Far more barramundi is cooked than is caught.

From Escott, Cliff's Cessnas head for the remote bauxite mining community of Weipa for your first bit of culture shock. It's a town with a real "Wild West" feel, and not a place many people outside the industry ever get to see. In this frontier town, strangers are advised to tread warily.

The next port-of-call is seldom-visited Thursday Island, off the tip of Cape York, for more culture shock and a look at the highly-developed local League scene. Thursday has 12 football teams (because, apparently, there are 12 pubs) and has produced more front-rank players than any community of its size. And they play barefoot.

From there, it's back to something closer to our kind of civilisation in Cooktown, and then on to Cairns for a visit to the Barrier Reef — definitely one of the most spectacular flights anyone could ever make. There's game fishing, diving, reef fossicking and some very fancy pubs in Cairns, which is quite a sophisticated city.

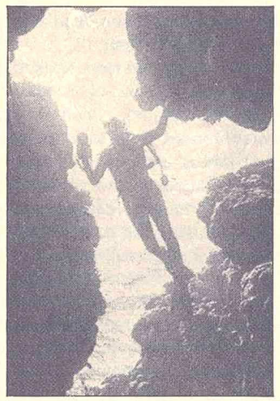
The home run to Orange is via Emerald, and the whole thing takes about 10 days. There is no hard-and-fast daily schedule, and if you want to circle back for another look at something it's no problem — even if you want to land for a quick inspection. It's not cheap — a bit over $2600 — but it packs an awful lot of peak experiences into a short time.

The safaris are popular with German tourists (the German ambassador to China was on my flight) and with pilots, who leap at the chance to do some real flying instead of steering what amounts to a completely automated bus.

Cliff's style is relaxed, with an unruffled efficiency that characterises Australian pilots. You'll feel a lot safer in his hands than you might in the average big city cab. — *Fred Baker*

I'm trying to compile a list of holiday horrors. If you've been ripped off in some spectacular fashion, if you've been put in jail in Singapore for littering, or you'd like to warn others to avoid something or some place, I'd like to hear. — *F.B.*

Dive on the Reef



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Sansui home audio products are considered some of the finest in the world because they incorporate the most advanced technology and parts available and are built with extraordinary care and attention to detail.

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STRIKEBREAKER

The long-running dispute between Australian unionists and imported "scab" shearers escalated into a bloody rural war in early 1984. New Zealander Neil Ellery was the man at the heart of the conflict, and where he went, violence followed . . .

On a chilly evening in early June, 1983, Neil Ellery was nursing a broken fist and a head full of stitches in the bar of the New Town Hotel in Lightning Ridge, north-western NSW. He was also nursing a schooner of lemonade, and the thought crossed his mind that any other man might have cracked and ordered a beer.

Ellery was still in considerable pain. He'd sustained the injuries only four days previously, when he and his team of wide comb non-union shearers had their baptism of fire at a pub down the road called the Digger's Rest. At first, he reflected, it had looked like being a routine pub brawl. Just as Ellery and half a dozen of his boys got out the door they'd been attacked by an equal number of union men.

This was not a cause for concern. In a man-on-man situation, Neil Ellery would tear just about anybody apart. He was built low to the ground, but he weighed in at 14 stone and had legs like tree trunks and the upper body strength of a bear. Back home in New Zealand, before he became the provincial wrestling champion, he'd emerged unscathed from numerous fights outside the local dance hall. Although not a violent man by nature, he wasn't afraid of a blue. With his short reach and lack of boxing technique, Ellery's usual tactic was to bore in low, weathering the onslaught of blows until he could get a grip on his opponent. Then he'd upend the victim, pin him to the ground and pummel him into submission. At 37 he was slowing up and feeling the punches a little more, but he remained a formidable adversary.

However, like all the subsequent encounters between Ellery's boys and their union opponents, this one had turned out to be anything but a man-on-man situation. Wrapping his short, chubby fingers around the rim of his glass, Ellery flashed on the memory of men appearing from out of the woodwork, descending from the roof of the pub and from the trees that lined the silent street, until in a matter of moments it was 60 against six and there was no way out. Three of his men went down quickly, but Ellery and two others had managed to get up against a wall and for a full 15 minutes they fought to hold off the mob. When Ellery felt the bones in his fist cracking, he knew it was over for him. A beer bottle smashed across the head finished him off.

Neil Ellery didn't know exactly what he was doing sitting in the bar of the New Town four days later. To begin with, he was off the grog and had been for two years. He'd made the decision one night when, pissed as usual, he'd bailed a bloke up against a wall in a pub somewhere and given him a lesson he didn't deserve. Ellery realised then that he was losing control of himself, and was liking himself less and less. He'd sworn off for life.

Apart from that, there was the danger of another attack. In fact, Ellery had been warned a few minutes ago that a big mob of locals were on their way over. This was routine. During the three weeks since he'd arrived at New Angledool station with a team of 20 West Australian and New Zealand shearers to break the seven-week strike, there had been constant threats of violence. He wasn't too concerned, but he'd rung the police as a precaution. "Ring us back when the fight starts," they

BY GREG HUNTER PHOTO BY PETER BARNES

replied. Perhaps Ellery was sitting in the bar of the New Town because, in the final analysis, there was no escape. When the double doors suddenly sprang open, half a dozen of Ellery's men were standing between himself and the mob. The attackers were flooding in from every direction at once. "Let's go," he yelled, shooting out through a side exit and bolting down the lane past the bottle shop. But for the others, it was too late; the horde was upon them. Realising he'd left his team behind, Ellery flew back into the pub, grabbed the phone and rang the police. It was then that the barman wrestled him on to the floor and barked into his ear: "Neil, it's your blood they're after. If you go back out there, they'll be putting you back together for the next year."

That was true enough. Ellery was the "scab" contractor, the central figure in the dispute, and the man who had inflicted one hell of a lot of damage on the locals outside the Digger's Rest. Reluctantly, he allowed himself to be escorted into the bottle shop, where he sat and waited it out. "They were the worst moments of my life," he now recalls. "I knew my boys were being massacred; it seemed like the whole town came through those doors. It was the only time I have ever felt like a coward."

A fight between shearers bears no resemblance to a scuffle between a couple of overweight, out of condition tax accountants who end up bopping each other over the head with their vinyl attache cases. Throughout Australia, the toughness of the shearer is legendary. Men who've shorn for 10 years normally develop backs like reinforced concrete, fists that have the size and texture of a pineapple, and forearms like Popeye's. The damage they can do with a single punch is awesome. When the violence was over, all of Ellery's boys were in very bad shape. Broken bones and smashed noses were the standard injuries. One victim had his jaw smashed in along the teethline and eight other facial bones broken, one of which pierced his eyeball and blinded him. He was unable to work for seven months, and can still only shear at half pace. Another had been kicked in the chest and back with such force that he was later diagnosed as having bruised lungs.

Metaphorically speaking, Neil Ellery *is* the shearers' dispute. If it were not for Ellery and a few others like him — men who have taken on the might of the Australian Workers' Union, and who have persevered in the face of overwhelming odds — there would be no dispute. Depending on which side of the fence you're on, Ellery is either an unscrupulous villain whose only object is to make a financial killing by ignoring the conditions of the Federal Pastoral Industries Award, in the process destroying the entire structure of the shearing industry, or he is the courageous torchbearer for progress in a stagnant environment riddled with ignorance and fear, governed by a cadre of reactionaries who sustain their influence with the tactics of intimidation and misinformation.

Since Neil Ellery arrived in NSW in May last year, he and his family have been subjected to continual abuse and intimidation; he has seen five of his shearers hospitalised; he has suffered the loss of his former business partner Ross Bryant, who returned to Western Australia last February after barely surviving an attack in which his jugular vein was severed and his skull fractured; he has endured the torment of never knowing when to expect the next outbreak of violence. And yet he remains unrepentant. Even his staunchest enemies admit they're unable to comprehend the man's refusal to wilt under pressure. Ivan Letchford, industrial officer for the Shearing Contractors' Association, has lost five sheds and $40,000 worth of contracts to Ellery in the last 12 months. "Neill Ellery could put me out of business, and that's what he's trying to do," says Letchford. "He's called on plenty of my clients and offered to shear their sheep for $20 a hundred less than me. Now don't get me wrong — I regard Ellery as an unscrupulous man. But he must have a different make-up to a normal human being . . . any man who is prepared to come over here and completely turn the system upside down, and to put up with such violence . . . I'm totally perplexed at what sort of person could do that. He must have an incredible amount of courage. Either that or he's a fool."

> "Any man who is prepared to put up with such violence . . . I'm totally perplexed at what sort of person could do that"

Neil Ellery isn't a fool. He's an articulate and insightful individual — something of a rarity in this industry — but he does not like being told what to do by the Australian Workers' Union. He claims that his only crime has been his refusal to join the union, and that contrary to the torrent of accusations propagated by the AWU, he has never actually broken the conditions of the award. Ellery maintains that his supposed breaches of the Pastoral Industries Award have taken place only in the imaginations of AWU officials, whose hatred of the grazier and paranoic fear of change have led them to conduct a campaign of terror against him — a campaign in which the hapless union shearer has been used as a pawn in the power struggle between union heavies and the Livestock and Grain Producers' Association (LGPA).

Those claims lie at the very heart of the shearers' dispute. The protracted debate over the suitability of shearing combs 13mm wider than the standard gear, which ushered in the eight-week strike by more than 14,000 shearers in March last year and threatened to cause incalculable losses to graziers throughout eastern Australia, was never more than a symbol of the union's primary fear — that the Kiwi and West Australian invaders, if left to their own devices, would in an overnight coup succeed in destroying the conditions that the union shearers and their fathers and grandfathers before them had achieved only after a century of often bitter struggle (see box). In order to keep the debate on the simplest possible level, the union chose to ignore the real issue and fight the battle only on the issue of wide combs — with the result that the media tended to treat the dispute with scorn and derision, and the general public was never able to figure out what all the fuss was about. However, as early as June 1981 there was evidence of the underlying fears, when the 80-year-old president of the NSW branch of the AWU, Charlie Oliver, stated: "We've got to make sure it doesn't spread — we've got to stop these bludgers breeding. If we lose this one it will be the end of stability in the industry. Wages will go next, then conditions like week-end work and the award will be down the gurgler." And there was also evidence of the curious form of xenophobia which continues to fuel the bitterness and the violence throughout the eastern states. A speaker from the floor of an AWU meeting in Dubbo, NSW, in June '81 made this statement: "We're going to have a state full of Kiwis if we don't fight this now. Then we'll really be buggered. We'll be on the dole most of the year." He was enthusiastically applauded. But Charlie Oliver put the case more succinctly: "New Zealanders are either drug addicts or a bunch of scabs. Most of the top criminals in this country are from New Zealand. The last thing we want is more of them."

During the late Sixties and early Seventies, shearers from New Zealand began roaming the world in search of seasonal work. They flooded into Western Australia, a state which has never boasted a strong union tradition. By April 1983 there were 700 New Zealand shearers in the southern woolgrowing areas of WA. All had brought their wide combs with them, and all were non-union men. Among them was Neil Ellery.

The Kiwis encountered only sporadic opposition in the west. Local shearers snapped up the wide combs offered to them by the New Zealanders. Since shearers are paid according to the number of sheep shorn each day, the wide combs enabled them to increase their incomes by up to 20 percent overnight. Of course, the combs were illegal and the WA branch of the AWU threatened to fine union members who used them. Rather than risk the fines, hundreds of local shearers decided to give their union the flick. It's estimated that in the decade up to 1983, union membership in Western Australia dropped from 1200 to about 60 or 70.

Meanwhile, the word had spread throughout the eastern states that the industry in the west was buggered. There were reports of "non-union men shearing all hours, some doing two eight-hour runs a day, with lights set up for night shearing" — in other words, open slather. The remaining unionists could only bleat forlornly that the Kiwi invaders were ignoring the award, plundering the industry, and bolting home with their loot. And thus the eastern shearer became imbued with the idea that wide combs were inexorably linked up with the demise of unionism and the otherthrow of all established principles in the industry.

In June 1980, reports started circulating in NSW and Victoria that local shearers had taken up with the wide combs. In NSW the protagonist was a tough, cocky little rooster named Robert White, a union member who'd become hooked on the wide gear while shearing in the west. White reckoned he could shear an extra 200 sheep per week with the wide comb, and to the horror of AWU officials he staged an exhibition which demonstrated that the supposed hazards of the 86mm comb — strained wrists, injuries to sheep, excessive ridging and second cuts — were imaginary. Graziers, who saw an opportunity to cut shearing costs (since cooks and shed hands are paid on the basis of hours worked) began to call for an experimental lifting of the wide comb ban, but the AWU was having none of that. Meetings were convened to condemn the wide gear as "immoral and repulsive"; there were sporadic strikes throughout the state, later extending into Victoria, Tasmania and South Australia; and ultimately the Arbitration Commission began a roving inquiry which encompassed four states and lurched on until December 1982. Commissioner Ian McKenzie waded through a forest of conflicting evidence from shearers, graziers and contractors before announcing that through an amendment to Clause 32 of the Federal Pastoral Industries Award, the controversial comb would be a legal option with the consent of the employer.

The union heavies had thrown all their eggs into the one basket, and wound up with the yolks on their faces. Ivan Letchford, who gave evidence at the inquiry as the representative of the Shearing Contractors' Association, now says this of the evidence presented by the AWU: "The amount of bullshit that was slung against wide combs during that inquiry was incredible. I'm completely impartial because as an intermediary between the shearer and the grazier, I have no interest in what particular comb is used — but the fact is that the wide comb exceeds all expectations. You put a wide comb in a shearer's hand and he'll never go back to the narrow gear."

The AWU retaliated by refusing to accept the umpire's decision. In NSW 5000 shearers walked off the job, and the first reports of violence began filtering into the media. The unionists' rage was fuelled by emotive rumors to the effect that 2000 New Zealanders had been waiting to hit the eastern states as soon as the commission's decision was announced, and that the barbarians would be prepared to shear for as much as $30 less than the award rate per hundred sheep.

> "We couldn't care less what size comb they use," said one woolgrower. "They can tear the fleece off with their bloody teeth if they like"

The AWU's refusal to sanction McKenzie's decision forced the Arbitration Commission to agree to hear an appeal. The three-week strike ended as the union men hunkered down for the play-off. When the Full Bench announced on March 23, 1983, that the original decision would stand, it delivered a further crushing blow by expressing the view that "the opposition to the wide combs, to the objective observer, appears to be hedged in by conservatism and tinged with hysteria."

With that the dispute moved into its critical stage. Between 14,000 and 20,000 shearers walked out of sheds in every state except Queensland (which was governed by a separate award). The only way the union would recommend a return to work would be in response to a complete reversal of the decision. Almost immediately, violence erupted as pockets of rebel shearers joined Robert White's team in defiance of the AWU. Frank Cox, a shearer from Wagga in southern NSW, was the first to proclaim the rebels' stand: "To hell with the union. We've had a gutful of standover merchants telling us what to do. The union are not for us. If they were, why would they have us go hungry?"

The strikebreakers armed themselves with shotguns, axe handles and iron bars; teams of bodyguards were organised by the LGPA to protect the "scabs" from attack; shearing sheds, caravans and cars were set alight; mobs of up to 60 unionists wielding iron bars marched on sheds as terrified shearers barricaded themselves inside; a union official was hit twice in the face by shotgun fire while driving through the town of Hay in western NSW; death threats were commonplace and union organiser Fred McInerny issued the statement that the AWU "could no longer restrain its members from acts of violence." Meanwhile, graziers facing total losses of $10 million per week and the likely deaths of up to 300,000 lambing ewes were desperate for an end to the dispute. "We couldn't care less what size comb they use," said one woolgrower. "They can tear the fleece off with their bloody teeth if they like." As the strike rolled on into its seventh week in NSW, it was possible to make out a strong case that the viability of the entire industry was now at stake.

Presiding over the affairs of the NSW branch of the AWU was the commanding figure of state secretary Ernie Ecob. A hardliner who'd emerged from the great strike of '56 with a profound hatred of graziers, Ecob's view from the outset was that no compromise was possible. He warned the unionists that acceptance of wide combs would naturally lead to a cut in the award rate per hundred — despite written assurances to the contrary from the LGPA. "You can't trust the graziers," said Ecob. "They're a mob of bludgers and parasites." In the fourth week of the strike, the AWU's Federal Executive had urged union members to go back to work so that the union could make a fresh appeal to the Arbitration Commission. But Ernie wasn't having any of that. He'd invested so much of himself in this strike that to fold was unthinkable, so in defiance of the Federal Executive he encouraged NSW shearers to stay out of the sheds. When at last he relented on May 11 and recommended a return to work, Ecob was sunk by the weight of his own arguments and accused of a sell-out. The strike would grind on into its eighth week in NSW alone.

It was at this point that a 50-year-old grazier named Peter Prentiss welcomed the arrival of a long-awaited cargo. Back when the strike first hit, Prentiss had given local shearers at Angledool, near the Queensland border, three weeks to return to work. When that didn't eventuate, he hit upon the notion of importing a team of West Australian wide comb non-unionists

CONCILIATION TOO FAR AWAY

No industry in Australia carries a more powerful and emotive tradition than the shearing industry. For 150 years, shearers have been cast as heroic underdogs in their perennial struggle against the rapacious greed of the grazier.

Prior to the formation of the Amalgamated Shearers Union (later to become the AWU) in 1886, the shearer was little more than a slave to the squatter, who dictated the terms of employment and was sole judge as to their fulfilment. Dirty tricks were the order of the day — particularly the liberal use of "raddle", whereby the employer would drastically cut the shearer's wages by putting a mark on any sheep he considered to be unsatisfactorily shorn. Conditions in the shearers' quarters were appalling, and often a shearer would turn up at a shed after "humping his bluey" for hundreds of miles, only to find that the promise of employment had been broken.

The situation reached a flashpoint in the first great strike of 1891, which threw the country into greater turmoil than it has ever experienced before or since. Shearers set fire to half of Queensland, shot horses, wrecked railways, burned bridges; squatters responded by bringing in artillery, infantry, cavalry and much of the Queensland police force. Strikebreakers were shipped in from New Zealand and trains brought "free labor" from other Australian states. Armed shearers, 3000 strong, rode through outback towns to their strike camps. Australia was on the verge of civil war.

Ever since those days, shearers have sat around the fire and recounted the great deeds of their fathers and grandfathers. They've inherited from their forebears a deep-rooted distrust of the grazier and a fanatical hatred of "scabs", expressed most eloquently in the traditional poem spawned during the strike of '31: "When at last you're buggered/ And a homeless, helpless wreck/ May you slip back through your arsehole/ And break your bloody neck."

The shearers have not been on strike often, but when they have, their solidarity has been the stuff of legend. Close comradeship was needed to sustain that solidarity against the tyranny of vast distances; as a result, the shearer has been credited with establishing the most venerable of all Australian traditions — the ethic of mateship. When Australia rode on the sheep's back, the shearer was the epitome of the true-blue Australian.

Don Johnson, secretary of the Lightning Ridge branch of the AWU, represents the hardline unionist viewpoint. He's been a shearer for 39 years — time enough to absorb the richness of the shearers' tradition. If he hadn't been laid up in Tamworth Hospital at the time when 60 Lightning Ridge locals tore into Neil Ellery's boys in the New Town Hotel, Don reckons he would have been in it boots and all.

Like most of his union mates, Don Johnson has an almost Biblical reverence for Patsy Adam-Smith's best-selling history of the industry, *The Shearers*. "It's all in that book!" he exclaims. "It proves you can't trust the cockies; what about that bastard cocky who bragged that he'd raddled 40,000 sheep in his time? Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile. They're the parasites of this industry. Our fathers fought and suffered to get the conditions we've got now, and blokes like Ellery want to take us back 100 years in one go."

Don has seen enough of hardship in his own time. "When I started shearing back in '45, they'd give you a hessian bag to sleep on and you'd fill it with straw, which was full of thistles, dogshit, fleas and Christ knows what. There was no refrigeration at all and the cockies made it a crime to take a drink on to the place. The handpiece you'd shear with would get so hot you could fry an egg on it. That's the sort of thing we're on about."

The old shearer points with great reverence to the faded photograph on the wall. It depicts his grandfather shearing a sheep at Gunneganoo, near Tamworth, at the turn of the century. "They're the blokes that fought hard. If I scabbed it now, that man would haunt me for the rest of my life. In the strike of '45 I slept for six weeks on Collarenebri racecourse because I couldn't afford to put a roof over my head — but nobody's going to call me a scab."

The last great shearers' strike began on January 1, 1956 in response to a wage cut by graziers, and the dispute dragged on mercilessly until October of that year. There are plenty of shearers who remember clearly the hardship their families endured during those dark days, and in many an outback town there are men who still point to those shearers who "scabbed it" back in '56. Sometimes the old wounds reopen on a Saturday night at closing time, and punches fly.

It's this volatile background of traditional enmity and suspicion which has sparked the theory, now widely accepted by unionists, that the shearers' dispute is the result of a conspiracy on the part of graziers and non-unionists to smash the power of the AWU. One of the chief proponents of that view is Ernie Ecob, secretary of the NSW branch of the AWU: "The graziers are trying to break down the mateship and friendship which have existed for so long, so they can break down working conditions and use the shearers as slave labor, as they did in the 1890s. That's what this dispute is all about. They have destroyed the unity of men."

Fred McInerny, union organiser for the northwest of NSW, was in the vanguard of the conspiracy theorists. He now states: "I made the observation years ago that there was collusion going on between the graziers and the non-unionists. I knew the cockies didn't really want wide combs, so there had to be something else in it for them — that is, by openly encouraging and employing the non-union wide comb men, they could get a dispute going among the union shearers, break their solidarity and ultimately crush the AWU. That was the whole point of the exercise. When we suggested a compromise to the Arbitration Commission — that there be a standard size comb of any width — Commissioner McKenzie agreed it would be the only way to expedite the conclusion of the case. But Ian McLachlan (president of the Wool Council) and Paul Hoolihan (industrial officer for the National Farmers' Federation) both refused to go along with it. McLachlan said off the record that he wanted to see as many different sized combs as possible, because the longer the dispute ran the weaker the union would get. I still believe the whole thing is a conspiracy, and so do the majority of country organisers and the more intelligent shearers."

Universally, the cockies' response to the conspiracy theory is that there was never any organised plot to shut down the unionists: "The sheep were dying all over the place when the strike was on. We didn't give a stuff who did the shearing. We employed anyone who'd do the work." Peter Prentiss, the grazier who organised the first wave of non-union West Australian shearers in the east with the importation of Neil Ellery's team, thus became one of the primary targets of the conspiracy theorists. Prentiss has strong counterarguments: "There's not a shred of evidence for the claim that I conspired on behalf of the LGPA to break down the award conditions. It's a scurrilous lie. To begin with, on the properties I manage we've upgraded the facilities beyond what's necessary — for example, electric lights in the quarters where you only require kerosene lamps, and septic tanks where you only need pits. And secondly, when I organised the meeting at Angledool which led to the importation of Neil Ellery's team, it wasn't even an LGPA meeting — it was just a group of local graziers. Like all the other cockies, we just wanted to get the wool off our sheep. For that I've received numerous death threats and my family has gone through hell."

For the union shearers, the stakes in this confrontation are as high as you can get. They are fighting — however misguidedly — for the preservation of their identity.

STRIKEBREAKER

to shear his flock. Prentiss had heard reports of a Kiwi contractor operating in WA who had a particular distaste for the Australian Workers' Union. But the cocky knew he needed to supply an incentive, so he organised a meeting of 35 graziers in the township of Angledool, and before the afternoon was out he'd lined up a run of 40,000 ailing sheep to make the journey a worthwhile proposition for the contractor and his team. And so, as the strike entered its eighth week and passions on both sides reached a point beyond fever pitch, into the maelstrom of violence and desperation, of dire prediction and heavy hysteria, stepped Neil Ellery.

When it came to the task of strikebreaking, Ellery didn't muck around. Apart from his own team of 20, he had brought with him a total of 30 more shearers for Farmers Grazcos Co-operative (Australia's largest shearing contracting company) and another 10 to be added to Robert White's rebel outfit, which was at that time the primary target of violence in the east. The move was to have far-reaching effects on the progress of the dispute, but its immediate impact was to take the pressure off White's boys and focus it instead on Neil Ellery.

For the first two weeks the battlefront was strangely quiet. During that period the NSW unionists brought themselves into line with the rest of the country by voting to end their strike, pending yet another inquiry into the safety aspects of wide combs. And then, as Ellery puts it, the shit hit the fan. There was the ambush outside the Digger's Rest in Lightning Ridge, and then the massed assault at the New Town four days later. Those events ushered in a period of continual threats, intimidation and sporadic attacks. Numerous "cranks", as the non-unionists call them, threatened to firebomb Ellery's home in Dubbo. He couldn't walk down the street without the threat of a confrontation. In one violent incident Ellery's friend and business partner, Ross Bryant, almost became the first man to die as a result of the shearer's dispute.

On February 12 this year, after a period of relative peace lasting several months, eight of Ellery's men were shearing in a shed called "Galambo" near Bourke in far western NSW when a group of 15 unionists pulled up and demanded that they stop work. From that point onward the opposing versions of the story differ in practically every detail, and the ensuing charges of intimidation and assault have not yet been heard. The only thing that's certain is the outcome: three of Ellery's men were hospitalised, including Ross Bryant, who later told Ellery that he'd made a run for it and was caught by five or six of the locals in a clump of bushes about 200 metres from the shed. Bryant alleges that the attackers got stuck into him with iron bars and sticks until he reached the point of being "past pain"; then one of the unionists went back to the shed to get Bryant's handpiece with its 12 sharp prongs — the wide-toothed comb — attached. He tried to shove it down Bryant's throat but the near-unconscious shearer managed to fend it off with his hand. Then he felt somebody screwing a stick into the side of his neck until it pierced his jugular vein. At that point the unionists bolted and Bryant realised that if he didn't get back into the clear, where he could be spotted, he would die. But all he wanted to do was sleep. When his mates finally found him, Bryant was holding the side of his neck together in an effort to stem the flow. He was literally drenched in blood, and his skull had been fractured.

That was just one of numerous recent incidents of violence which have turned the town of Bourke into a rural war zone. Between February and May of this year (up to the time of writing), the Bourke district evolved into the epicentre of the dispute, and the ugliness of the situation touched practically every member of the community — from the editor of the local paper, who refused to run stories on the shearers' dispute for fear of reprisals, to the proprietors of local businesses, who were warned that any dealings with the non-union shearers would result in serious consequences, to the wives and children of shearers on both sides of the fence, who were involved in sieges on their homes or were forced to watch as their husbands suffered beatings. The local police set aside a period in June for the courts to deal exclusively with assault and intimidation cases arising from the shearers' dispute, and the list of charges is daunting. Non-union shearers employed by Grazcos are still refusing to risk their lives by working in sheds in the district. But Neil Ellery is taking a team to Bourke in June of this year. "It's a different breed up there and I know there's going to be trouble," he says. "But I've got too many good sheds up in Bourke to worry about a mob of cranks."

> Then he felt somebody screwing a stick into the side of his neck until it pierced his jugular vein

When you ask Neil Ellery and his men why they're prepared to place themselves at such enormous risk, you get a lot of different answers. But there's one attribute common to all the non-unionists: they're *ambitious*. "We believe we've got a right to make as much money as we can out of shearing," they say. "The AWU won't let us do that. They've banned the wide comb and they're against overtime. Back in Western Australia you'd never see a shearer who was over 35, because by that time he's made enough to get out of the game and buy his own property. But these AWU blokes in the east will shear on till they're 60; all they want is enough to put a roof over their heads and a bit left over for a beer and a bet."

So Ellery is in the business of providing competition. "For the union blokes who don't want to work," he says, "It's the end of the bludge." But beyond that, the thing that really drives Ellery is the fact that he denies every one of the allegations brought against him by the AWU. The union alleges that Ellery's shearers earn only $70 per hundred as opposed to the award rate of $97, and that they're ignoring the hard-won conditions of the award, which specifies that shearers' quarters must be of a certain standard and that shearing may only be done during certain hours. Those allegations form the crux of the shearers' dispute now that the union has decided to focus on the real issues rather than limit the argument to wide vs narrow combs. And with the dispute now entering its terminal stage, the unionists are claiming that Ellery's refusal to toe the line on award rates and conditions allows him to undercut contractors who employ union teams by as much as $35 per hundred, which makes him a much more attractive proposition for the grazier. The upshot is that local shearers are being put out of work, ousted by the itinerant non-unionists from the sheds that they'd previously shorn year after year, and forced to shear only the flyblown and rough animals that the "scabs" won't touch. So the central issue, in simple terms, is now the right to work.

Ellery doesn't deny that he undercuts the union teams substantially, but he does deny that his low rate results from ignoring the award. "The undercutting is made possible," he says, "because the shearing is done more quickly by my team. That's because they use wide combs and they don't bullshit around with stopworks and go-slows over trivial things like no toilet paper in one of the dunnies or a missing screwdriver on one of the stands. Now, the quicker the shearing is done, the less I have to pay the shed hands — cooks, rousies and pressers — because they're not paid on piecework. So I can quote a lower rate than the union contractors."

STRIKEBREAKER

Ellery's men all swear blind that they've never been paid under the award rate, and so do those who've worked for other non-union contractors. Bruce Dodd, a "gun" shearer from New Zealand, has been employed by both Bob White and Neil Ellery. As one of the original members of White's team, he's been involved in the dispute from the beginning, and has shorn both wide and narrow all over Australia. Dodd states unequivocally: "This business about shearers getting $70 a hundred is garbage put out by the AWU. I've never worked under the award, and more often than not I've been paid more. I *personally* know more than 90 percent of the non-union shearers in NSW, and I have never heard of a single instance of a man being paid under the award. It's just not on."

The union isn't buying that one. Organiser Fred McInerny's response is typical of the union view. "The scabs have got to be cutting corners and cheating on the award somewhere. If Ellery's outfit can shear for $35 a hundred less than the union team, then the union contractors would all have to be millionaires. But how do we get a conviction? You'd have to get a union member complaining that he's been underpaid, and none of the scabs are going to do that."

There isn't a unionist anywhere who doesn't claim to have heard of cases where "scabs" have slept in woolsheds, in their cars or in condemned quarters, and cases of men shearing long hours and on weekends. "They're living like pigs," says a shearer from Bourke. "No beds or nothing, just sleeping on the ground. They're breaking every condition we've ever had down."

As in the argument about wages, Ellery reckons this is just propaganda put forward by the AWU in order to stir up its members. But although his team don't live like pigs and don't ignore the set procedure for breaks during work time, they *were* shearing on a Sunday on February 12, 1984 — the day Ross Bryant was almost killed at the Galambo shed near Bourke — and that was what the violence was all about. Ellery's justification for this is complex, but it boils down to the fact that the clause in the Pastoral Industries Award dealing with working hours has never previously been tested. He says the union won't take him to Arbitration over Sunday shearing because it's afraid of losing the case. And that brings him to the crucial point of his argument: "The fact is that we have never ever been charged, and that's because we work entirely within the law. I don't know what the union is disputing, and I don't think they know themselves. Why don't you ask them why they've never taken us to Arbitration and proved that we're breaking the law?"

In response to that question, the union leaders openly admit that although they suspect all sorts of heinous crimes, they can't prove anything. Organiser Fred McInerny explains: "The shearing industry is spread over such a vast area that you just can't be there to prevent breaches of the award. We hear all sorts of things, but the evidence is all hearsay. Apart from that, we've got big problems doing anything legally with the scabs when we catch 'em. The courts are sympathetic to anyone who's anti-union, and in any case the penalties for breaches of the award are negligible — they haven't changed in 100 years. So the way the industry has always been regulated from the year dot is that the shearers have policed the award themselves. When they've found somebody who wasn't toeing the line, they'd give it to him — he's a scab and that's that. Therefore, as far as the rank and file are concerned, the tactics

> "If the police would just turn their backs for a couple of days, I reckon we could solve the whole problem"

are to make it as hard as they can for the scabs, and that includes the use of violence. As an official, I can't condone violence — but I don't get real upset when it happens. If the police would just turn their backs for a couple of days I reckon we could solve the whole problem."

In terms of AWU officialdom, Fred McInerny would have to be classed as a moderate. Others, like Dubbo organiser Bluey Rodwell, are less subtle about it: "There's nothing better for stopping scabs than giving them a gutful of sore ribs. There's only one way to cope with them — on the knuckle. As far as I'm concerned, the war's on. We'll take 'em on till the last scab's out of NSW." Asked how he reacted to the incident when Ross Bryant's jugular vein was cut in the fight at Galambo shed, Rodwell responded: "It's a pity it hadn't been cut right out."

In the early days of the war between the shearers, Neil Ellery's men would gather in the pub and discuss at length what they were going to do in the next battle with "the cranks", working themselves into a sort of paranoid hysteria. But they've lived with the fear for so long now that they've managed to come to terms with it. Most of their spare time is spent cracking jokes about the dispute which has come to dominate their lives. Even so, there's a palpable whiff of tension whenever shearing is done in the non-union shed. If a few cars happen to pull up outside at the same time, there is always the chance that it could be on.

"Morale has never really been a problem," says Ellery. "Every time we've had something nasty happen, the cockies have come in behind us and the boys have been determined to tough it out. I know there's violence ahead, but I'm not concerned any more. I went through nine months of incredible tension, when I could feel the pressure on me all the time. But now that I've got to know the enemy, I've come to accept them in a way. I've adjusted to it."

The personal adjustment of Neil Ellery took an important turn one day outside the New Town Hotel in Lightning Ridge. Ellery's family had come to spend some time with him, and he was having a drink with his father-in-law inside the pub while his wife and two kids waited in their caravan just across the road. Somebody came over and told him that a character named John Brown was lurking outside Ellery's caravan. Ellery alleges that Brown was the man who had instigated the assault on the non-union shearers at the hotel some weeks earlier, and the two were sworn enemies. "When I looked up I could see Brown's car outside the van, and he had a couple of his hoods with him. I thought they must have been trying to get at my wife and kids, so I grabbed a pump-action shotgun with five bullets in it and headed over there. It just seemed that with my family involved like that, it was too much to take. I think I was going to shoot John Brown, but I'll never really know for sure, because he came and met me halfway and told me that he'd come to beg for mercy. He was in all sorts of trouble with the law at that time, and he wanted to make amends somehow. I said to him: 'You know John, I was going to shoot you.' And he replied: 'Yes, I believe you were.' It was then that I realised just how far out of control this thing has become. I felt sick to the stomach for a long time afterwards. This was a man who had a wife and kids of his own, and a person like me was going to end his life. Nothing could justify that. It's all too much."

Neil Ellery doesn't hate his union opponents anymore, and neither do his men. But like the stoically stubborn outback Aussie hero of legend, who makes up his mind about what's right and sticks to it, they're not going to give in to the AWU. Bruce Dodd, who was involved in the big fights at Lightning Ridge last year and has been badly beaten up three times, has an outlook typical of these men: "It has just never occurred to me to back out. Shearing is my life, and I've always held the view that if I want to do some shearing I should be able to do it, and get paid accordingly. But it's hard to keep going. Whenever these fights are on, it's always 30 or 40 of them and not half a dozen of us, and they'll come through every door. There isn't much you can do about that."

The thing that irks the non-union shearers most is their claim that when the fighting starts, they find that most of the men they're up against are not shearers but locals who've been roped in on the side of the unionists. According to Bruce Dodd, "There's usually a few narrow-gear shearers who've organised the trouble-makers of the town to follow them, so most of the time you're just fighting idiots off the street who have never shorn a sheep in their lives. I know this is true because I personally know the people involved. There was an incident in Mandurama when seven of us were attacked by 30 locals, and one of our men lost an eye. I *live* in Mandurama, and I *knew* those men. They were not shearers." Neil Ellery adds: "You only have to look at the arrests. Of the 33 local men who have been arrested in all the fights that my boys have been involved in, *only two were shearers*. The only explanation I can think of is that these local hoods are being employed to do the fighting for the union shearers."

Of the five shearers on Ellery's team who've been hospitalised in the past year, all but Ross Bryant have returned to shear out the season. There's no doubt that these men are courageous individuals. They are not great fighters — "Nobody can fight 10 to one, no matter how fucking good he is" — but in spite of that, none of Ellery's men carry weapons any more. During the first two months all of them kept a rifle concealed near their stand for ready access, and the weapons resurfaced briefly as a result of the Bourke episode. But they've been put away for good now, under the assumption that if you pull a gun, your opponent will do likewise and the danger will be magnified 100-fold. "I'd rather a good pair of running shoes than a shotgun," quipped one of the shearers. Neil Ellery has prepared himself for the battles to come by purchasing two German shepherds and Rottweiler, which is twice as big as a Doberman and just as nasty. His reasoning is simple: "People can stand up and scream at each other all day, but they seem to have a lot of trouble getting through to a dog." But Bruce Dodd, who now works for Bob White's outfit, isn't taking any chances. He's copped too many hidings in the past for his liking, so he shears with a five-shot pump-action shotgun by his side. "If they can make it past that lot," says Dodd, "then they deserve to get me."

As this article goes to print, Commissioner Ian McKenzie is due to bring down his final judgement on the suitability of wide combs to the Australian shearing industry. The consensus among shearers on both sides is that the decision will be for wide combs. But either way, it will have little impact on the dispute, since the issues at stake are very much broader.

It's hard to see an end to the war between the shearers. Both sides have avowed their intention to fight this one to the death. But the graziers and their non-unionist allies are already claiming victory. It is a fact that in most of the Australian outback, 80 percent of shearers are now using the wide comb. The graziers claim this is one of the indications that the AWU has lost the support of its members. "Most of the union shearers have realised they've been deceived by the AWU officials who told them you couldn't shear merinos with wide combs," says Peter Prentiss. "Every one of the blokes who went on strike against me is now using the wide comb. They're either thumbing their noses at the

> "The union shearers are either thumbing their noses at the AWU and continuing with a token membership, or they're tearing up their tickets in disgust"

union and continuing with a token membership, or they're tearing up their tickets in disgust." Neil Ellery agrees: "In May last year, when I came across from Western Australia, we had about 60 non-union wide comb shearers, either working for myself or Bob White or Grazcos. Now I reckon there'd be 600 or 700 non-unionists on top of the 60 originals. Grazcos alone employs 13 non-union teams now. The union shearers are finally realising they've been manipulated by the AWU heavies — they've been told a pack of lies, not only about wide combs, but all the other allegations as well. If the AWU goes for another strike after the McKenzie decision, they can kiss their union goodbye."

There are many union shearers who won't hear of the idea that they've been manipulated. "We are the ones who called the strike," says Don Johnson, a union rep from Lightning Ridge. "It was the rank and file, not the officials. We called it and we ended it. We're the ones that are running this show — not the Ecobs and the Rodwells."

But the non-unionists and the graziers refuse to lay the blame on the union shearers, who they see as merely pawns in a propaganda war waged by union leaders. Peter Prentiss singles out Ernie Ecob, secretary of the NSW branch of the AWU, as the villain of the piece: "Ernie Ecob wouldn't know a brain if he saw one crumbed. The man has a burning hatred of cockies — I reckon he must have been kicked up the arse by a cocky when he was a boy — and so he refuses to admit that he's lost the battle. He's been fighting a rearguard action to save his credibility, and in the process he's destroyed both himself and his union."

Men like Ernie Ecob and Fred McInerny may even admit that they're fighting a rearguard action — but they make no apologies for that. They view themselves as patriarchs — protectors of their industry who know from experience what can happen when the shearer's enemy, the grazier, joins forces with non-union labor. As Fred McInerny puts it: "If this thing was going to start and finish with the wide comb, we wouldn't have even bothered fighting it. When the wide combs were being used in Bourke, there was no real hassle — not until Mr Ellery's men came in and started shearing on a Sunday. That's when it blew up, and I was one of the advocates — because I knew what was in the wind. I've shorn in Western Australia, and I knew this was the beginning of the end. But our trouble is that the younger shearers haven't been through the hard struggles. They don't realise the dangers. But I do — and so do men like Ernie Ecob and Bluey Rodwell."

The union leaders refuse to concede that the AWU is losing members. In fact, officials like Bluey Rodwell aren't conceding anything: "We've driven them out. The scabs have all pissed off. I wouldn't be surprised if they were all back in New Zealand by now, they were so scared when we finished with 'em." Meanwhile, Neil Ellery and his team are preparing to head for Bourke, and then onward to an even bigger showdown — at Cunnamulla on the other side of the Queensland border, scene of some of the worst violence ever to hit the shearing industry during the strike of '56, and the likely site of the biggest and bloodiest confrontation in the four-year history of the wide comb dispute in eastern Australia.

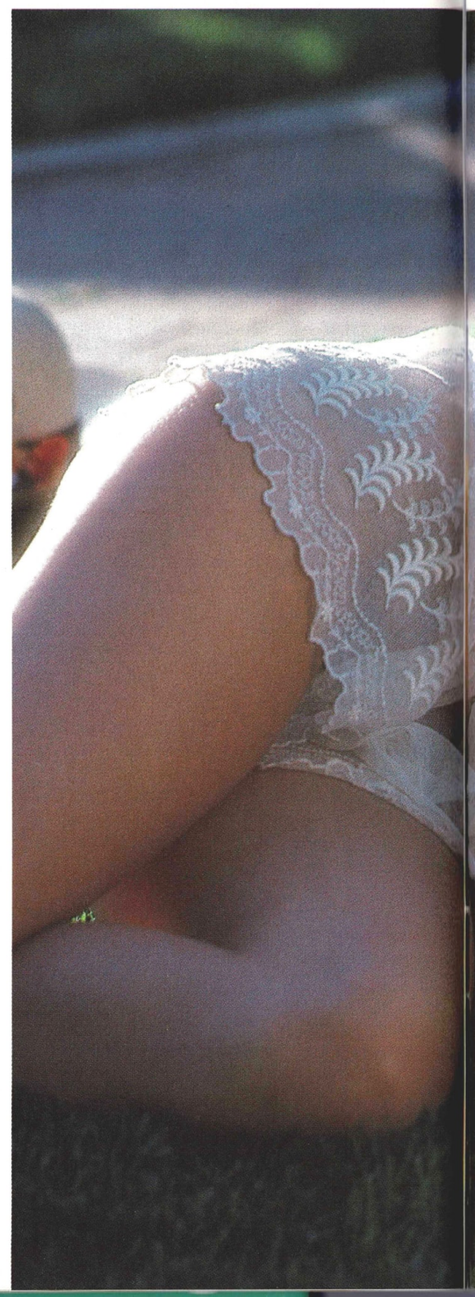
As the industrial officer for the Shearing Contractors' Association, Ivan Letchford represents the men who are the meat in the sandwich — the contractors who employ 75 percent of the shearers in NSW. He's in a position to objectively analyse the arguments on both sides of the dispute. On the question of where the blame lies, Letchford answers: "I don't know if Neil Ellery and men like him are breaking the award, because like everyone else, I have no proof. But I think the

Continued on page 160

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

Donna Stevens tells us she talks to the animals. This 21-year-old keeps a menagerie of furred and feathered friends and consequently she does a lot of chattering. And Donna says that when she talks, they listen. Men's ears prick up even before she opens her mouth, but that's called magnetism.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

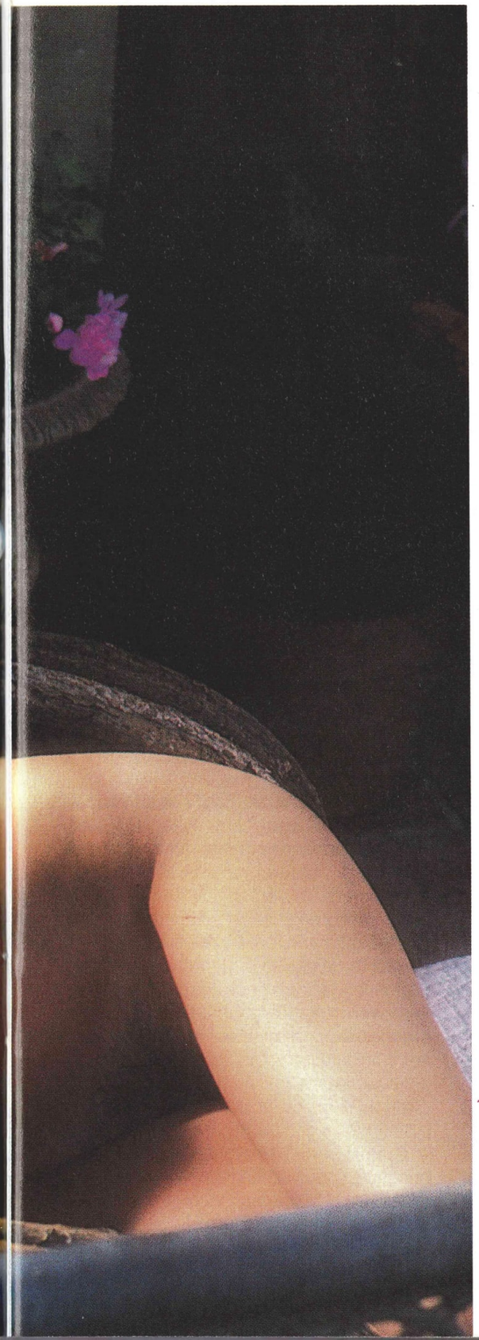


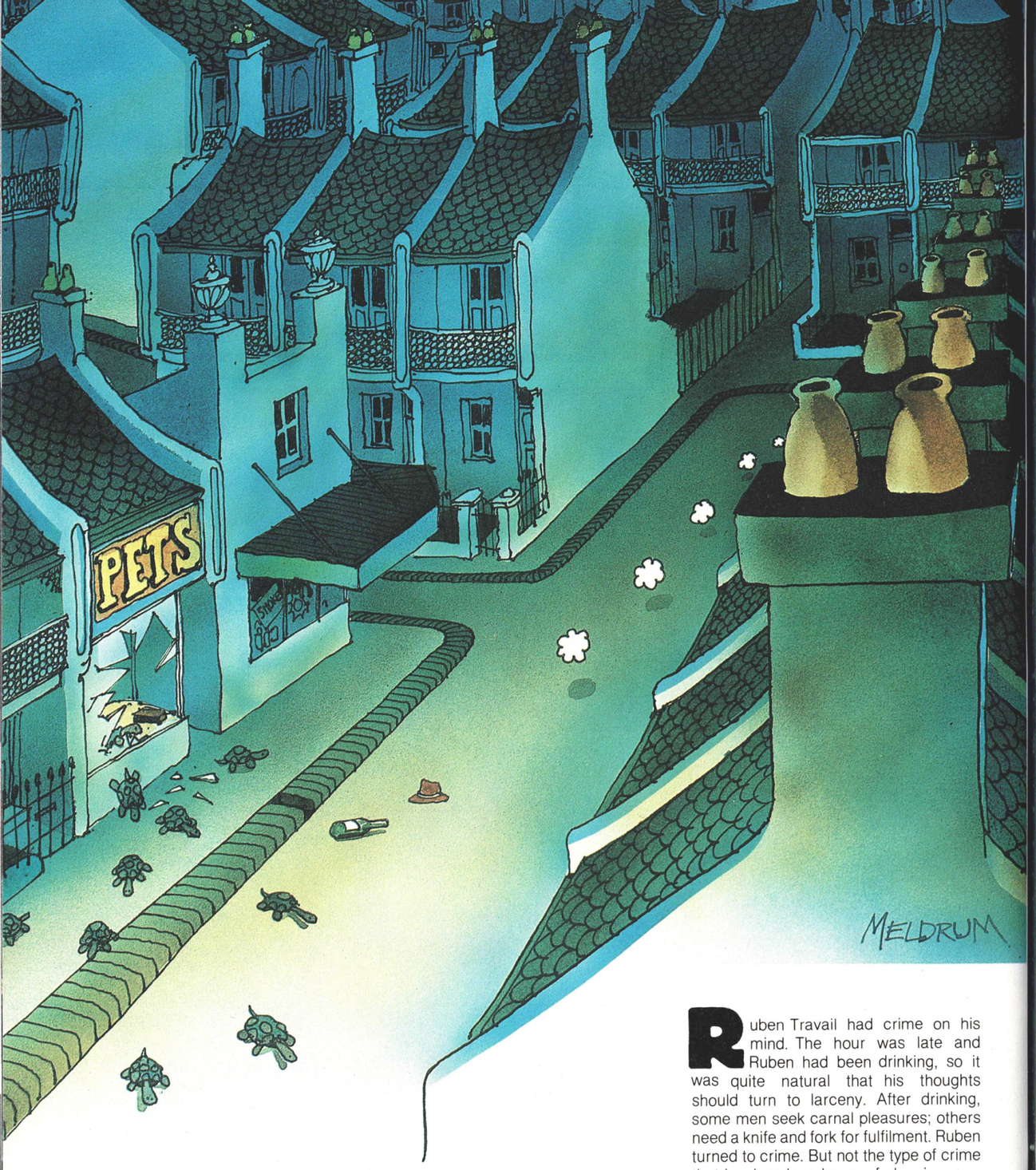
Our Pet is hardly averse to onslaughts of male admirers. She's the kind of old-fashioned girl who loves to be a sex object. She says it gives her the chance to pick and choose . . .

Also, this is one frilly femme who loves the sunshine. Donna knows it's bad for her skin, but she can't resist the feel of the sun warming her beautiful, bronzed body.

She makes up for the drying effects of her beloved ultra-violets by drenching, smearing and soothing her skin with bottles of oily and creamy lotions and potions.

Donna loves pampering and
preening herself. She reckons that
vanity is the most womanly of virtues.
After all, she reasons, when a pretty young
thing primps and beautifies, isn't it
to the advantage of one and all?





DISORGANISED CRIME

A file of felonies that went wrong

BY ADRIAN TAME ILLUSTRATION BY PETER MELDRUM

Ruben Travail had crime on his mind. The hour was late and Ruben had been drinking, so it was quite natural that his thoughts should turn to larceny. After drinking, some men seek carnal pleasures; others need a knife and fork for fulfilment. Ruben turned to crime. But not the type of crime that involves long hours of planning, poring over maps and timetables. Ruben scorned the dummy run, the dress rehearsal with stop-watches synchronised. He believed in acting on impulse. And more often than not his impulses were sparked by alcohol.

On this particular night he had lurched out of the pub at closing time, his antennae erect and quivering with excitement. Somewhere nearby there would be a job to be pulled, and with a warm glow of inner pride Ruben knew he was ready. Housebreaking, car theft, smash and grab — whatever the opportunity, Ruben knew he was up to the mark.

When the two police officers arrested him 10 minutes later his heady self-confidence was gone. In reality, illuminated by the overhead street lamp, he presented a shabby, even slightly tragic figure. He stood a few feet from the shop window, half a house-brick still clutched in his hand. The other half was nestled at the centre of a clutter of broken glass just inside what was left of the window. It was the burglar alarm which had been his undoing, foiling the perfect crime. Not only had it attracted the two officers to the scene, it had somehow fouled the motor drive which connected his brain to his legs. At its first braying note he had frozen, like a rabbit hypnotised by a spotlight. There was little in the way of professional satisfaction for the two policemen — it was obvious from the outset that he was going to give up without a struggle.

And, as one of them noted in his report the next morning: "The accused appeared to have a straw-like substance adhering to his hair and the upper part of his face at the time of his apprehension . . . " Ruben had, in fact, pulled off a midnight smash and grab raid at the local pet shop. Had he got away with the crime, it is hard to imagine what financial gain he would have made by grabbing the dusty-looking tortoises on show in the window. And the straw in his hair was the final, perfect touch.

Only a man truly dedicated to the ethics and principles of disorganised crime would have conducted himself as Ruben did that night. In one fell swoop he managed to demonstrate three of the key trade-marks for a man in his line of business. Firstly, there was the total absence of planning. Who in his right mind would confuse a pet shop with a jewellery or antique store? Secondly, there was his miserable failure to flee the scene of the crime — a thief who is frozen into immobility by a burglar alarm labors under a particularly unfortunate handicap. And of course there was his unerring ability to incriminate himself by poking his head through the hole in the window into the straw-lined boxes where the tortoises slept. Ruben Travail was, in every way, the master disorganised criminal.

The traditions Ruben upheld are old and honorable ones. They are adhered to all

over the world by criminals young and old, bent on crimes both petty and major. Sometimes it is the *modus operandi* that distinguishes the particularly inept lawbreaker; sometimes it is the laughably improbable nature of his alibi, and sometimes it's the horribly unpredictable climax to his labors.

The exploits of three coal miners from Nottinghamshire, England ended in such an unpredictable climax, and made the front page of every national newspaper in the land. The trio had spent a night at the local greyhound track, where their master plan was conceived. All three were new to the sport; otherwise it is unlikely events would have turned out so badly for them.

Being the kind of lads with eyes for the heaven-sent, they had been instantly intrigued by the possibility of winning large sums of money on unknown dogs starting at extravagantly long odds. Their strategy, evolved over a few drinks immediately after the meeting, was deceptively simple. They would steal a dog, a known winner with a string of victories at major meetings to its credit. They would hide it somewhere until the hue and cry had died down, and then dye its fur a different color. Finally they would race it under a different name, once and once only, at a small-time track where the chances of being caught were minimal. As an unknown quantity the dog would start at generous odds. All three would back it heavily, and all three would show a handsome profit.

The first two stages of the plan went like a dream. The theft was accomplished without a hitch, and once the dye had dried the dog's own mother would never have recognised him. The day of the chosen meeting arrived; the dog was entered in the third race, and the bets were laid, some with on-course bookies, others with rival owners. All they had to do now was stand back and count the money. Their excitement and anticipation mounted. As the hare sped away the six gates flew and out burst five dogs, their legs a blur of speed. The sixth gate had also opened on cue, but its occupant, with an air of great canine dignity, had simply padded out on to the track, adopted a classic pose, and held it as if rooted to the ground.

When the recriminations were over and the charges had been laid, the awful truth emerged. The three miners had broken into the wrong kennel. The animal they had stolen was a show dog, trained to stand stock still.

A free-lance journalist who operated in the same mining area under the name of Smithy concocted a similarly ingenious plan which met a similarly undistinguished fate. Like all free-lancers, Smithy relied on news for his daily bread. If there was no news Smithy didn't eat — not for him the luxury of a weekly wage. So when times were particularly dull, Smithy had been known to make his own news. The town where he worked was dominated by the huge brick arches of a massive Victorian railway viaduct, and it was this towering monument that Smithy chose as centre stage for his little scheme.

Meanwhile, the office of the area's main evening newspaper was the gathering place for a motley army of broken-down cripples and outcasts who sold the papers from street corner pitches throughout the town. It is hard to imagine a more unsavory bunch of men. Some had growths distorting and twisting their facial features, others had missing limbs, and still others suffered from exotic diseases. One of them, who habitually lashed out wildly with a rolled up paper at passers-by, often catching unsuspecting shoppers flush in the face, claimed he had St Vitus' Dance, and that he could not control his manic swipes and jabs. Those who admired the accuracy with which they were delivered suspected differently.

> Gerald was spotted, jammed in a half-open window, his legs waving frantically behind him as he attempted to get either in or out

It was from the ranks of these demented souls that Smithy chose his accomplice. Cyril was his name, and apart from the ping-pong ball-sized growth on his left ear-lobe, and the greasy rags in which he dressed himself, there was nothing really repugnant about him. Besides, he was known to be capable of following simple instructions faithfully, and this was the quality most important to Smithy's plan.

"There's a fiver in this for you, Cyril, and all you've got to do is go for a walk and have a sit down. Now that doesn't sound too hard, does it?" Smithy told him. Cyril was no fool, and insisted on his fiver before setting off on the walk.

Smithy had to show him where the railway line could most easily be approached on the outskirts of town, and which track to follow to gain access to the viaduct. Once there all he had to do was sit on the edge of the brick edifice, his feet dangling out into space, 60 metres above ground. "Just find something to hang on to. You'll be quite safe," Smithy told him. "You can moan a bit; I'll do the rest."

By the time Cyril had got to his vantage point, Smithy had indeed done the rest. As soon as the old man's grimy form appeared on the skyline Smithy was on the phone to the local police, fire brigade and ambulance. His message, delivered with a handkerchief over the mouthpiece, was succinct. "There's an ol' fella about to jump off the viaduct. You'd best get here quick."

In no time the fire brigade was erecting a turn-table ladder up towards Cyril's perch, the police were attempting to control the crowds, and the ambulancemen were on stand-by, ready to scrape up the remains. A local inspector of police, loud-hailer in hand, began to address Cyril in staccato bursts. "We'll have you down in a minute. Now just don't panic," and so on. Smithy scurried around the edges of the crowd, snapping pictures, scribbling notes and interviewing the principals in his do-it-yourself drama. He was already counting the profits he was going to make. Everybody loved a good suicide-on-a-ledge story, particularly with pics.

By now a fireman was precariously climbing the ladder, the end of which swayed alarmingly close to Cyril's legs. The inspector had lowered his loud hailer and an expectant hush came over the crowd as the ascending fireman gingerly drew near his quarry. Every neck was craned, every eye trained on Cyril as he sat enjoying the fuss and attention. It was at this point that his voice floated down over the silent crowd from above. "It'll cost you more than a bloody fiver to get me on that ladder, Mr Smith."

Smithy's fiasco, as it became known, wasn't exactly a disorganised crime, but it landed him in the courts, and very nearly in jail, so it certainly earned him a place alongside the Ruben Travails of this world.

There is rarely anything particularly humorous about the plottings of the Irish Republican Army, but there was one scheme which didn't turn out quite as planned and substituted, in its surprise ending, slapstick farce for intended murder and mayhem. The IRA had decided the most effective method of dealing with an unusually troublesome squad of British soldiers was to hit them, literally, where they lived. The plan was to fly over their barracks in a helicopter, from which a number of home-made bombs would be dropped. These bombs would wipe out the buildings and their occupants in an explosive holocaust. The bombs were of a particularly ingenious design; the explosives were placed inside 40-gallon drums with the fuse poking out of one end. Once the chopper was over the barracks the fuses would be lit and the drums rolled on their sides and out of the door.

However, a problem arose. There was no difficulty in loading the drums upright into the helicopter at the start of the flight. And there was no problem lighting the short fuses as the chopper hovered over its target. The trouble started when the first drum was rolled towards the open door and became firmly wedged at both ends, the fuse sputtering terrifyingly. There was no time to turn the drum upright, the fuse couldn't be extinguished, and a small group of militant Irishmen were in a state of advanced hysteria.

All that was left for them to do was to land in a paddock next to the barracks, abandon the chopper and escape across open country. Predictably the noise of the helicopter's engine had attracted attention, and the entire crew was nabbed as they fled across the paddock. The sight of their chopper exploding harmlessly into the night sky, seconds after their capture, did little to improve their tempers.

Much closer to home, a woman named Rhonda Crotty managed to cram all the classic ingredients of disorganised crime into one glorious day at Melbourne's Supreme Court last year. Rhonda, 32, from South Melbourne, was unhappy that her brother, Chocka, had fallen foul of the law, and was determined to do something about it. She devised a plan, the roots of which have appeared in every comic-strip or music hall drama dealing with escape from custody.

Rhonda knew which day Chocka was due to appear before the court, and knew she would have an opportunity to make contact with him — so she baked him an apple pie. Naturally enough for a woman in her predicament, she inserted a file inside the pie, wrapped the whole affair inside a brown paper bag and set off for court. So far, so good.

The story is then taken up by Detective Sergeant Brian Murphy, then stationed with the Metropolitan Regional Crime Squad at North Fitzroy. D/S Murphy told Rhonda's subsequent court hearing he remembered seeing her enter the Supreme Court building where her brother was standing trial. Shortly afterwards D/S Murphy himself entered the building to be greeted by the sound of Rhonda's screams. Naturally curious, the detective approached Rhonda and asked what was troubling her. Between streams of invective she told him she had not been allowed into court for her brother's trial.

By now it was obvious to the detective that Rhonda's behavior was interfering with the efficient running of nearby courts, so he began to lead her from the building. As the couple passed through the foyer Rhonda reached behind a partition and grabbed . . . a brown paper bag. With the unforgettable challenge: "This was supposed to be for Chocka — now you can wear it," Rhonda hurled the bag in D/S Murphy's direction. History doesn't record whether or not she scored a direct hit, but the parcel disintegrated sufficiently for the damning file to become visible among the mess of broken pastry and apple. The law rarely sees the funny side of incidents such as this, and Rhonda was charged with loitering at the Supreme Court with intent to commit a felony.

Also in Melbourne was one of the more memorably unsuccessful payroll snatches in recent times. Three armed men were involved, and their target was the $30,000 payroll for the Sperry Vickers plant at Maribyrnong. They timed their arrival at the plant to perfection — seconds after the 2.00pm arrival of the armored car bearing their booty. But then things started to go horribly wrong. The trio followed the armored car on to the plant on foot, and lost it before it reached the payroll office. Then followed an agonising period as the three men, still carrying their revolvers, wandered around the large complex, hoping to pick up the trail.

Eventually, in desperation, they bailed up a worker and ordered him to take them to the elusive payroll office. En route, one of the bandits left to fetch their get-away car, another decided to mount his own search for the office, and the third followed his prisoner into the production manager's office. Office girls and a stunned production manager were clearly unable to hand over a payroll they didn't have. So, after some pointless bickering, the lone bandit went in search of his two colleagues. The last that was seen of the trio was their rapid and empty-handed departure.

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THE GRASSHOPPER GANG

Probably the only mob in the history of disorganised crime to earn themselves a cult following — complete with T-shirts and bumpers stickers — was the Grasshopper Gang from London, in Ontario, Canada. The pulled a number of jobs, all of them spectacularly unsuccessful, before finally coming to grief in a riverside fiasco that demonstrated perfectly their unique flair for bungling every step of a robbery.

The Grasshoppers earned their nickname from their habit of painting their faces green and donning battle fatigues before a job. "They see themselves as soldiers of fortune — someone else's fortune," said one cop assigned to deal with their bungled attempts at larceny. The gang held London in a reign of hysterics for eight months before they were caught, and during that period failed abysmally in five attempts at major crime. Their first job floundered when their get-away car failed to start. The gang's driver became so frustrated with his attempts to keep the motor ticking over that his high-pitched abuse and violent assault on the vehicle's paintwork distracted his colleagues from the job in hand, and they were all forced to flee on foot — empty-handed of course.

Job number two was a bank. Unfortunately for the Grasshoppers the main entrance consisted of a large, glass revolving door — an obstacle which, realistically, they should have seen would always prove too much for them. Half-way through the raid a number of members were inside the bank, bawling indecipherable and contradictory orders at one another, when two late-arrival Grasshoppers tried to join them. In their enthusiasm these two became trapped in the revolving door, which stubbornly refused to go round the wrong way, and there was nothing for it but a mass exodus, empty-handed again, from a side entrance.

The gang decided on another bank, reasoning that their experience would guarantee them success, particularly as the chosen bank didn't feature revolving doors. Sadly they ran into an equally insurmountable problem, a brave and foolish bank teller. The teller simply refused to hand over any money. The gang tried threats, bribery, even nice-guy tactics, but nothing worked. By now the remaining bank staff and a handful of customers had entered into the spirit of the thing, clapping and chanting their support for the single-minded teller. Once again the Grasshoppers were forced to beat an undignified retreat.

Eventually the gang concluded that banks were perhaps a little beyond their particular talents, and that they should try something less ambitious. So job number four was a restaurant on the outskirts of London. Even the Grasshoppers themselves were ashamed of what happened here. Two members, rivals for the leadership, began screaming conflicting instructions to diners about where their wallets and jewellery should be placed. The restaurant patrons then sat in slack-jawed amazement as the duo turned on each other. The pair actually came to blows before their colleagues hustled them (empty-handed of course) off the premises.

Once the gang realised that rivalry and bickering should be carried on outside working hours, they reasoned that restaurants still represented a likely source of bounty. So they began three days of intensive planning for their fifth job, an expensive little eatery on the banks of a river close to the heart of the city. They worked out that restaurant staff and customers would expect them to use a conventional mode of transport for their get-away, but what if they chose a method altogether less obvious than a vehicle? Canoes, for instance. And the thing about canoes was that they couldn't break down at the crucial moment.

Impressed with their own originality and cunning, the Grasshoppers moored two large canoes on the river close to the restaurant. Sadly a bystander noticed their now infamous battle fatigues and informed the cops of what he had seen. The restaurant, the only likely target in the area, was alerted by phone as the police raced to the scene. When four of the Grasshoppers burst into the premises an armed security guard was waiting for them, and the boys left, empty-handed, even faster than they had come in.

The Grasshoppers raced down the river bank to where they imagined their canoes were waiting. When the horrible truth dawned, all other avenues of escape were cut off from them. All except for a large and garish tourist paddle-boat moored a little way downstream. They leapt into the craft, cut the mooring ropes and began paddling for the opposite bank. They were making good time, their knees pumping frantically at the pedals, when they smashed head-on into a concealed rock. They were still the best part of 100 metres from shore when the paddle-boat sank beneath them. The four were pulled from the water, half-drowned, by the police 20 minutes later.

When the Grasshoppers appeared in court the two vying for leadership — they never could settle the issue — were jailed for six and four years respectively. The other seven gang members all earned spells as well.

CRIME

Some things never seem to go right for the disorganised criminal. Take the example of Paul Vernier, who set out to raid the Lafayette Co-operative Bank in Swansea, Massachusetts. Paul armed himself with a plastic replica of a handgun, and drew up outside the bank in his get-away car. Plucking up all his courage, he entered the bank, approached a teller, flashed his plastic gun and demanded money.

Whether the teller was unusually brave or whether she noticed a tremor in Paul's voice will never be known. But she adopted an unusual course of action. She told Paul she had no money and if he was smart he'd get the hell out of there. Paul's response was even more unusual: he fainted. It was, as things turned out, probably the most intelligent thing he could have done. When police arrived to arrest the still inert Paul they found his get-away car parked outside — with the keys in the ignition and the doors locked.

Fainting isn't the only unpredictable response disorganised criminals display in times of great difficulty. An out-of-work London electrician called Gerald Millen decided to turn to house burglary as an honorable alternative to the dole. The first house he chose for his target presented some difficulties. Gerald was spotted, jammed in a half-open window, his legs waving frantically behind him as he attempted to get either in or out.

Gerald gave that one up as a bad job, but was still fiercely determined to succeed, and so tried a second house a few doors down the street. Here he was confronted by a householder . . . and promptly burst into tears. As he fled bawling into the street, a policeman, alerted by the first householder, stuck out an unfriendly foot and sent Gerald sprawling. An unforgiving magistrate later gave him 12 months.

Two brothers from Brazil who had enjoyed long and distinguished careers in disorganised crime obviously never learned the wisdom of quitting while they were ahead. The pair were hard at work looting a suburban bungalow when the occupant arrived home unexpectedly. The first indication the householder had that something was amiss came when he heard one of the brothers hollering that they'd been sprung, and it was time to go. The householder watched incredulously as the second brother continued in leisurely fashion to fill his bag with booty, obviously stone deaf and oblivious to all alarm signals. The first brother gave up his attempts to do the right thing and fled, leaving the householder to phone the police. The second brother was still going about the business of theft when the officers arrived. His brother fared little better. His hasty retreat had been interrupted by serious problems with his varicose

CRIME

veins, and police were able to pick him up a short distance from the house.

For some reason shoes seem to be a source of attraction for some bungling burglars. Twenty-four-year-old John Markham, from London, found the lure of illicit footwear quite irresistible. He broke into a warehouse, and made good his escape with an impressive haul of expensive and fashionable shoes. It was only when he later examined them closely that he realised they were all left-footed. He was nabbed when police were questioning him over another break-in and noticed that John was wearing a stolen left shoe, still bearing its price-tag.

At York, in the north of England, an enterprising shopkeeper decided to foil would-be thieves when he erected a display of shoes outside his shop. He left only one shoe from each pair on the stand outside, reasoning that nobody would have much use for single shoes. But he didn't reckon on the cunning of one-legged thief Thomas Morris, who hopped off with a right mocassin. But Thomas hadn't done his leg-work. When he stopped at a public bench on a nearby street to try on the mocassin, he realised it didn't fit. He told police, who arrested him minutes later, that he had intended returning to the shop to steal something a little more comfortable.

A Derbyshire, England do-it-yourself store gained its own peculiar revenge on a spectacularly unsuccessful intruder. The store was running a display of doors and doorways at the time of the burglary and the raider tried no fewer than 12 of the mock-up variety before he found the real thing. Unfortunately, he slipped and knocked himself out. When police arrived he was still unconscious.

The cool, calm and collected shoplifter who marched confidently out of a London store with seven suits in tow forgot just one thing. When apprehended and taken down to the nick for questioning he patiently explained that he had been taking them outside to examine them in natural light. The arresting officer replied equally patiently that he was less than happy with this explanation since the theft had taken place during late-night shopping — and it was pitch dark outside the store.

A gang of Sydney bandits who paid two futile visits to the same post office within 48 hours proved the wisdom of the adage: "If at first you don't succeed . . . you can always make a mess of it again second time around." The first time the bandits broke into the Kellyville PO they were confronted by two safes, and with the brand of unerring cunning which generally distinguishes disorganised criminals, they chose the wrong one. After wrestling with gelignite and detonators they managed to blow the door off the safe, but were deeply disappointed with the haul of $53 they found inside.

Acting on information that large sums of money were definitely kept in the building, and reasoning that the other safe would probably pay more handsome dividends, they returned to the post office two nights later. To muffle the sound of the explosion they pushed a soaking wet mattress up against the safe door, lit the fuse to the jelly, and retired to a safe distance. The results were spectacular. The mattress was torn to shreds, all windows in the building were blown outwards, and the roof was lifted into the night sky. On the safe the hinge was torn away, and that was about the extent of the damage. But this had the effect of caving the safe door inwards and jamming it so fast the bandits were only able to guess at how much loot they had really missed out on.

Vandalism is rarely included the category of disorganised crime, but there

> He left only one shoe from each pair on the stand outside. But he didn't reckon on the cunning of one-legged thief Thomas Morris

was one notable exception on the South Island of New Zealand last year. Apprentice baker Geoffrey Mackley fancied himself as an amateur photographer, but decided his everyday lifestyle lacked the type of action-packed spectacle that would put his talents to the test. So he went out and blew up a neighborhood bridge. He actually blew it up three times, always managing to avoid capturing the excitement on film. The first time he used 2.5 kg of explosives and 14 detonators, but missed the bridge entirely. The second time around he got part of the bridge, but his camera failed to operate. And the third time he destroyed the bridge, but was so taken with the beauty of the moment he forgot to press the little button. Geoffrey got 120 hours community work and 12 months probation for his moment of excitement.

Probably the most spectacularly unsuccessful forgery in history happened in an obscure state in Africa. The problem wasn't a lack of counterfeiting skills — more a case of a runaway ego. The disorganised criminal involved successfully forged his country's bank notes for many years and eventually became bored with the ease with which he hoodwinked officialdom. Besides, he didn't really like the portrait of the head of state that appeared on all the notes. So he substituted his own grinning visage, and was nabbed only after successfully passing several hundred of the new notes into circulation.

Murder, like vandalism, is rarely in the province of disorganised criminals, and that wasn't at all what Scotsman James Mitchell had in mind when he nearly drowned his brother John in a bath-tub full of beer. James, 53, and John, 50, had enjoyed a particularly successful bout of home-brewing, and between the pair of them had sunk a total of 128 pints in a single session stretching over half a week. At one stage John, fully-clothed, stumbled into the bathroom and fell into the empty bath-tub. Naturally he had some difficulty in climbing out again, and called on James for help. This was a mistake because James was in much the same condition, although his brain was still fertile. He hit on the idea of floating John to the surface with a mixture of the remaining home brew and a little water, his reasoning being that John would be able to roll out of the tub much more easily if he was closer to the rim. Unfortunately drunks don't always float, and all James succeeded in doing was half-drowning his brother. He was subsequently charged with attempted murder.

Much more sinister, but equally foolish, was the performance of a gold prospector called Albert Packer in Colorado in 1873. According to Peter Bowler and Jonathon Green's book *What A Way To Go*, Packer set off in the bitter cold winter to lead a group of 20 gold miners into the San Juan Mountains. The lucky ones gave up and returned home, but the four unlucky miners decided to press on with Packer.

Eventually their situation became desperate when they holed up in a lonely hut deep in the wilderness with sufficient food for only a day or two. After they had consumed their last meal they all retired to bed, prepared to die like gentlemen. Packer didn't give them the chance. He butchered all four of them in their sleep, cut up the corpses and froze them in the snow outside the hut. Taking as much of his grisly cargo with him as he could carry, Packer set off for civilisation, rapidly acquiring a taste for human flesh on the way. It never occurred to him that a man returning from starvation in the wilderness should look anything but sleek and well-fed, so he had only himself to blame when a search party set off and discovered the partly-eaten remains of his former companions littered along the length of his trail.

The judge at his trial, a life-long Democrat, delivered one of the more memorable summings-up in the history of justice. "Packer, you depraved son of a bitch," he told the cannibal, "There were only four Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you ate them all."

In a country rife with poverty and corruption, Imelda Marcos is buying her way to heaven

DON'T CRY FOR ME FILIPINOS

BY FRED POOLE & MAX VANZI

In the Philippines, people are quick to compare their glamorous first lady, Imelda Marcos, with Argentina's late Eva Peron. But unlike the Argentinians, Imelda's people have little love or affection for her.

In a country crippled by corruption and poverty, Imelda, reported to be one of the 10 richest women in the world, indulges herself by spending a fortune on such frivolous public works as film festivals, beauty contests, and her daughter's elaborate wedding. These extravagances have one purpose: to glorify her in the face of the Philippines' extreme poverty. "When I go out into the barrios," says Imelda, "I get dressed up because I know the little people want to see a star."

Imelda has always been much more than a mere figurehead. Right from the beginning of martial law she was entrusted with important state duties. Imelda began, after her husband's 1972 coup, by assuming the role of his principal emissary to foreign countries. After three years, he began giving her official titles and specific grand-scale domestic duties and power. In 1975 he appointed her to the newly-created post of "Governor of Metro-Manila", handing her life-and-death power over the eight million people in the nation's urban core.

A CIA report prepared at the time for the eyes of US President Gerald Ford spoke of the appointment as "further evidence of her growing strength as a political figure in her own right.

"Mrs Marcos is ambitious and ruthless," the report said. It called her the "presidential understudy" and speculated that her "desire to become governor [of Manila] evidently stemmed from her belief that she needed to demonstrate her administrative talents. Her husband acceded to the idea . . . many Filipinos believe that Marcos has left a political will naming his wife as his successor."

While some have compared Imelda with Eva Peron, others put her closer to the former Shahbanu of Iran, a woman who claimed that her husband, the son of a plebeian usurper, was the embodiment of 2500 years of royalty. Imelda had been so anxious to impress her friendly rival the Shahbanu that during Iran's opulent 2500-year anniversary celebration of its supposedly unbroken royal line, she took to Persepolis, uninvited, her entire retinue of Marcos cronies and their wives, European royal pretenders and international beautiful people.

Her luck did not hold in England, where she was refused an invitation to the 1981 royal wedding that she had once dreamed would feature her daughter, Imee, instead of Lady Di. But in June of 1983 she got what must have seemed her revenge. This was at the very time the regime was planning how to handle the impending return of her husband's arch rival, former senator.Benigno S. Aquino, who had once spent more than seven years as a political detainee in solitary confinement before going into exile with the help of America's President Carter. Aquino would be murdered on the tarmac upon his return in late August. But for the moment Imelda had other things on her mind.

What Imelda's people really wanted, she decided, was to see the kind of spectacle that the British love. In an atmosphere of abandon, in the midst of national economic collapse, she made the wedding of her younger daughter Irene a full-blown state occasion. In preparation she transformed a part of Ilocos province, the backwater birthplace of Marcos and his chief of staff and relative General Fabian Ver.

It was not just the new international airport and the Spanish colonial style $10 million deluxe hotel that on her orders had been rapidly constructed in this barren area of the country.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD

FILIPINOS

General Ver's old home, like the homes of other relatives, was torn apart and then reconstructed to give the impression the chief of staff (once Marcos' driver and bodyguard) and various Marcos cousins had come from landed gentry. The Marcos birthplace of Sarrat was almost instantly replaced with a town that could only have had its origins in Imelda's imagination. She had made Sarrat, she said, into a precise replica of a 17th Century Spanish colonial town.

It was pure make-believe, since no historians recall any such show of splendor in this part of Spain's old empire. In fact, no historians hint that there were ever towns anywhere characterised by such charm. But facts had never before got in Imelda's way, and this time she topped herself.

The wedding guests found that Sarrat had suddenly become a town made up of European houses — some of them liveable dwellings and some of them Hollywood-style facades. To build these places native huts were knocked down and their occupants made homeless. The whole town of Sarrat was elaborately landscaped, especially along the route that the imperial horse-drawn carriages of the bridal procession would take. Before the wedding day, workmen stayed up all night to put papier-mache blossoms on freshly planted flowering trees that had failed to bloom on schedule.

The centre of town was now dominated by a great brick hall built for only one purpose: to house the wedding reception. Because the new hotel and the newly created ancestral homes were overflowing with cronies and other members of the entourage, more accommodation had to be provided. The members of the National Assembly had all been ordered to attend, and for them an ocean liner, with 500 luxury cabins, was anchored offshore.

The lowest estimates of the cost of the wedding were in the tens of millions of dollars. Information minister Greg Cendana, seeming more harried than usual, refused to reveal the true cost of what Imelda had done, but he admitted the Philippine government had "contributed." He would not talk at all, however, about the recent international bailout loans and Marcos' recent cry for an austerity program.

Daughter Irene, a shy, pretty 22-year-old whose main interest is music, was of course given away by her father. They went together to the old Santa Monica Church, built centuries ago by Spanish friars, in an Austrian silver carriage drawn by a team of seven white horses that had been flown in from Morocco. Like all momentous events in the republic, everything that went on in Sarrat that day was directed carefully in order to be shown live, and then repeated over and over, on national television. Later in 1983, after the turmoil touched off by Aquino's murder, Imelda announced that she was, for the moment at least, giving up such ostentation. She was, she said, cancelling the Third Manila International Film Festival, originally scheduled for January 1984.

The question of the film festival had inspired a Filipino joke in the daily protest marches that Imelda's suddenly concerned citizens were conducting. It seemed as if everyone was wearing Aquino T-shirts, the most common one being a picture of Aquino above his pet name NINOY and the words YOU ARE NOT ALONE. Some of the braver marchers had taken to wearing T-shirts that on the front said MARCOS, YOU ARE NOT ALONE, and on the back of which was a picture of former matinee idol George Hamilton.

"Dear George," as she called him, was Imelda's favorite dancing partner and the inspiration of her film festivals. He'd long been the centre of gossip that would probably have been unprintable even in the old days when the Manila press was free and freewheeling. During the 1983 festival, Imelda told an interviewer that Marcos had drawn her attention to a newspaper that had "a full-page picture with George Hamilton and I dancing away."

> In the midst of national economic collapse, she made the wedding of her younger daughter Irene a full-blown state occasion costing tens of millions of dollars

"In fact," she said, "last night it was a disaster" because they had been dancing in her Malacanang Palace [home of the president] disco "right in front of the president. Poor George, I pulled him on to the dance floor because we dance so beautifully together. I like dancing with people who are perfect dancers, and he's neither too tall nor too short, too fat nor too thin. It was so much fun. I really don't mind the newspapers because in the end, it's one's conscience. My conscience is clear and God can take me anytime."

She went on to say how some years ago she had discussed all this with Pope Paul VI just before he died, telling him that "God is love, and I know I have loved, [therefore] I'll go to heaven." The Pope had been moved, she said, and replied, "Oh, how childlike. How wonderful."

Whatever the state of Imelda's conscience, and whatever the real nature of her relationships with the foreign men and women with whom gossips linked her, it was her spending in the face of poverty that has made her the regime's most unpopular member. She kept 8000 shift workers busy 24 hours a day to get the Parthenon replica on Manila Bay ready for her First Manila International Film Festival in early 1982. In the haste, 35 workmen were killed when a wall collapsed on them, but the rest hardly missed a beat in the frenzy to finish on time. An urban guerilla group, protesting the expense at a time when Manila's slum poverty was worse than ever, threatened to blow up the marble structure, with the result that many guests, including Charlton Heston and Ali MacGraw, declined to attend. A group of French stars, including Jeanne Moreau, sent back their invitations, then advertised in a French magazine to say how misplaced such spectacles were in a land where the poor were getting poorer.

Others who did go, such as producer Michael Viner (who was at both the 1982 and 1983 festivals), told how prostitutes were thrust upon them in their hotel lobbies. Earlier, Viner's production equipment had disappeared as it passed through customs when he was making a movie in the Philippines. H. Gray Fredrickson Jr, the co-producer of *Apocalypse Now*, spoke of the "million dollars that went down the drain in bribes" during the 1975 to 1977 period in which the movie was being made in the country.

In the midst of the 1982 festival, a family matter grew into a state crisis. It was revealed that in December, 1981 Imelda's older daughter Imee, whom many had considered the heir apparent to the Marcos dynasty, had secretly married a 32-year-old Manila playboy and amateur sportsman, Tommy Manotoc in the US. The trouble with Manotoc was that he had just been divorced in America (divorce still not being recognised in the Philippines) from a celebrated beauty queen who had also been a friend of President Marcos. The couple came back to Manila and just before the festival, Manotoc disappeared.

Manilans thought they had seen the last of him, but 42 days later there was a report that he had been rescued from "communist terrorists." At a press conference, flanked by Ver and National Defence minister Juan Ponce Enrile, Manotoc gave a sketchy, obviously pre-rehearsed account of how he had been held in the mountains until his captors, surprised by government soldiers, fled after a gunfight and left him behind. He refused to say more.

This real-life melodrama of sex, power, and violence was the high point of their stay for the Hollywood visitors. Among the many versions of what had happened to Manotoc, the one nobody believed was that he had been kidnapped by the com-

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munist New People's Army. The NPA had never used such tactics. In fact it had often stated it was against them, since kidnappings of innocent people always brought discredit to the kidnappers.

The most commonly accepted version of the affair was the one the Hollywood crowd believed — that Marcos himself had had the kidnapping staged in order to protect the young sportsman from Imelda having him murdered. Imelda's rage when she could not get her way was something with which Filipinos had long been familiar.

People were reminded how she had behaved before the 1972 coup when a tape was played at rallies and on a radio station. The tape recorded what everyone believed was the president singing love songs to a blonde starlet, Dovie Beams. It had been made, Dovie said, for the purpose of self-protection. Events proved she had not been overly cautious. After she had made her self-publicised exit from the country, both the caretaker of the house Marcos had set her up in and the man who had acted as a go-between for them were murdered.

Such high jinks in the first family were a constant source of amusement to Filipinos, but they also contributed to the mounting hatred of the regime.

The Philippines used to be the most progressive country in all of Southeast Asia. Since the Marcos coup, however, it has gone from the top of the heap to the bottom. International agencies are now comparing it not with nations of its region but with Bangladesh. Likewise, the Marcoses government-by-terror is being compared with the worst tin-pot dictatorships of Central and South America.

When the government set out to address the problems of the urban poor, Imelda's Ministry of Human Settlements opted for treating slum dwellers not as people who needed food and medicine but as an eyesore. Imelda's "slum-clearance project", officially begun in 1982 but actually underway years earlier, remained linked to "beautification." Although precise figures were lacking, the human-rights lawyers and nuns estimated some 100,000 Manilans had been evicted and their shacks demolished during preparations for the 1974 Miss Universe Pageant. Another 60,000 were sent packing in 1976, the year the grandiose Philippine International Convention Centre and 13 luxury hotels went up just in time for a World Bank and International Monetary Fund conference. In 1979, more slum people were moved out in advance of a United Nations Conference on Trade and Development for which the government imported more than 200 Mercedes-Benz limousines for the delegates' use.

In 1982, when demolition of slum shanties was officially announced, the poor began fighting back by building barricades to block the demolition crews and throwing rocks and bottles. The military appeared ready to fight if the people did not disperse. In the face of armed might the demonstrators stopped. Imelda with great fanfare ordered many four-storey housing projects for, she said, resettling the dislocated people and "brightening their lives."

The rents were set, however, so that no slum dwellers could afford the projects. The main aim was still slum clearance for appearances. It was at this point that the shantytowns around Manila airport, which had been visible to all arriving foreigners, were demolished.

In the Liveriza slum south of Ermita, Manila's gaudy tourist area, an American reporter learned the story of what had happened to a particular family uprooted the

"The most commonly accepted version of the affair was that Marcos had the kidnapping staged in order to protect the young sportsman from Imelda having him murdered"

year before. Federico Adones and his wife, Gorgonia, had been ordered out of their shack and had been taken with their six children to Cavite on Manila Bay, south of the city, where thousands more had been resettled on Imelda's orders. The Adoneses quickly discovered what they had suspected: there was no means of making a living in Cavite. Soon they, like most of the others, had made their way back to another Manila slum quarter, where they built a cardboard and packing case hut against a stone wall running beside a still-water canal filled with human sewage.

Federico, who had been coughing blood, died a few days after they returned to Manila. As soon as Gorgonia had arranged for the disposal of the body, one of the children died. At a government clinic, which the Adoneses had avoided because the attendant demanded money for the supposedly free services, she was told the child had meningitis. Nuns who worked among the poor of Liveriza said the authorities always gave meningitis as the cause of infant deaths, even when it was clearly malnutrition. Gorgonia Adones stayed on, selling cigarettes in the streets, joined by the oldest child, and the family continued to live by the canal.

The way people were moved from the slums with no provision made for their livelihood exposed the regime as not being above trafficking in human flesh in order to pursue its ends, which amounted to nothing more than the enrichment and glorification of Manila's new superclass. Already child prostitution was being used to attract the worst sort of foreigners, so that the rulers could make money on tourism. Eventually prostitution became such an integral part of tourism — the only way to fill up the facilities the rulers owned — that the most typical form of organised travel to the Philippines was the sex tour.

Occasionally in other countries of the region there had been fads for such tours — German groups going to Bangkok, Japanese groups going to health spas in Taiwan. But in these places the sex trip was merely a sideline to tourism's mainstream. Moreover, those nations built their hotels to keep up with increased tourism, whereas in the Philippines the rulers had to find ways to increase tourism after the hotels were built. Imelda had grandiose new consulates and embassies built up in major cities all over the world to lure visitors to her islands. But because too many hotels had been built — and then urban terror had meant the calling off of conventional tours to the Philippines — the sex tour became central to the country's tourism program.

Mostly the male tourists had come from Japan, but the emphasis was switching to Australia and other Western nations as the Japanese sex tours slowed in the Eighties. Homosexual tour packages were also set up. These groups were usually taken to the resort of Pagsanjan, a scenic tropical gorge with a white-water river and dramatic waterfalls, which is a three-hour drive from Manila. In 1983 a church group estimated that some 5000 young Filipinos had gone to work as male prostitutes at this resort town.

Members of the government, however, continued to discuss the organised sex scene purely in terms of the bad publicity the country was receiving. Everything was image. A bad image meant press conspiracy. "Beautification" and grandeur meant a good image. Beyond railing against the prostitutes themselves, Imelda did not have time to give the matter her attention.

An example of the sort of thing that could hold Imelda's attention came to light in 1979 when people saw soldiers guarding a construction site located on the levelled top of a mountain east of Manila. No mention was made in the media of what was going on, but this, it turned out, was the site of the basilica Imelda planned to build in honor of her 25th wedding anniversary. Holes, four metres square, were being dug on the site in a circle more

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than 400 metres around. The planned Basilica of the Holy Infant was to be topped by a dome 10 storeys high and 400 metres in diameter, shaped like a Filipino peasant's straw hat. Imelda had said she expected Pope John Paul II to come here to preside as she and Ferdinand restated their wedding vows.

Cardinal Jaime Sin, the archbishop of Manila, moved fast to bring her plans to a halt. "To put up a basilica while people are starving is not very Christian," he told the foreign press. Imelda flew to Rome to have Sin overruled but was turned down by the Vatican.

With her cultural centres, elite clinics, anti-academic university, skyscrapers, hotels, and convention centre, Imelda did seem to have accomplished what she said she would do — build a vast, new "City of Man" that would last forever. At the same time, she had kept on taking from the public treasury to finance the purchase of her personal possessions. After the basilica project fell through she was off to America to start her annual orgy of shopping. In New York, a columnist for the *New York Post* noted with fascination that she picked out a diamond necklace at exclusive Van Cleef & Arpels and paid for it with $1 million in cash. She was using three floors at the Waldorf for 10 days at $6000 a day, giving hundreds in tips to bellboys and sending $30,000 worth of flowers to UN delegates.

Some of her shopping was for gifts to foreigners. "The chic thing to do just now," according to the New York *Daily News* "Suzy" column, "is to nip off to Manila to visit Madame Imelda Marcos, who practically flings Philippine pearls to her friends." Palace guests "get to keep everything they find in their closet." *Cosmopolitan* included her among the 10 richest women in the world, the only one from Asia, and said it was rumored she was at the top of the list. " 'Meldy' is a charter member of the Jet Set, a long-time bosom buddy of Christina Ford, always favors *couture* by Dior and international shopping sprees at such outposts as Bergdorf's and I. Magnin's," *Cosmo* added. "She thinks nothing of flying her chums halfway around the globe when she's in a party mood . . . and when Meldy travels it's always with lots of dear dear friends for diversion, and lots of bodyguards for protection."

Imelda really believes that her people want someone to admire, someone who is clearly their superior. When she and others in Malacanang get on the subject of what should be done about poverty, they sounds like they have been guided by the same right wing think tanks that advise Ronald Reagan. It is not difficult to imagine Imelda saying that people receiving financial help use the money to buy vodka, or that those who patronise soup kitchens are merely saving money by getting a free meal.

Imelda touched on the poverty question during the six hours in December of 1980 that she spent in New York with the exiled opposition leader, Steve Psinakis. She warned him that all opposition leaders had better bow to Marcos because if they didn't, President Reagan would go after them. According to Imelda, the US president had promised her that during a personal meeting after his election. Imelda told a story which, according to Psinakis' notes, went as follows:

"Steve, I understand my people better than anyone. I found a small barrio of about 50 to 60 families where the people were very poor and just struggling to survive. I studied their lives and habits. They would work all day in the fields, from grandparents to grandchildren, trying to provide for their mere existence. But you

> In New York, a columnist for the *Post* noted with fascination that Imelda had bought a diamond necklace and paid for it with $1 million in cash

will be surprised. They were not unhappy people. It was a happy little community.

"Well, I thought this barrio was ideal for my experiment. I gave these people everything you can imagine. I gave them electricity; I gave them a complete water system with tap water in every house; I started a small industrial project where everyone would be employed at high wages; I built a school and sent them a teacher — the children were now at school instead of in the fields; I gave them almost everything they could ever expect to acquire in their whole lives. What do you suppose happened? Do you think they were happier now? On the contrary, they now had all these things and didn't know what to do with themselves and their time. They were jealous of each other — of who had the better TV or the better house; they started to fight and steal, even to kill each other. In a short time, this community changed from a group of the most peaceful, contented hard-working people to a barrio with the highest crime rate in our country. You see what happens when you give immature children too much too soon? That is why we want to give our people as much as possible, but *gradually*."

In the second year after the coup her husband had noted with pride at a Philippine Central Bank ceremony, "Our country now has one of the lowest average wage levels in this part of the world." Six years later the US Department of Commerce figures listed 48 cents an hour as the claimed average wage for workers in the Philippines, the lowest claimed for any place outside Africa. Then Minister of Industry Roberto Ongpin mentioned in a report to the World Bank that Philippine wages were lower by almost half those in Singapore, where the stated average was 95 cents. In Taiwan, the rate was 85 cents; and in Hong Kong, the world sweatshop capital, the Americans put the average at $1.41 an hour.

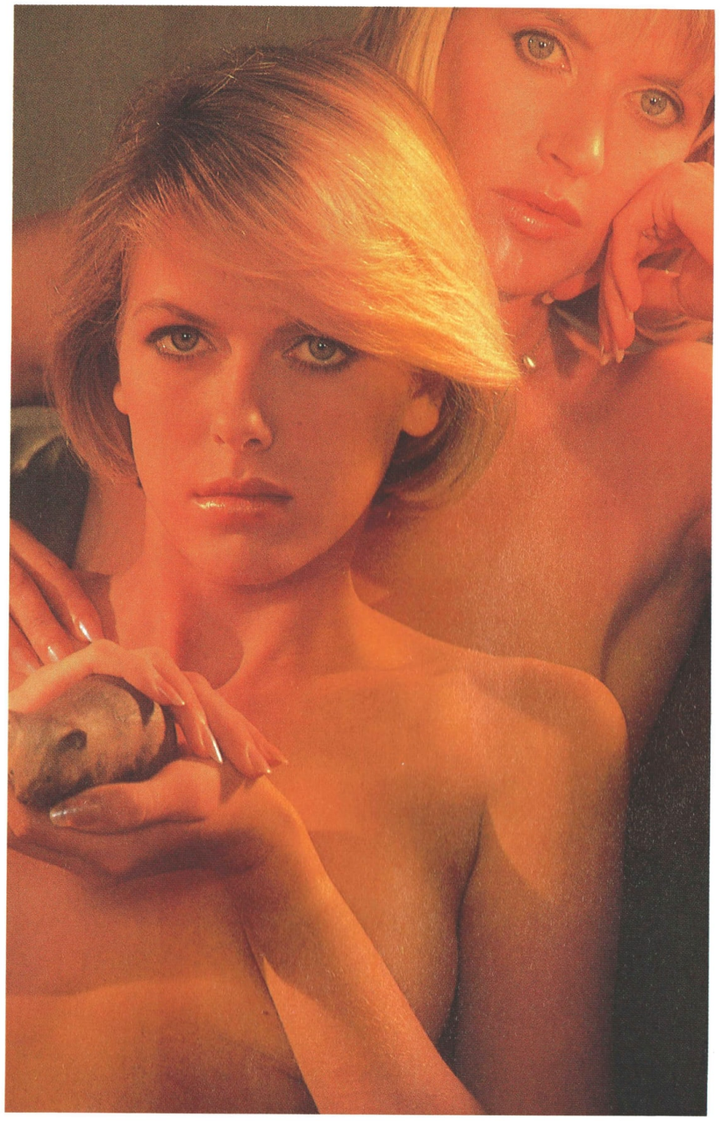
A major reason for keeping wages down was that in the last two years of Marcos' legal presidency, with chaos all through the islands, there had actually been an outflow of investment capital from the Philippines. After the 1972 coup, Marcos became determined to bring foreign money back. His policy was best illustrated by his establishment of special duty-free, union-free, export zones for labor-intensive manufacturing industry where foreign firms found they could operate more cheaply than anywhere else in Asia.

The blithe attitude toward human lives, so associated with Imelda, goes on even as the regime continues to lose its grip. In the wake of the Aquino assassination, the people's lot is still getting worse. With capital fleeing the country, there have been further drastic devaluations of the currency, which means yet another decline in real wages. The country now has a negative growth rate. Imelda, in cancelling her film festival, has been speaking as if she were concerned. After the assassination, she even went so far as to cancel her annual autumn world shopping tour. But on closer inspection, the more things seem to change at Malacanang, the less they do change.

Late in November and early December of 1983, Filipinos in San Francisco spotted some familiar faces. It turned out that Irene Marcos Araneta and her bridegroom, Greggy, were in town. It appeared that Irene had been sent as Imelda's proxy for the shopping trip.

That the trip meant business as usual seemed clear to knowledgeable San Francisco Filipinos who spotted still another familiar face: the son of General Fabian Ver, Rexan Ver, an officer in his father's Presidential Security Command, who was serving as Irene's bodyguard.

Like mother, like daughter. Like father, like son. Despite the scale of the extravagance and the terror, the new republic — even when the end seems near — still looks like nothing more than a shoddy little family story.

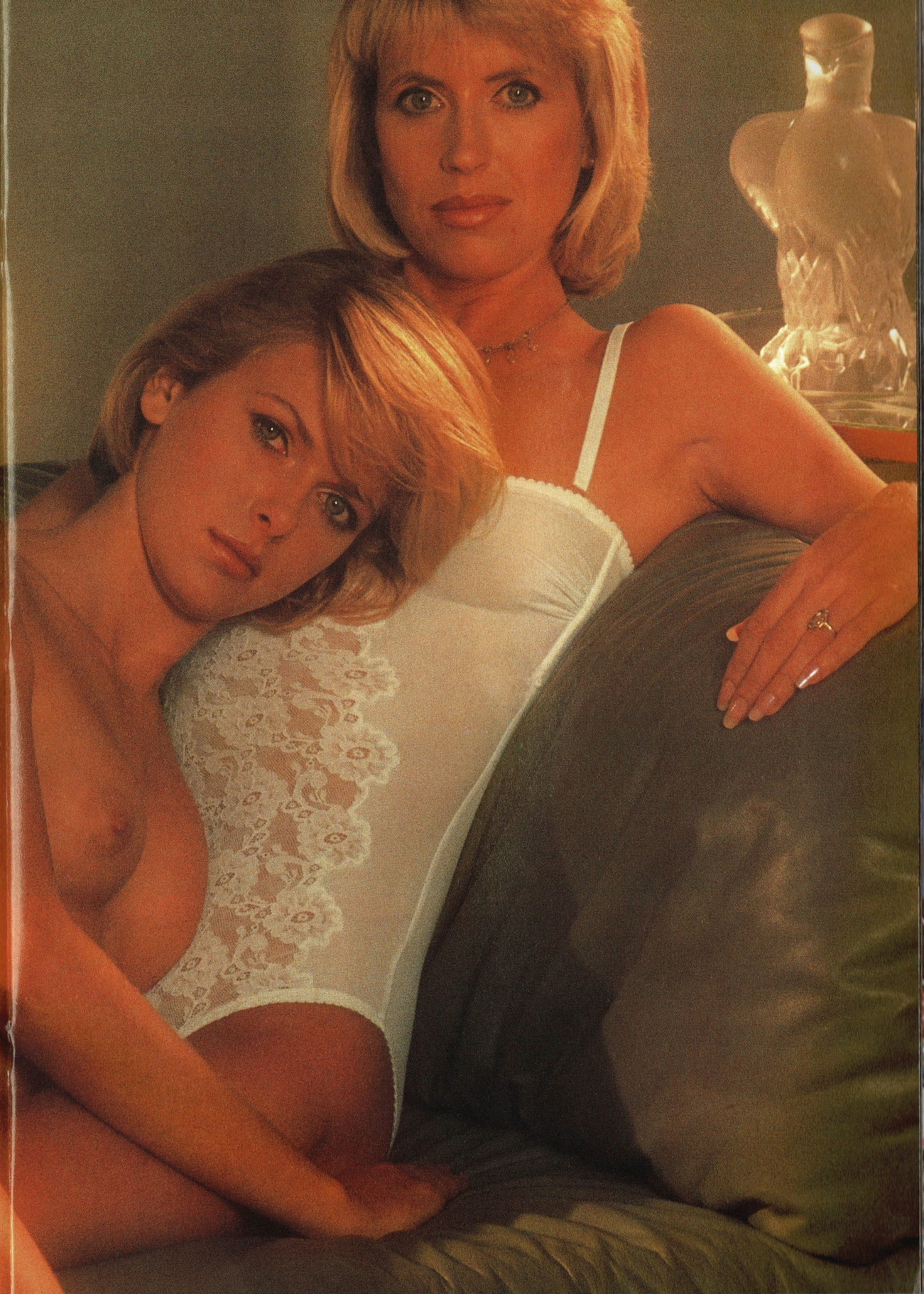


SUE AND LOUISE

NO SECRETS

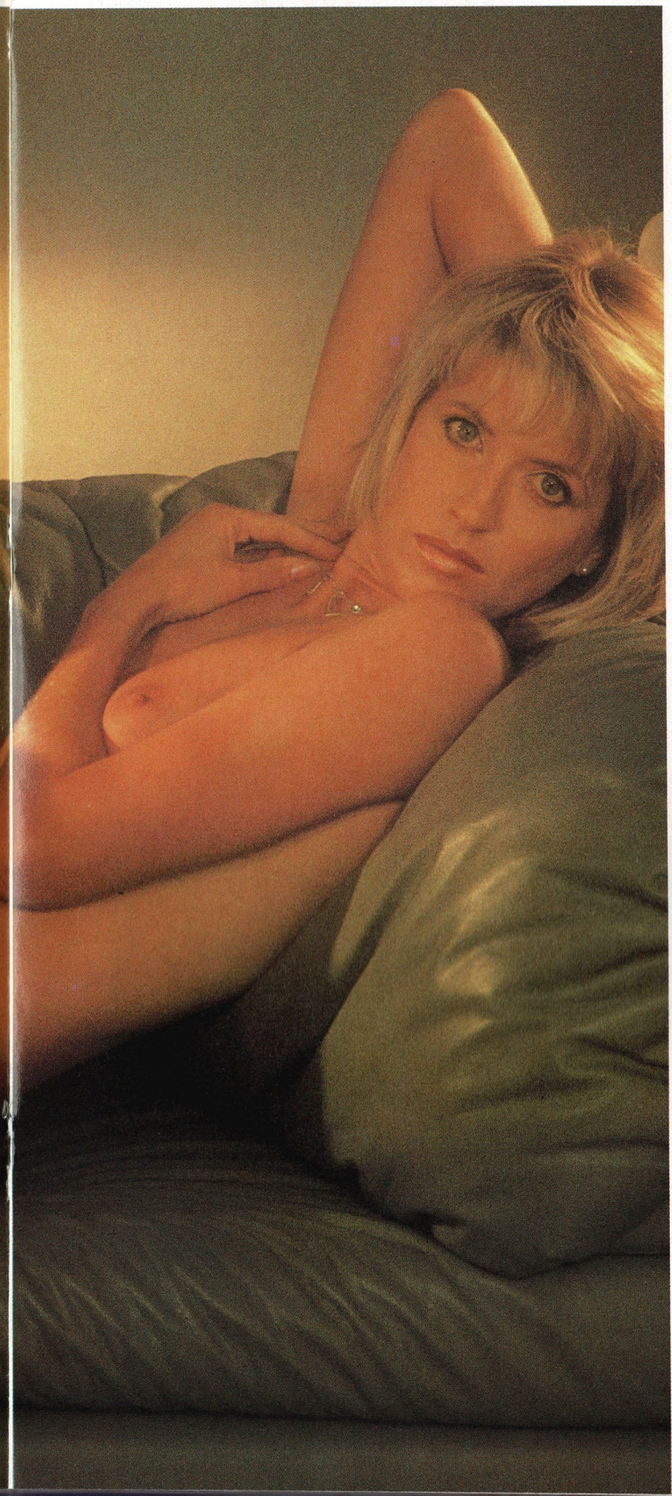
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Sue and Louise Elvin have watched many an eyebrow rise heavenward since they made their decision to pose together for *Penthouse*. A mother and daughter pictorial has never before appeared in this country and it's not surprising that the conservatives should come out to tut-tut that which is new and untried. But the Queensland pair have also received plenty of encouragement, which strengthened their determination to sit for a photographic record of themselves at a special time in their lives.

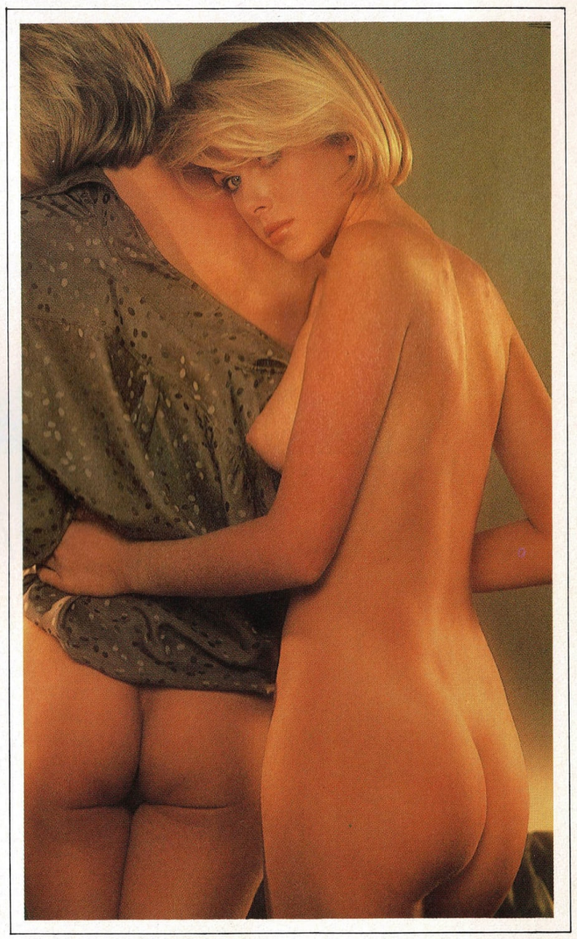


It's the perfect time to catch us," says Sue, who at 33 is usually taken to be the older sister of 16-year-old Louise. "We have been through so much together and Louise is a woman now, on the threshold of adult life. It is an important juncture in both our lives and our womanhood." The pair live together near Maroochydore, but Louise is laying plans to move to Brisbane early next year to study television production.

Sue
begins to explain
the extraordinarily close
bond she and Louise share in
this way: "My mother died when
I was very young and I never knew the
closeness of a mother as a guide and
a confidante. Louise has never had
brothers and sisters. We are
mother and daughter, sisters
and above all, the very
best of friends."

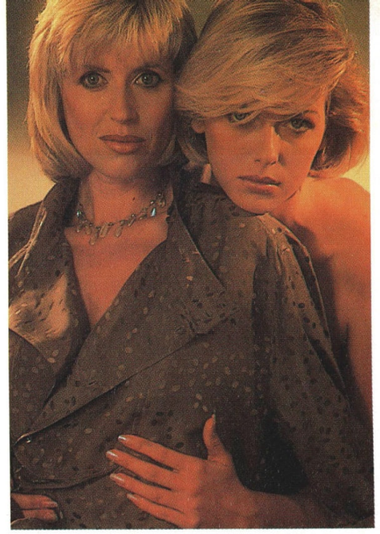


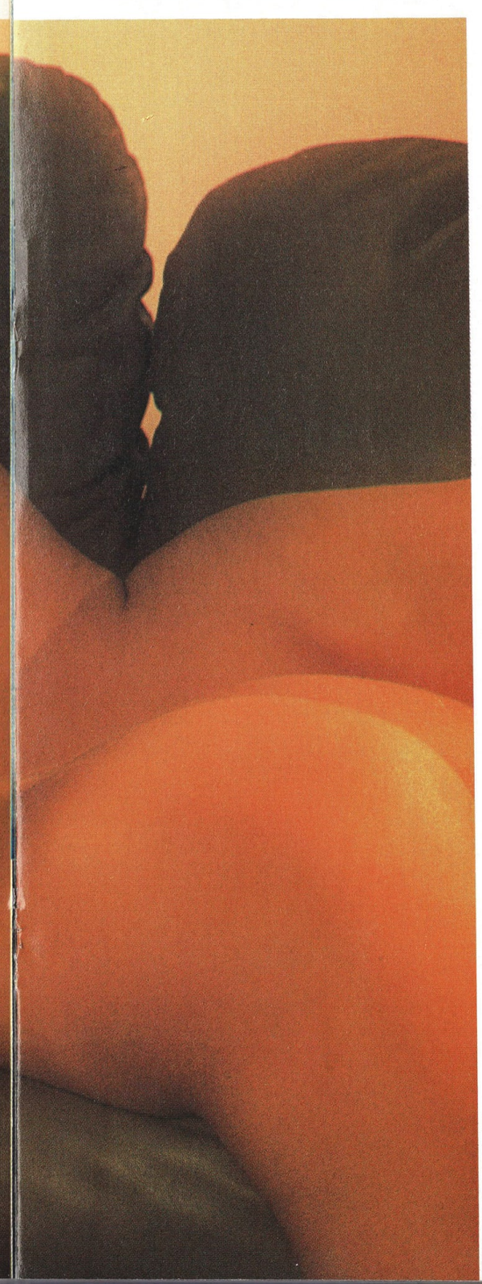
Louise
was born when Sue was 17
— a young married in a small
British town. They came to Australia in
the early Seventies after Sue's marriage
faltered, initially to live in Sydney.
Several years ago they were lured to
the Sunshine Coast to spend their
summers swimming, surfing,
cycling and sunbathing.

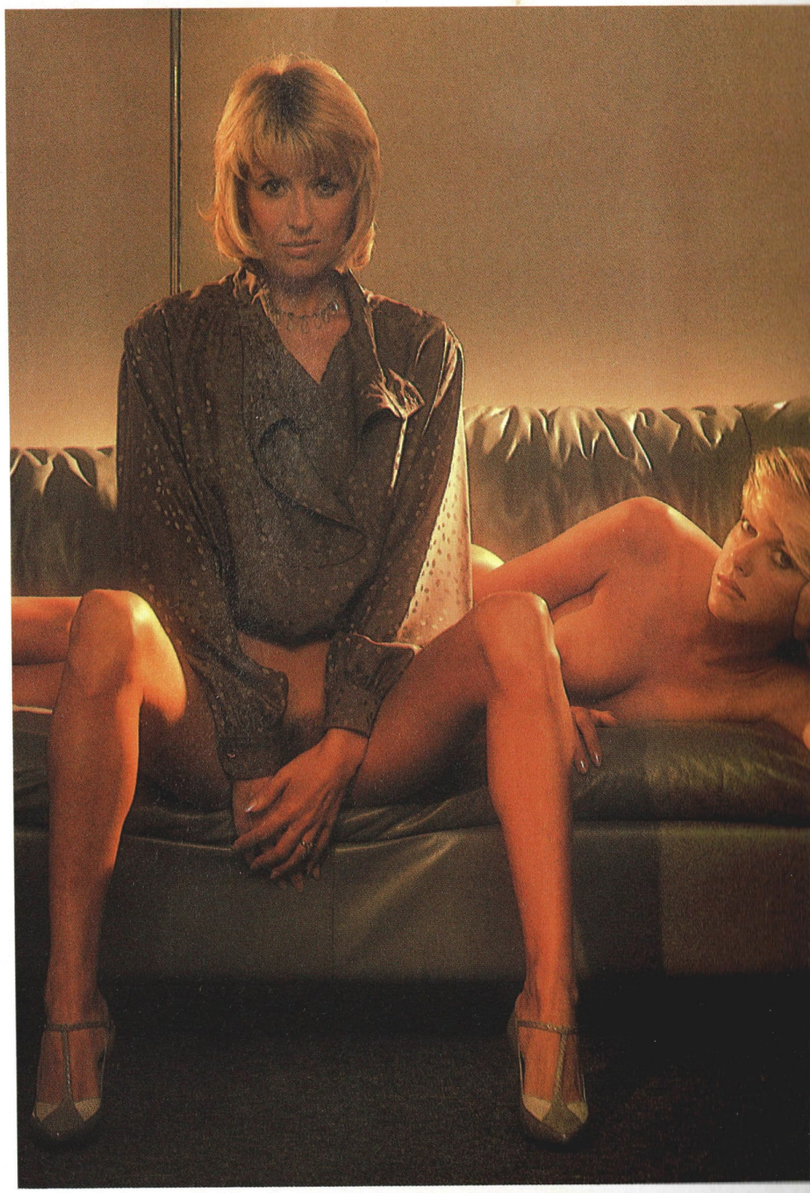


At 16, Louise is a self-assured, independently minded young woman, the product of a diverse education. When she was very young, Sue tutored her and extensive world travels and conventional schooling have left her with an open, enquiring mind and a maturity uncommon in girls her age.

Louise
says that for
years she felt "funny"
about having a mother who looked
like a schoolgirl herself and treated
her like an equal, a sister. Now she says
she feels special: "My mother has given
me the world. We have no secrets, nor
will we ever have any." And about
posing for *Penthouse*: "What's
all the fuss about?" On that
point, we'll let you
be the judge.







PENTHOUSE PETS OF THE MONTH/SUE AND LOUISE ELVIN

THE RACIST RIGHT

Will the Asian Invasion end in violent confrontation?
The writing is on the wall

BY TONY MAGUIRE

In the shadowy outreaches of politics, there exists an area known as the far right. It is the realm of neo-Nazis, fanatical racists . . . and simmering violence. The Australian inhabitants of this political twilight zone are currently going through an active phase. They have emerged from their usual recesses in an attempt to enlist opposition to the high Asian migrant quota. Graffiti demanding "ASIANS OUT" and "STOP THE ASIAN INVASION" has appeared in scores of prominent urban locations. Wielding the spray cans are members of National Action, a group with a violent and revolutionary doctrine. Meanwhile, the White Australia Movement has also adopted a high profile with the opening of a

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL JONES

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shopfront information centre in Sydney. Another organisation, the League of Rights — led by a man who believes in a sinister Jewish conspiracy theory — claims to be manipulating major political parties on the Asian immigration issue.

Yes, the far right is on the march . . .

NATIONAL ACTION

It's very late on Saturday night in Sydney. A group of skinheads lurks on a street corner in Darlinghurst. Toes twitching inside their bovver boots, they glare and snarl at passers-by. Then suddenly the attention of the head skin, a tattooed and ultra-mean lump of muscle, turns to a car slowing to a crawl for a red light. Behind the wheel is an Asian. The skin rushes on to the road and smashes a boot into the panelwork of the vehicle. As he struts proudly back to his comrades, the traffic starts moving again and the stunned driver accelerates off with a big dent on the side of the Mazda.

One of the other skinheads — a girl aged around 16 with a lone plait of hair at the nape of her neck — raises her arm in a clenched fist salute and screams: "Yay, National Action! Stamp out Asians!"

National Action's chairman, Jim Saleam, shrugs off responsibility for such unprovoked acts of violence, although he concedes: "A lot of skins do take our literature and it's possible they might do things in our name without actually getting involved on an organised basis."

Jim Saleam is a 28-year-old professional student with a shifty manner and a pockmarked face who once firebombed a socialist bookshop in Brisbane. That was back in the mid-Seventies, when he was first getting involved in extreme right wing politics as a student at the University of Queensland. A magistrate put him on a four-year good behavior bond.

After flirting with various other racist groups such as the now-defunct National Alliance, Saleam founded National Action in 1982. Since then, he says, the organisation has attracted around 300 members. It claims representation in all capital cities except Hobart, plus a few provincial centres like Coffs Harbor in NSW. Earlier this year, Saleam was a National Action candidate in the by-election for the federal seat of Hughes, polling 966 votes. He is currently completing a Master's degree at the University of Sydney, where he may well be the most unpopular student on campus.

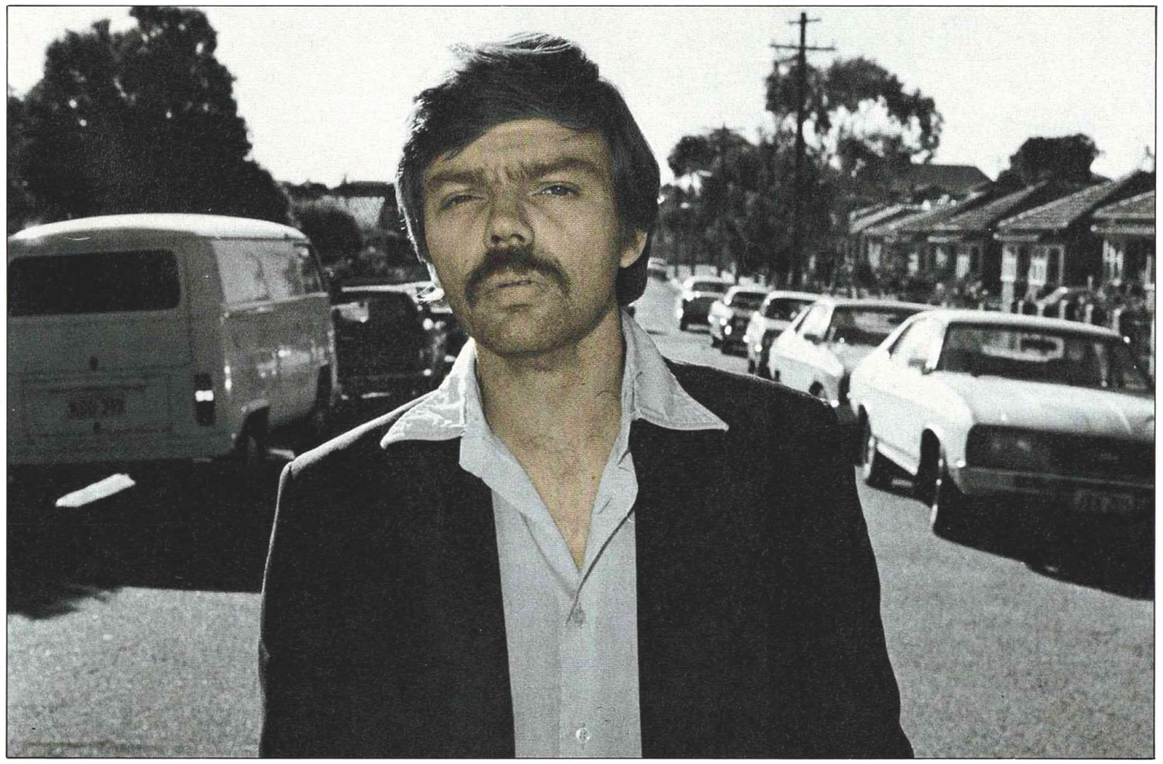
National Action aims its message at young people living in the shadow of unemployment — the generation the Sex Pistols promised "No Future." The message is a simple one: Asians are stealing your jobs, being educated at your expense and turning Australia into an oriental colony. They must leave our shores. Expulsion of Asians would be the catalyst for a rugged new order, promises National Action in the literature it hands out at dole offices, schools and universities. Your interest would be looked after by a militaristic government with an arsenal of nuclear weapons and jobs aplenty in the armed forces.

National Action tries to temper its fascist image by identifying with rebel Australian movements of the 19th Century like the Eureka stockaders and militant shearers. Ned Kelly is also a figurehead — a lifesize wall hanging of the celebrated bandit decorates party headquarters, a bookshop.

Saleam makes no bones about the qualities he seeks in a National Action member, saying: "The violent, cop-hating type of person is much more useful to us than the public servant who swears allegiance to the Commonwealth and pay packet." The group's Melbourne organiser is a convicted bank robber who did seven years in jail.

Saleam's manner is bland and cold. He displays a definite fascination for violence and is obviously a firm believer in the adage that the end justifies the means. At stake, he argues, is our very cultural survival. Not as an Anglo-Saxon outpost — the six members of National Action's executive committee have very firm ideas on that. Ours is a *European* culture, they argue. All but one of the committee

JIM SALEAM: *"We're saying repatriation of Asians is the only sensible policy. If they resist we'll respond with force."*



members are of continental European origin, at least two being born outside Australia. Saleam himself is of Lebanese descent, although he asserts that he is very much Australian, going back two generations.

"We believe that by the Nineties, to paraphrase Lenin, power will be in the gutter and someone will have to pick it up," he states earnestly. "We'll be faced with cultural genocide.

"If Australia is to play any role in what might be a post-nuclear world, it must have a homogeneous, technological society. Australia must fall back on its own resources and defend what it has. We're saying repatriation of Asians is the only sensible policy. If they resist we'll respond with force.

"By that time there will be so many crises in the world that no-one will notice a country in the South Pacific asking one and a half million people to go home. The program could be subsidised — I think the French government now pays for Africans and Arabs to be repatriated."

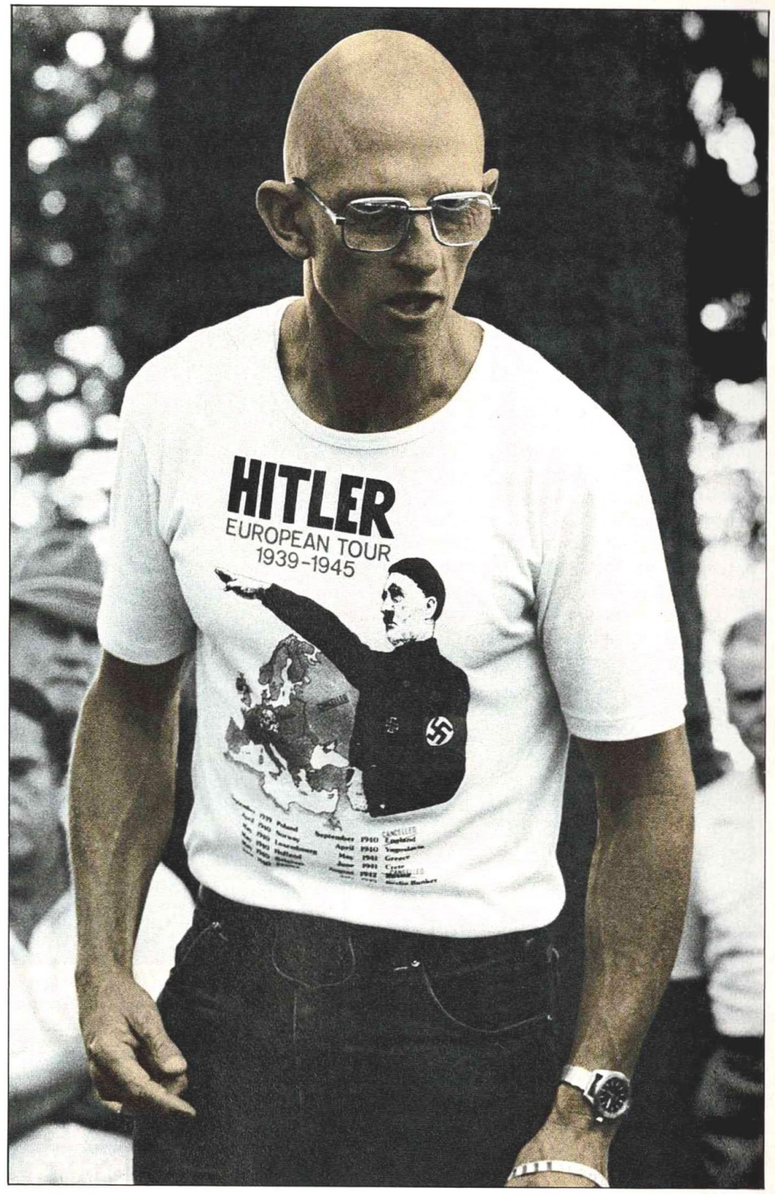
Where would the expelled Asians go?

"Australia needs to find an ally in Asia which would take them in exchange for technical resources," Saleam replies. The repatriation would also apply to "other coloreds", with the exception of Aborigines, who would be given their own reserves.

Saleam concedes that expulsion of Asians would lead to a dangerous erosion of our workforce. So to counter that an energetic breeding program by white Australians is suggested to bring our population to 35 million by the year 2030. He denies that these policies are racist. "We're a nationalist organisation, not a racist one," he claims. "We have no notions of racial superiority."

When further questioned about what most people would perceive to be a very racist stance, Saleam gives vent to a burst of political ideology in which words like "factionalism", "resource warfare" and "cultural nationalism" figure prominently. He has done his homework and is no ignoramus. Most of his fellow National Action officials have also had tertiary educations; they see themselves as the intelligentsia guiding a less educated and violently-inclined proletariat.

Saleam shies away from detailing how National Action would take power. "As Trotsky said, 'Announced revolutions never come off'," he asserts. But he does make it clear that armed struggle is not out of the question. After the revolution would come the election of the president of Australia. This would be done on a "democratic" basis, Saleam explains poker-faced, except that candidates representing "subversive or non-Australian interests" would be banned. The new leader would then appoint a Cabinet which would include representatives of the police and military. "There has to be a balance between civil and military authority," says Saleam. "And there should be conscription for both sexes, with the army playing a role in the political education of the conscripts."



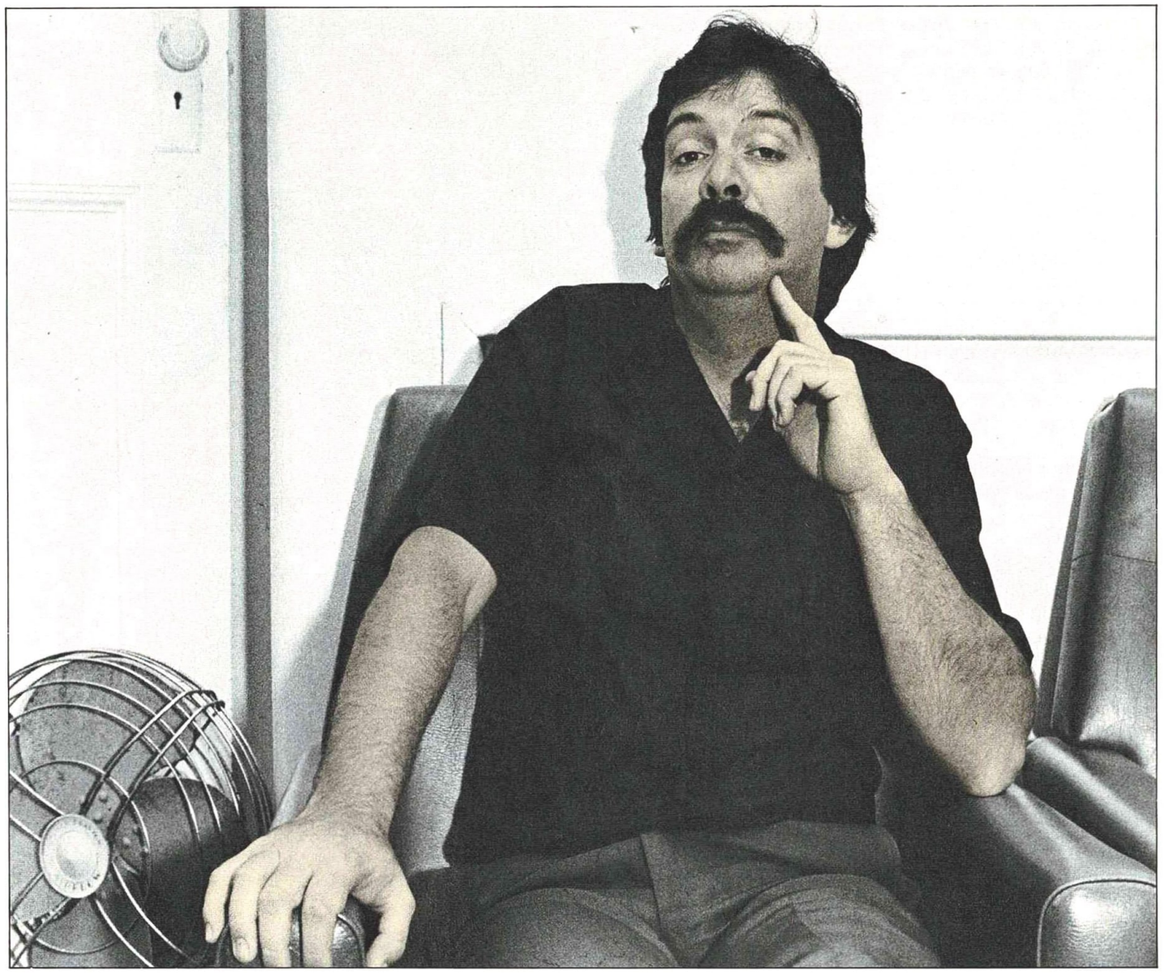
SKULL: *"I'm all in favor of land rights for aborigines. Give 'em bloody Rookwood Cemetery — six feet of it."*

Other National Action policies include the acquisition of a modest arsenal of nuclear weapons, the restoration of the death penalty, and a prohibition on land ownership by foreigners.

On the foreign interests question, National Action shares some common ground with the anti-multinationals of the left, whose message gained widespread popularity in the Seventies. But while the left is happy to voice opposition to exploitation of Australian resources by American companies like Utah and Caltex, Saleam says it avoids related issues such as Japanese investment in our tourist industry.

"Using the slogan 'Yank Go Home' is seen as quite acceptable by the left," Saleam states. "But saying 'Jap Go Home' is seen as racist; the left cannot confront the fact that Australia is being colonised by Third World people."

National Action has had a number of clashes with left wing groups, notably the International Socialists. Recounts Saleam: "We were down in Melbourne handing out leaflets in the Bourke St Mall. Three members of the International Socialists came up screaming at us and pushed one of our female members. One



ROBERT CAMERON: *"We've got access to weapons; we've got people in the police and armed forces who are members . . . we are prepared for a racial war."*

RACIST RIGHT

of our blokes took on all three of them. Two took a trip to hospital and the other one just crawled away."

More recently, Saleam has been questioned by Special Branch officers about the burning of the International Socialists' office in Melbourne. "Someone told the police I'd claimed responsibility for it," he says, adding that he now plans to apply for a pistol permit to protect himself against any reprisals.

The scene has now been set for larger-scale confrontation between National Action and the left through the formation of specialist anti-racism groups. One, People Against Racism, is an International Socialists offshoot while another, Students Against Racism, has been started at the University of Sydney.

It is all too easy to see where this is leading. National Action and its left wing opponents are on a collision course for bloody confrontation — the type people get killed in. The writing is on the wall.

WHITE AUSTRALIA MOVEMENT

Beneath a Moreton Bay fig tree in Sydney's Domain, a near-toothless man wearing a silly hat is perched halfway up a step-ladder addressing a small crowd. Nearby, other speakers compete for attention on a range of themes from socialism to the theory that Hell is actually a giant cloud of sulfur gas.

Then a distinctive-looking character hops on to an upturned milk crate and starts a tirade which no-one has the slightest bit of trouble understanding. His name is Ross May, better known as the Skull, wearer of Nazi uniforms, rabid racist and "security consultant" to the White Australia Movement. A man whose favorite saying is: "It's better to be a dictator than a dickhead."

Most of the people gathered around the other soapbox stars abandon them for the Skull. He is certainly someone who stands out in a crowd. His shaven head is pointed and his magnified eyes glare from behind thick glasses. His tall frame, heavily-muscled from regular weight training, is clad in jeans, hefty boots which were probably chosen for their steel tips, and a T-shirt saying "Adolph Hitler Europe Tour 1939-45." His fist clenched, the veins and tendons bulging out on his neck, the Skull tells his listeners in a rapid-fire voice: "These bloody Asians . . . these Chinks . . . these Gooks . . . out there in Vietnamatta. In the years to come they're gonna put up their own political candidates.

"The only way to defend your national integrity is to get yourselves armed, get bullets . . . some of you drive cars . . . when you see a slopehead crossing the road, run the slime over! Remember this — the Asian you run over today won't be able to vote tomorrow."

A chronic xenophobe, the Skull hates all non-Anglo-Australians. Germans are an exception (because they gave the world Hitler), as are Italians (because Mussolini wasn't such a bad chap either). He's quick to give his opinion on the Jews: "The Jews invented incest — they fuck each other and they fuck you too. They sponsor communism; they sponsor capitalism; they sponsor everything that's insidious." On Aborigines: "I'm all in favor of land rights for Aborigines. Give 'em bloody Rookwood Cemetery — six feet of it."

Even Australian Labor Party members come in for a serve from the Skull. Motioning to the state parliamentary building, he says: "When the revolution comes, Wran and his mates will be standing there with the tops of their fuckin' heads blown off." He bends over, pretends to vomit and brings up a large glob of phlegm, which slowly dribbles down to the grass at his feet. Pointing to it, he screams: "Kill that before it becomes a Labor Party supporter!" Such is the Skull's venom that you wonder if anything will ever grow on that patch of ground again.

Aged 39, the Skull has been pushing the racist wheelbarrow since the mid-Sixties, when he was refused admission into the Australian Army because of poor eyesight. (He had cataracts removed from both eyes when he was 16.) Denied the opportunity of being able to go to Vietnam and shoot "slopeheads", he waged his own battle by attacking protestors at anti-war moratoriums. He has since spent a total of two years in jail for various assaults, plus offences like desecrating a Jewish memorial with the slogans "KILL ALL JEWS" and "HEIL HITLER."

About 10 years ago, the Skull struck up an alliance with Robert Cameron, an honorary Ku Klux Klan member and avid neo-Nazi. Since then, the pair have fronted a number of organisations — the National Socialist Party of Australia, a local chapter of the National Front, the Call to Australia Movement and the current White Australia Movement. They have each stood as candidates in federal elections, taking to the campaign trail in black SS uniforms. In the coming election they are both planning to run for the Senate.

Bob Cameron is probably best known for being the target of an alleged Ananda Marga assassination plot in 1978. A walrus-moustachioed man with bovine eyes and a chilling air, he is the national director of the White Australia Movement. It could be said that he is the Skull's controller, telling him what to read, who to harrass and generally what to do.

The White Australia Movement has just opened an information centre in the inner city and Cameron claims it has around 5000 members. You don't have to be overly cynical to think 5000 might be an inflated figure; it has been said that you could fit all the members of WAM into a telephone box. It's certainly true that the Skull was once convicted of forging signatures on an electoral nomination form. He presumably couldn't find the six people necessary to endorse his candidature.

Whatever the size of WAM's membership, it is given a lot of attention by the media. In the space of a couple of months earlier this year, the Skull was on TV twice and had a feature about him published in *The Sydney Morning Herald's* "Good Weekend" section. Cameron was also interviewed by the *Herald* and 2GB radio.

Like National Action, WAM seeks a return to the White Australia Policy and a repatriation program for Asians. Unlike Saleam and his colleagues, however, the Skull and Cameron are definitely not shy about being seen as bigots or fascists. Says Cameron: "The coloreds had this country before we came here and what did they do with it? It was just sand and rocks. We've come here and turned it into one of the best countries in the world in just 200 years. It's been proven that the white race is genetically superior. Look at Asians — poor eyesight, small stature, susceptibility to disease . . ."

Cameron and the Skull have each stood as candidates in federal elections, taking to the campaign trail in black SS uniforms

The Skull ignores Cameron's reference to poor eyesight and chips in: "Any country that doesn't maintain its racial purity will perish — look what happened to the Roman Empire."

As well as heading WAM, Cameron is the leader of the much lower profile National Socialist Party of Australia. He describes this as "a secret organisation with a closed membership." Like Hitler's National Socialist Party, its policies are not what you'd call moderate. "I see the National Socialist Party arising if the racial situation really deteriorates and the ship looks like going down," Cameron explains. "We've considered political terrorism and we've got plans that we could put into operation tomorrow if we had to. For example, the Sydney water supply could be contaminated with poisons or germs. We've got access to weapons; we've got people in the police and armed forces who are members . . . we are prepared for a racial war."

Cameron goes on to say that if the National Socialists seized power, he would be president of Australia. And the Skull? He would be director of the security services. "I'd be in charge of rounding up Asians and deporting 'em," the Skull says with relish. "I'd be going around with a racial broom."

As for the Aborigines, they would be given an area where they could "revert to their tribal and cultural pursuits," according to Cameron. Where exactly? "Certain parts of the Simpson Desert or a similar area," he replies with a faint smile.

About a week later, I spoke to the Skull and Cameron with photographer Michael Jones on the steps of the Sydney Opera House, where there was the inevitable crowd of Japanese tourists. Cameron observed: "Look — a busload of vermin." On cue, the Skull marched up to the tourists and screamed: "Why don't you go back to China where you came from, you stinkin' refo bastards!"

Once the pic session had finished we all strolled from the Opera House to Circular Quay. The Skull strode ahead to deliberately bump into an Asian man walking in the opposite direction. Walking beside Cameron, I asked the man who would be president where he began formulating his ideas. "I was in Brisbane and I met some people who were in the German Army in World War II," he said.

Cameron added that he has a lot of friends in the military. He was himself an enlisted man in the RAAF for six years. His father was a military man too, seeing action in Korea. At that, Cameron and the Skull bade us farewell, the Skull keeping a hopeful lookout for more Asians to harrass.

LEAGUE OF RIGHTS

In 1945, a young sergeant at an army camp in Seymour, Victoria, completed a book which he called *The International Jew*. Eric Butler believed that Jews — or in his own words, "those who call themselves Jews" — were responsible for most of mankind's problems. He was obsessed with the idea that there was a massive Jewish conspiracy to dominate the world. Even Hitler, he claimed, was Jewish, or at least part-Jewish. And Christ wasn't a Jew. Not only that, Jews weren't really Jews.

Almost 40 years later, Butler sits behind a scratched desk in a seedy office and propounds further theories about the Jews and other races. He is 68 now, hardened by decades of being called an anti-Semite and a fascist. His face is etched with bitter lines. Everything about Butler and his environment is old and decrepit. The building housing his office — a Forties office block in central Melbourne — is of veteran status, as is its creaking lift. Along a dimly-lit corridor, memorable for its flaking paint, a frosted glass door is marked "Heritage Society" — one of the front organisations for the Australian League of Rights.

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Formed in 1946, the League is Australia's longest-established extreme right wing group and holds some sway in ultra-conservative circles. Butler, as its national director, claims to have the ear of Joh Bjelke-Petersen and other Queensland politicians. There is a strong core of members in what might be called "the redneck farmer belt" of Queensland and northern NSW.

The League of Rights' main activity is co-ordinating small cells called Voters' Policy Associations. These groups of five or six members lobby politicians and the media on such issues as Aboriginal land rights, support for the Crown and States' rights . . . and Asian immigration. In addition, the League runs a number of correspondence courses (for example its "Anti-Subversion School") and publishes reams of literature. It has less than 100 active members, but considerably more supporters.

Butler's tiny office is decorated with two portraits of the Queen and a Fifties wall map of the Asia-Pacific basin which still refers to Malaysia as Malaya and Sri Lanka as Ceylon. Disconcertingly, Butler chooses to address the map rather than those he is talking to.

"The Greeks, Italians and other European immigrants had a great deal of culture in common with Australians and they've been absorbed," he says.

"Asians won't be absorbed into the community. Their influx is going to lead to cultural disintegration and violence — and you're getting it already. We're in retreat." His jaw juts foward in what is almost a parody of Churchillian doggedness.

"The greatest weakness of the group we call the Anglo-Saxons is their undue tolerance — what I call 'the bleeding heart mentality.' That's one of the things that has led to the disintegration of the old British world."

Another reason for Britain's decline, Butler goes on to say, is communism, which Butler asserts is in turn being manipulated by Jews, or at least "those who call themselves Jews." Likewise, those who call themselves Jews are fostering the influx of Asians into Australia. "The evidence is fairly clear that in all the movements that are contributing to the disintegration of our culture, there is a disproportionate number of those who call themselves Jews.

"Just a few days ago, Mr Isi Liebler [a well-known Jewish Melbourne businessman] came out in favor of Asian immigration. Mr Liebler doesn't advocate that type of program for Israel.

"Their aim is to destroy other cultures while bolstering the Zionist state," he says.

Butler leans back in his chair and launches into his favorite subject — why Jews aren't in fact Jews. "The true inscription on Christ's cross was not 'King of the Jews' but 'King of the Judeans'," he lectures. "That word 'Judean' has been corrupted over the centuries, and eventually translated to the term 'Jew.' At least 90 percent of the people who call themselves Jews are descended from an Asiatic group called the Khazars, who converted to Judaism in the 17th Century."

Eventually I managed to steer Butler back to the subject of Asian immigration. He says the League is doing a lot of work in that area at the moment. "There are dozens of branches of the ALP in Western Australia starting to press for a referendum on Asian immigration. It is being manipulated by a member of our group — a little tactical exercise on our part."

The League is also co-ordinating similar moves from within the Liberal and National parties, adds Butler. "We see it becoming a big issue in the next federal election."

> The greatest weakness among Anglo-Saxons is their undue tolerance — what I call "the bleeding heart mentality"

The Melbourne air seemed very fresh and cleansing as photographer Jones and I emerged from the musty old building in Little Collins Street.

Various other right wing groups around the country duplicate what the League of Rights, WAM and National Action are doing. Queensland and Western Australia each have Immigration Control Associations whose members spend a lot of time quoting Arthur Calwell. (Oddly enough, the Queensland association is headed by an Indian.) The Returned Services League also displays racist tendencies. Victorian RSL President Bruce Ruxton has been demanding a return to the White Australia Policy for some time.

But the views of all these right wing elements have traditionally had little impact in Australia — until now. This year has seen a chain of events which probably had Eric Butler rubbing his hands together with glee. His organisation was mentioned in the parliamentary debates which raged in Canberra, while Jim Saleam's group's handiwork was even acknowledged by the Prime Minister himself. And the Skull and Cameron? Well WAM didn't get any such recognition, but a smile definitely would have curled the lips of each of them, for the federal opposition decided to hop on their bandwagon. You could almost hear the march of the jackboots that day . . .

Before the conservative MPs took up the call, noted historian Geoffrey Blainey had lent a degree of respectability to the opposition to Asian immigration. On several occasions he went public with his fears that the settlement of Asians in economically depressed areas would lead to racial violence. He accused the government of nursing an "anti-British bias" through its immigration policies and urged a reduction in our refugee quota.

A public debate got underway. Every now and then Blainey would come out and say something new, keeping the pot boiling with a fresh set of headlines. Immigration minister Stewart West found himself very much on the defensive. He reasoned that there were a lot of Asians being accepted through the priority Immigration Department classifications for refugees and family reunions. So far in 1984, there has been a 30 percent Asian content in the overall immigration mix. But they accounted for less than three percent of the population.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Party had its policy-planning meeting at Thredbo, NSW. They very quickly put paid to Bob Hawke's "threadbare in Thredbo" taunt, for the 50 MPs at the conference had been most productive, putting together a new set of policies which veered strongly to the right. Firstly, the federal opposition announced a softer, more conciliatory approach towards South Africa (and apartheid). Then the following week, the Asian immigration issue exploded in federal parliament.

The Blainey view had been in circulation for a month by this time. One of the history professor's final statements had been, "It is the absence of debate in parliament which has prompted people to put slogans on the wall and express bewilderment." Perhaps the opposition believed National Action's graffiti and Blainey's more educated statements were representative of community opinion. Or perhaps it just wanted to believe it. In any case, Andrew Peacock stood up in the House of Representatives on May 8 and accused the Hawke government of having an "imbalance" in its immigration program. To correct this, he told parliament, more migrants were needed from Europe.

Peacock's call was taken up by other opposition members, while on the government side of the house, Home Affairs minister Barry Cohen shouted: "This is how it started in Nazi Germany!" Victorian Labor backbencher Lewis Kent got considerably more carried away. In fact he went beserk. He vaulted over the benches, shaking his fist and screaming

ERIC BUTLER: *"The Asian influx is going to lead to cultural disintegration and violence — you're getting it already. We're in retreat."*

"You racist bastards!" Labor colleagues restrained the MP from physically attacking honorable members opposite and led him from the house to calm down. Later, a more composed Kent told reporters he felt strongly about the subject because he'd witnessed "racism at its worst" as a child during the Nazi occupation of Yugoslavia.

Meanwhile, the opposition's campaign was continued in the Senate. Flo Bjelke-Petersen asked whether the current immigration policy was "pro-Asian." Attorney-General Gareth Evans shouted at her: "The League of Rights will be proud of that question!"

That night, Bob Hawke called a press conference and called for restraint. "I don't accept the existence of a problem," he said. Everybody had seen derogatory slogans and graffiti on the subject, said the Prime Minister, but he did not believe that reflected community opinion. The strength of the Australian community lay in its diversity. The PM stressed the value of Australians of Asian descent to their country, citing the example of heart transplant surgeon Victor Chang. He urged that "as far as humanly possible, we will eliminate from the face of public life in Australia this divisive issue."

Foreign Affairs minister Bill Hayden said the debate threatened to divide Australia and give the initiative "to the extremists in our community."

Penthouse approached two respected Australians — history professor Manning Clarke and author Donald Horne — to get a rounded view (bearing in mind that it was another historian who sparked off the public debate).

Lucky Country author and newly-appointed Australia Council chairman Horne said: "I was disappointed that Geoffrey Blainey, for whom I have a high personal regard, was so inept in his presentation of the matter.

"Firstly, he comes across as someone who doesn't like the idea of Australia taking refugees. One of the things Australians can congratulate themselves on is that since 1938, we have provided a haven for refugees from all over the world.

"Secondly, there has been wild exaggeration of the kinds of reaction to the terrifying figure of three percent [the Asian component of the community]. There hasn't, to my knowledge, been any great reaction apart from a little graffiti. I think it's the duty of cultivated and liberal-minded people like Blainey and Andrew Peacock to be careful about being used."

Horne said Australia, "once a country identified throughout the world by its racism, should be commended for having migrants not only of European but Asian origin."

While there had been civil disturbances over Asians in Australia's past, there had also been the so-called Dago Riots in Kalgoorlie during the Thirties. "In those days, it wasn't Asian people we were afraid of, it was Dagos, Polacks, Wops and so forth."

Manning Clark, author of more than a dozen books and Australia's most revered historian, said the Asian immigration debate was unfortunate and would damage this country's relations with near neighbors like Singapore and Malaysia. He said Australia had already gone through its racial teething problems with Asians more than a century ago. During the 1860s there were two riots over the Chinese presence on the Victorian goldfields. Many people were injured, but no-one was killed.

"On those occasions it was feared that it would lead to a disastrous civil war between Asians and whites," said Manning Clark.

"In fact, ever since the goldrush days, Australians have liked Chinese. To raise the question now is to put the clock back.

"What has happened with the Industrial Revolution is that it has gradually eliminated most differences between people, things like the perception of national types or social classes. It hasn't completed its work yet, but it will eventually.

"The most optimistic hope is that we will stop thinking of ourselves as Europeans, Asians or what not, and just start thinking of ourselves as human beings."

How's your TV trivia?
Try this quick quiz

THE TRITE STUFF

BY JIM PIKE

Firstly, let me say it's not my fault. It's the fault of the society in which we live. If it was up to me this article would be about something relevant. It is a fact, however, that as the world becomes more complex and technologically dependent, more attention is paid to those things which are of no importance whatsoever.

For two and a half years I ran a trivia quiz on a Sydney radio station. It started out as a 20-minute segment and ended up as a two-hour show which attracted callers ranging from solicitors to nine-year-old kids. All were eager to prove they knew that Lou Ann Poovey was the name of Gomer Pyle's girlfriend . . . not the sort of thing you'd forget in a hurry. Some 5000 questions floated over the airwaves in that period and it's about time this radio cult was legitimised in print.

Academics, stumbling port-ridden from Bergman films, have often asked me to define "trivia." This in itself is trivial in the extreme, but here are a few thoughts.

It is becoming apparent that a good knowledge of trivia these days will bring you more attention at parties than a Phantom ring did at school 30 years ago. Merely by mentioning that you know what emblem was on the side of the plane that took Ingrid away from Humphrey in *Casablanca* can do more for your sex life than a clean bill of health from the herpes clinic. The best trivia comes from the furry edges of your mind where all the things you thought you'd forgotten get together to compare notes. Names like Milburn Drysdale and Milton Armitage jostle in those dark recesses, occasionally springing into the glaring spotlight of the frontal lobes. Names from TV shows and commercials long gone lie buried among old phone numbers until someone stirs the dust with a challenge to prove that you know more about less than anyone else on your block.

Try these out and you'll be surprised at just how much useless information about old TV programs is still lurking amid the instructions on how to set your digital watch.

1. Pamela Stephenson is now well-known as the victim of sadistic hairdressers, but she first came to a sort of prominence as the secretary in a local detective series. What was the name of that series?
2. Basil Rathbone did a lot for lovers of detective fiction and cocaine when he made the series of Sherlock Holmes movies. Moriarty was his adversary, but what was Moriarty's Christian name?
3. A lot of those old TV westerns were really terrible, but they were never as bad as the lyrics in their opening songs. One song had lyrics that began: "Wild as the wind in Oregon, blowing up a canyon, easier to tame . . ." What was the show?
4. If you've ever had a love for redheads and you grew up in the Sixties lusting damply after the unattainable, you'll know the name of Paul McCartney's girlfriend of the time.
5. The KGB use electrodes, sensory deprivation and starvation to loosen tongues, but the CIA are more devious still. They'll strap you into a chair and make you watch re-runs of *Gilligan's Island.* Alan Hale Jr was one of the stars of that show. Name one other TV series in which he starred.
6. Every now and again American stars get washed up on our shores clutching contracts for their own TV shows. One of these was Ty Hardin. Do you remember the name of the program he made in Australia?
7. Of course, cartoons are something that we've all put behind us now, so you wouldn't remember the name of the family robot in *The Jetsons*, would you?
8. We were all young once and we can even recapture a bit of that watching *Dr Who,* which seems likely to go on forever. What was the name of the actor who played the second Dr Who?
9. Shirley Booth may have won an Academy Award, but she had to eat. So along came the title role as the housekeeper in *Hazel*. What was the name of the family she worked for?
10. This is an easy one, from one megalomaniac to another. True or false: Hitler's favorite movie was *King Kong?*
11. Artistically speaking, the *Six Million Dollar Man* was a lead weight around the testicles of taste. But technically speaking, what was he . . . a dendroid, a cyborg or a gonad?

Now that we've sorted out the stayers, it gets a little easier. To quote the immortal

ILLUSTRATION BY J 9

TRITE STUFF

words of the world's first madame: "From now on it's multiple choice."

12. Robert Conrad, Connie Stevens and Poncie Ponce were all stars of *Hawaiian Eye,* but there was one more. Who was he? Tom Erikson, Anthony Isley or Rick Danko.

13. Johnny Weissmuller just couldn't get away from the jungle, and when his body began to hang like his loincloth they dressed him in a safari suit and made him into *Jungle Jim.* Prime time telly in '59. What was the name of his dog? Jingo, Cracker or Skipper.

14. *The Samurai* grunted his way across our screens in the Sixties, along with his faithful friend and a small boy. What was the name of that boy? Shusaku, Tombe or Asaki.

15. Clint Walker, walking tall and mumbling small, starred as the craggy hero of the TV series *Cheyenne.* What was Cheyenne's surname? Bodie, Douglas or Smith.

16. Famous movie quotations. Who said: "What we have here is a failure to communicate." Was it Strother Martin in *Cool Hand Luke,* Gregory Peck in *To Kill A Mockingbird* or Sidney Poitier in *In The Heat Of The Night?*

17. Remember radio? Remember the quiz shows like the *Dulux Show,* the *Ampol Show* and *Cop The Lot.* Who was the regular compere of *Cop The Lot?* Was it Jack Davey, Bobby Limb or Bob Dyer?

18. Who among us didn't want to be Mickey Braddock? Never heard of *The Circus Boy?* Don't tell me you don't remember his elephant either. Was it Bimbo, Jumbo or Porky?

19. We're all entitled to change our minds from time to time — even authors. One of the world's most famous books was originally going to be called *All's Well That Ends Well.* What did it end up being called? Was it *The Decline And Fall Of The Roman Empire, War And Peace* or *Oliver Twist?*

20. *Andy Capp* was very popular for a while. While his wife Florrie was scrubbing the floor at home he'd be at the pub chatting up the barmaid. What was her name? Gwen, Jill or Alice.

21. True or false? John Meillon once played our first ethnic hero, Nino Culotta.

22. No trivia quiz would be complete without a question on Sergeant Bilko. Phil Silvers played the part, but what was Bilko's Christian name? Ralph, Ernie or Marvin.

23. If 76 trombones led the big parade, how many cornets marched behind?

24. Biggles, that doyen of derring-do, had William as his first name. True or false?

25. *Radish* was the name of a horse and one of Australia's most popular comic strips. Who was his owner? Nobby Walsh, Uncle Joe or Perce the Punter.

26. There are very few great Australian songs. One of them, whose lyrics have undergone more changes than a chameleon on a stained glass window, is "The Road To Gundagai." In the original "the trees are growing, the Murrumbidgee's flowing, beneath the sunny sky." What sort of trees are they? Wattles, willows or blue gums.

27. One of the all time country and western classics, "Shutters And Boards", was written by a Hollywood star. Who wrote the song? Chill Wills, Tony Curtis or Audie Murphy.

28. Frankie Laine, bless his shattered yodel, was responsible for a hit record in the early Sixties that was the theme for a TV western. Was it *Rawhide, Maverick* or *Wagon Train?*

29. Whatever happened to those great TV cartoon shows that were all the rage in the Sixties? Shows with characters like Benny the Ball and Officer Dibble? Do you remember the name of the series that

Which Japanese rubber monster lived on Infant Island? Was it Godzilla, Gamera or Mothra?

featured those characters? Was it *Huckleberry Hound, Top Cat* or *Calvin And The Colonel?*

30. *Hancock's Half Hour* is arguably one of the best comedies to come out of England — both on radio and TV. Australia even got a look in with a well-known Aussie playing Hancock's slow thinking mate. Who was the actor? Bill Kerr, John Meillon or Leo McKern.

31. True or false? George Raft's real name was George Raftberger.

32. Which well-known singer started out as a boxer and fought under the name of Marty O'Brien? Jim Nabors, Frank Sinatra or Wayne Newton.

33. Without doubt the trivia buff's favorite form of entertainment is the Japanese monster movie. One of these rubber beauties lives in a place called Infant Island. Which one? Godzilla, Gamera or Mothra.

34. True Or False? The fastest cricket century ever scored took 35 minutes.

35. *Fury* was the show, Uncle Jim was played by Peter Graves, and they all lived together on a ranch. Name the ranch. Was it the Broken Wheel, the Fire Creek or the Five Star Bar?

36. If you have a weakness for things sweet and sugary, then this piece of trivial information is absolutely essential. In Philadelphia in 1874 Robert M. Green invented something delicious. Was it the ice cream soda, the meringue or the apple turnover?

37. Is there anyone in Australia who hasn't seen an episode of *Greenacres?* That show featured an official from the Department of Agriculture. What was the man's surname? Was it Haney, Kimble or Dooley?

38. True or false? John F. Kennedy won a Pulitzer prize for literature.

39. In the comic world, *Li'l Abner* had a pretty good run. In fact, there was even a spin-off strip featuring Abner's hero, the detective who couldn't die. What was the detective's name? Dick Daring, Rick Spade or Fearless Fosdick.

40. In 1956 RCA Victor scored a world first by releasing an album which turned out to be the first million selling LP by a solo artist. Who was the singer? Harry Belafonte, Elvis Presley or Nat King Cole.

41. True or False? Clint Eastwood is allergic to horses.

42. *The Alaskans* was a one-hour TV series set in the Yukon with Roger Moore as one of its stars. The female attraction had already been seen in a show called *The Roaring Twenties.* Who was she? Dorothy Provine, Jane Wyatt or Barbara Eden.

43. Robert Shaw first came to fame when he buckled on a swash to play Dan Tempest in the British half hour TV show, *The Buccaneers.* If you remember his immortal performances and flashing teeth you'll remember the name of his ship. Was it the *Butterfly,* the *White Mouse* or the *Sultana?*

44. Coincidentally, when Henry Blake left *MASH* to be replaced by Sherman Potter, both their wives shared the same first name. What was it? Judy, Mildred or Martha.

45. Colin Peterson was a child actor who played the title role of *Smiley* in that Fifties movie. He ended up as a drummer with one of the biggest bands ever to come out of Australia. Which band? The Bee Gees, the Little River Band or Air Supply.

46. Clarence Nash does the voice of a famous cartoon character. Which one is it? Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd or Donald Duck.

47. *I Love Lucy* . . . how could we leave it out? What was Lucy's maiden name in the show? Miller, McGillicuddy or Maxwell.

48. *Hogan's Heroes* . . . another perennial. What was Kommandant Klink's Christian name? Rudolph, Wilhelm or Hans.

49. Tony Ward played the title role of *Hunter* in the Australian TV attempt to emulate James Bond. The token baddie was supplied by Gerard Kennedy. Did he play the malevolent Tarkis or Vardon or Krag?

50. On a yuletide note, "Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer" has sold over 130 million copies in 13 languages since it was released in the late Forties. The original sold over 12 million. Who recorded it? Rosemary Clooney, Gene Autry or Bing Crosby?

Well, how did you go? Surprising how much useless stuff your brain stores up. This sort of information is guaranteed to make you the life of any party, and should attract plenty of members of the opposite sex. Mind you, it can also attract members of the same sex, so keep on your toes. If you'd like some more useful trivialities to scatter around, take note of these. As you're opening the chenin blanc you can let drop that M.L. Byrn invented the corkscrew in 1860. And as you mention that you're now writing for *The National Times* you can squeeze in the fact that George K. Anderson patented the typewriter ribbon in 1886.

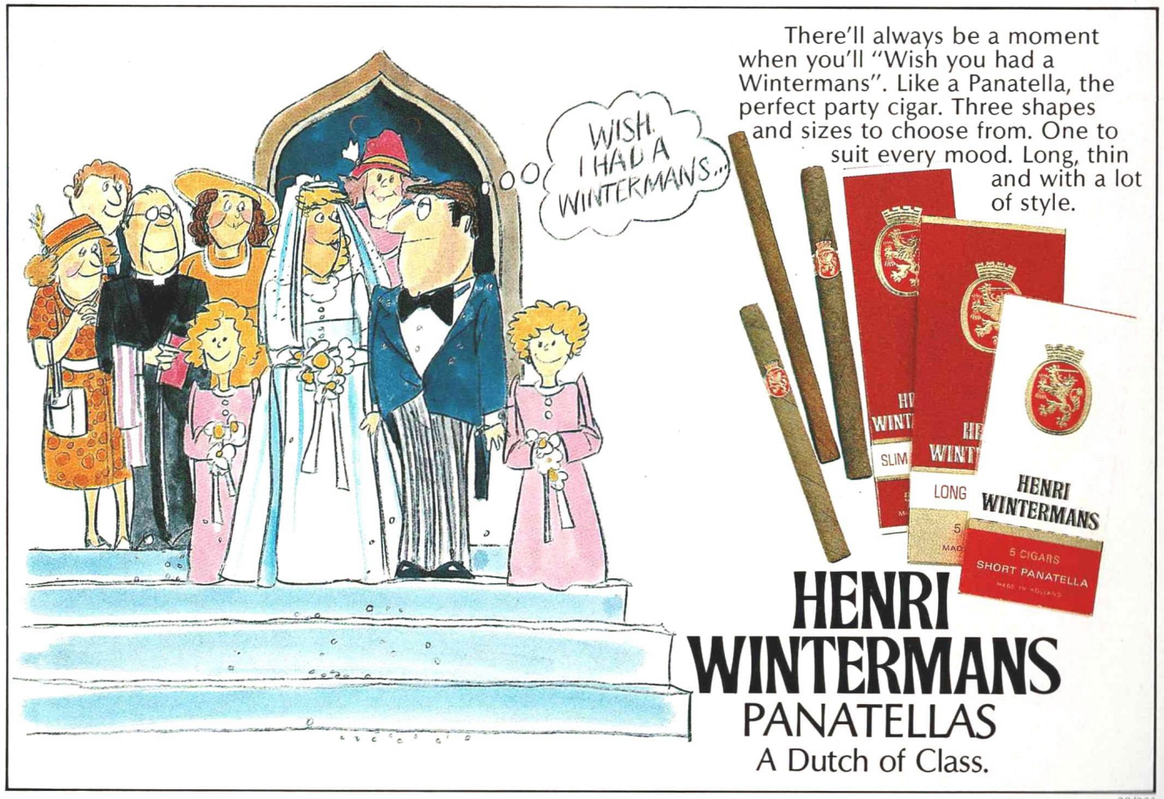
In Myer's you can inform the lady at the information desk that Nathan Ames was kind enough to invent the escalator back in 1859, and she'll be no doubt clammy with the news that in 1869 Mr O.A. North invented the coat-hanger, and if Michael Edgely drops round to your laundry to borrow the Simpson while his is on the blink he may want to back you in producing the life story of Alva J. Fisher, creator of the electric washing machine.

Where would we be without blacksmith Micha Rugg and his 1842 brainstorm of the nut and bolt, or Wally Hunt's safety pin of 1849. And could Bert Newton ever have reached those toothy heights without Washington Sheffield sitting down in 1892 to invent the toothpaste tube?

By the way, in case you're vaguely interested, here are the answers to those questions.

1. *Ryan* . . . when every he-man drove a Charger.
2. James . . . and he played the bassoon for kicks.
3. *Maverick* . . . the first time round.
4. Jane Asher
5. *Casey Jones*
6. *Riptide*
7. Rosey
8. Patrick Troughton . . . trivial huh?
9. The Baxters
10. True
11. Cyborg
12. Anthony Isley
13. Skipper
14. Shusaku . . . with rice.
15. Bodie . . . It had to be short so he could spell it.
16. Strother Martin
17. Bob Dyer
18. Bimbo
19. *War and Peace*
20. Alice
21. True. He played him in a radio serial.
22. Ernie
23. 110
24. False. It was James.
25. Uncle Joe . . . all bets are off.
26. Blue gums
27. Audie Murphy
28. *Rawhide*
29. *Top Cat*
30. Bill Kerr
31. False. It's Ranft.
32. Sinatra . . . ol' black eyes.
33. Mothra . . . try the Baygon.
34. True. (By Percy Fender for Surrey against Northamptonshire on August 20th, 1920.)
35. Broken Wheel
36. Ice cream soda
37. Kimble . . . with the mind of a duck.
38. True. In 1957 for *Profiles In Courage.*
39. Fearless Fosdick . . . and the name says it all.
40. Harry Belafonte . . . dayo.
41. True
42. Dorothy Provine
43. The Sultana
44. Mildred
45. The Bee Gees
46. Donald Duck
47. McGillicuddy
48. Wilhelm
49. Krag
50. Gene Autry and his singing horse.

All of of these are guaranteed to keep your friends amused until the drugs take effect. Which reminds me, George Crum invented the potato chip in 1853.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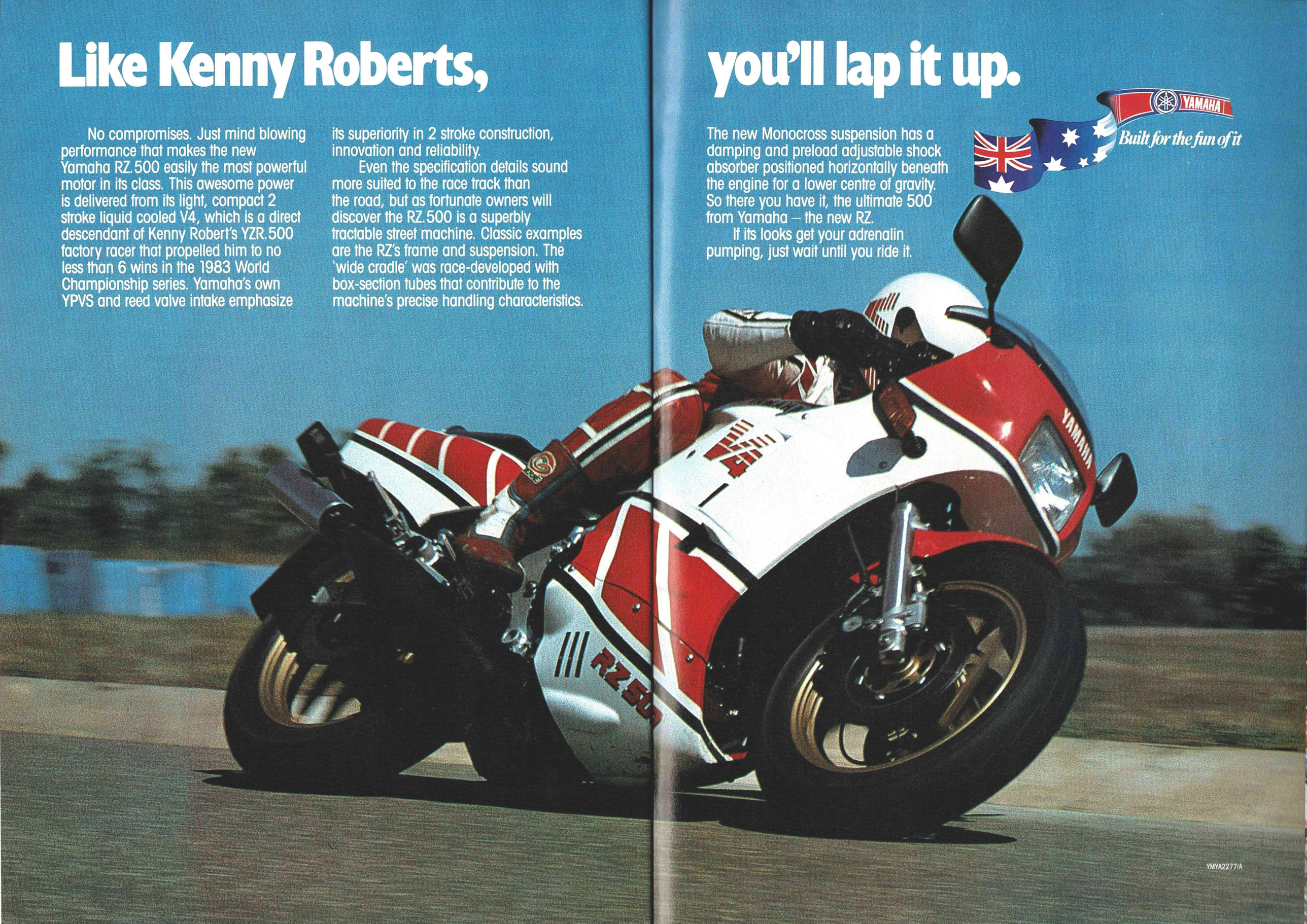

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THE RESURRECTION OF THE PRESIDENT

Like Jesus Christ, Lazarus and the Brylcream man, JFK is back

"When you're ready," he said, clicking his pen annoyingly. "There's no rush from our point of view. Take your time."

"How's the patient?" I asked.

"I haven't heard. When you're ready, then. Close your eyes if you feel it'll help."

"Every time I close my eyes I see a motorcade with a big banner floating over it: KENNEDY FOR '84."

"We'll come to that. I think we'd better go a bit further back to begin with."

"How far back: early childhood, my time in the womb, previous incarnations? I didn't mean that — cut my tongue off. I was only kidding. Actually our profession ought to be grateful to your profession for providing us with something to talk about for the past 70 years. I used to do a bit years ago about how psychiatry had provided us with the funniest and the unfunniest books in our literature. The funniest was Kraft-Ebbing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* and the unfunniest was Freud's *Wit And Its Relation To The Unconscious.*"

"I know. I caught you once at Berkeley in '68 when I was a student."

"Really? They were good days for me."

"Me too. You only need to go back to the start of this business as far as I'm concerned. Your own doctors can take you down memory lane if they want to."

"Okay. I can remember with crystal clarity the precise moment it started for me. It was a phone call I got in my dressing-room at the Moonglow Room six months ago from J.Victor Volney."

"The PR guy for . . ."

"He was researcher for me then. Or supposed to be . . ."

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

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RESURRECTION

J.Victor Volney had always been a Jonah for me, but one that seemed to be impossible to throw overboard. "It's me, J.Victor," he told me over the phone. "Meet me for lunch at The Spanish Earth in half an hour and I'll have another winner for you."

"Another? I'm still waiting for the first one."

"Come on, that was good stuff I gave you about Disney, wasn't it? Nobody had spotted that before. Did you use it?"

"I used it all right. That's why I can't meet you in half an hour. I'm under siege here. A group called GUT — Gays Under Threat — is picketing the Moonglow Room. They won't let me out."

It had been a simple piece of throw-away material. J. Victor claimed to have discovered that all the villains of Walt Disney movies were women — wicked queens, ugly sisters and so on. There was something to think about. If you responded, "What about Captain Hook?" I retorted, "Yeah, but he was symbolically castrated and ran around in skirts all the time." It filled up a minute or two of my act, that was all. But for some reason it had caused offence in the touchy gay community of our fair city. As I spoke on the phone they were busy right outside my door gathering kindling to burn me, in effigy at the very least. I was the only thing the gay press of our town had been able to agree on since they broke the vaseline boycott during the Vietnam War.

"What are they pissed off about now?" J.Victor wanted to know.

"I don't know. Why don't you ask them?"

"I'll have to. I'm getting you out of there anyway. This one is too hot to delay or to pass on over the phone. Be right over."

He came right over and, with a bit of shoving and a lot of bluffing, he got me out of there. We were seated in The Spanish Earth when he asked me if I'd seen Rosa del Monaco on television the previous night. "Who the hell is Rosa del Monaco?" I asked. "She sounds like a stripper."

"The psychic. Jesus. You're starting to get really out of touch, boy . . . you know that? You're lucky you've got me around."

"You do occasionally get me out of the trouble you got me into in the first place. I'll admit that."

"Listen to this," he said pushing the play button on his micro-cassette recorder.

A female voice was to be heard coming out of the tiny speaker. It was hesitant, as though its owner was in a trance or something: "A great American figure shall rise from a long sleep and will take charge of the nation in this hour of great trouble . . ." It went on for several minutes in the same vein.

"You're only human, Grigsby. That's why I'm letting you go."

J.Victor shut off the tape and said, to assist my deliberations, "She works for the Democrats, by the way."

"The Democrats? I can think of a few who fit the long sleep part but I can't think of anyone who fits the King Arthur or Barbarossa image."

"You're not trying hard enough." J.Victor lowered his voice so that I could barely hear him. "What do you know about cryogenic freezing?"

"The Freeze-Wait-Regurgitate stuff? Only that it's a giant swindle, up there with Uri Geller and Reagonomics."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Walt Disney — he was supposed to have gone into the icebox when he croaked it, wasn't he? I don't need any more Walt Disney material just at the moment, thank you."

"Try John Fitzgerald Kennedy."

"I already tried him once; I didn't like."

"It's the story of the century and you can be the first to break it if you get in quick."

"What bar did you pick this wondrous tale up in?"

"I admit it was more luck than genius; well, maybe it was a combination of the two. It's a knockout, isn 't it? What do you think?"

"Well I don't think it's true for a start. One, cryogenic defrosting doesn't work. Two, even if it did, Kennedy had half his fucking brain blown away. Even if you could thaw him out what do you do then — keep him on a life support unit forever?"

"In 1964 you couldn't replace part of a human brain. In 1974 you couldn't do it. Now it's not science fiction; it's science fact."

"Crap" I said. I looked squarely at him. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"Not as serious as the people behind this," he said. "They've poured millions into this thing. Miss del Monaco was the opening shot in the softening up campaign."

"What are you trying to tell me — that they're going to bring him back to life and run him for President?"

"That's what it sounds like. Shit, this is the greatest sleuthing coup of my life. I'm still trembling at the thought of it."

I didn't use the material. Apart from it's implausibility, it probably would have had cryogenicists, Kennedy worshippers and God knows who else, maybe necrophiliacs, picketing my dressing rooms. A week later I got a phone call from my second wife Elizabeth. She'd got bored waiting for me to save up enough money to divorce her and had moved in with a 21-year-old poet in the meantime. "J.Victor tells me you've been unco-operative lately." she said.

"No I haven't. He's got this fixation on Walt Disney which isn't a lot of use to me. I only keep him on out of loyalty."

"He's very upset. He got the story of a lifetime for you — this Kennedy thing — and you wouldn't use it."

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For those who appreciate the finer things

RESURRECTION

"I couldn't find a spot for it this week. I've got the act down pretty tight now."

"Well, *The Correspondent* used it on the front page of today's edition under J.Victor's byline."

"I've seen it," I said. "It was alongside the photograph of a bare-chested girl and above a story about an attempt to nail the Loch Ness monster by satellite. Mammoth Cryogenics denies the whole thing."

"I'm worried about you, Larry. A thing like this could have been getting headlines for *you*, starting you on the climb back to the top."

"I wish you wouldn't make it sound like a climb up the wrong side of Everest. Anyway, I'm more than capable of doing all the relevant worrying myself."

The worst thing was of course that the tale turned out to be true. The stunning announcement was made about two weeks after J.Victor's story broke in the paper. A couple of days later a videotape of the revival and brain implanting operation was made public. It looked convincing on television as the liquid nitrogen fumed and as they peeled away the layers of foil and fibreglass. Stage two was all gore and gadgetry, but was even more spellbinding and convincing than stage one.

The telecast destroyed most of the lingering doubts of the 47 percent of us (according to National Opinion Polls) who hadn't believed the original announcement. Everybody wanted to know, of course, where the man himself was. "Resting" from her ordeal, the official word was. (The unofficial word was that the silicon side of his brain was being primed full of all the information the original was deemed to have carried.) The talk shows were being hogged by Dr Malina, head surgeon on the revival team, the star of the videotape. The media immediately dubbed him "the Resurrection Man" but quickly changed their tune to "Dr Merlin." From the court of the new Camelot, of course.

Naturally, with the bulk of the nation talking about nothing else, even I had begun to make allusions to the subject in my act. "Seventeen and a half million dollars they say it cost," I was telling my audiences. "Christ. We could have built a completely new one for that money." Audiences, my kind of audiences, were laughing heartily at the whole thing at this stage. I thought that was a healthy sign.

The real turning point came with the first television appearance of JFK Mark II. Since it was scheduled for 9pm and I didn't want my audience to miss it I had a couple of large television screens set up on the stage. The mood of the audience that night was tense and expectant, but jocular. They were eating and drinking well — and laughing well. "I don't know what he's going to do for a living now he's back among us," I told them. "Be no good him going back to the PT boats — his head would be upsetting the compass every time he went near it." Cheers as well as laughs. "And as for this rumor that he's going to run for high office again . . . well, I don't want the Tin Man in the White House. I don't know about you . . ." But I did know about them, and they didn't want it either.

As soon as that face came on to the screen the mood of the room changed. I used to pride myself on being sensitive to an audience's feelings; this change of mood nearly knocked me over. JFK II appeared to be animate and human. There was a tasteful scar running down from his new forehead, but no bolts in the neck or bootmaker's stitches. "You know," he told the interviewer, "when they revived me and filled me in on what had happened the first thought that came into my head, and I thought it out loud, was: 'Say, does that star spangled banner still wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

Nobody in the audience had heard cornball like that for a long time. Some of them sneered and groaned, but you could tell it was with an effort. As for the others, they just stared. By the end of the interview the groans had died away altogether and the formerly groaning mouths were gaping below glazed eyes. He is risen . . .

The melodrama seemed to unfold swiftly and inevitably after that. I left the television screens permanently on stage for my act. They became my standard prop. I would spend part of each performance watching television, which sounds like easy work, but it didn't leave me feeling very easy at all. At first I'd simply been bemused and bewildered. But now . . . c'mon guys, a joke's a joke. This thing was getting out of hand. It was a perfect opportunity for the Power of Satire to do its stuff. I tried a little harder.

I really started to worry when Teddy Kennedy withdrew his lawsuit against Mammoth and certain other members of the Kennedy family. He'd admitted he was one of the original signatories to the secret freezing of nis brother's body but claimed that he had not authorised the defrosting or the tinkering, and stated that the nation's latest television star was not his brother in any meaningful (and *especially* any legal) sense. A week into the suit Teddy dropped it, publicly embracing his brother for the cameras. They went arm-in-arm to the internationally-televised ceremony of the switching off of the Eternal Flame at Arlington. From there it was a short hop, skip and jump to Rome, where the reunion with Jackie got more media coverage than Neil Armstrong's reunion with planet Earth. It was announced that they were just going to be good friends. The time was also found for an audience with His Holiness the Pope.

JFK II's rebaptism by Archbishop Manich after his return from Rome fuelled the craze for born-again Catholicism. It even got to Elizabeth. She rang me to tell me she'd been baptised again and was campaigning for JFK II in the primaries. "It's funny," she said. "I've been a Catholic all my life but I never really knew Jesus until now." I said I hoped they'd be happy together at last. "You should try it, Larry. You really should. It's changed my life."

"You were about due for a change of life, weren't you?"

"Your jokes are getting worse."

"You always did bring out the worst in me."

"J.Victor's gone through it. You wouldn't recognise him."

"I couldn't be that lucky. You sure you heard right? I heard he was a born-again capitalist."

J.Victor rang me the same day. "Where you been?" he asked.

"Where have I been? You work for me. I don't work for you."

"Didn't you get my letter of resignation? I'm working for the KENNEDY FOR '84 campaign now."

"Which Kennedy?"

"What do you mean, which . . . John, of course. That's what I rang you about. I might be able to get you a bit of work in the campaign — some gagwriting, maybe a couple of appearances. I can't promise anything very big to begin with, but you should get on the bandwagon while there's still room on board, boy."

"I don't think the campaign would like the kind of gags I'm writing at the moment."

"Jesus. You're not still persisting in that attitude are you? I thought you'd be over that by now."

"'Fraid not."

"It's your life. I don't suppose our paths will cross much from now on, but best of luck anyway. Jesus!"

I didn't wish him best of luck with his enterprises. Not that I saw any of the luck he wished me, in any case. My attendances began to fall away alarmingly. There were nights when I was left virtually alone talking to my television screens. (The management of the Moonglow Room made me understand that if it hadn't been for an all-weather contract I wouldn't have been talking to the television screens either.) This was during Kennedy's appearances before the House Committee on Technology. The committee had begun its questioning brutally. Inside a quarter of an hour JFK II had them eating out of his hand.

"Mr Kennedy," an early question had gone, "some people say they don't want a semi-computer in the White House."

"You could do worse," Kennedy said. "In fact I'm informed that during my absence you have done." The bastard was getting more laughs than me. When closely questioned about his sexual peccadilloes that had come to light during his long sleep he brushed the matter aside with a grin and said, "Gentlemen and ladies, I'm a man in my steady sixties now."

A funny thing happened after Kennedy passed the Committee hearings with flying colors — my audiences began picking up and soon began to overflow. It took me a couple of nights to work out who they were: they were all kooks, right wing conspiracy theorists who thought the shadowy Committee of Concerned Americans responsible for the Kennedy re-emergence was a front for a cartel of international bankers. Who was I to be finding fault with that theory? I don't know if they understood all I was saying, or even if they undersood it in the sense that it was said, but they became more devoted fans than ever the liberals had been. It was good interacting with human flesh again. I finally achieved my life's ambition: a magazine cover story, even if it was in *North American Patriot.*

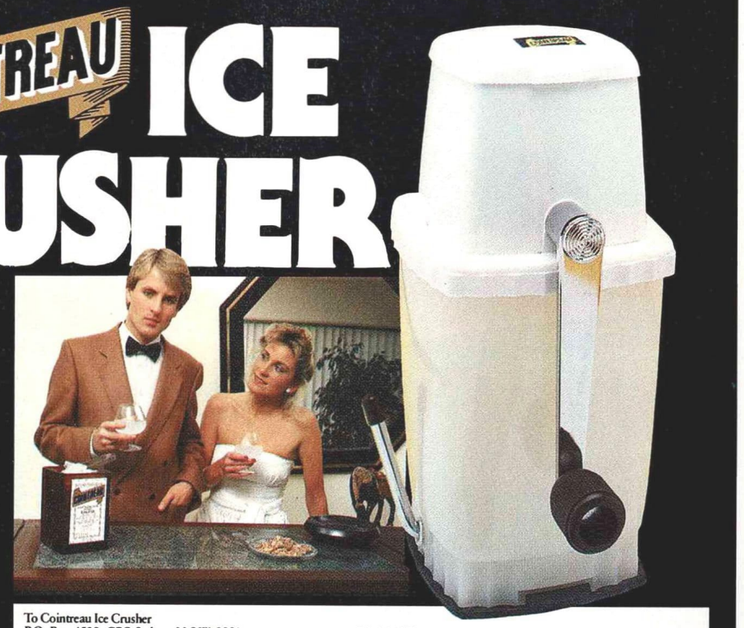
My followers turned out in force, many in pseudo-period costume, when I held my Boston Chip Party, tossing silicon chips and assorted electronic bytes and pieces into the ocean under the slogan REPRESENTATION WITHOUT AUTOMATION.

Teddy Kennedy went into the Democratic Convention stating that if he got the nomination he would be happy to accept

"I made it. I survived the food!"

SPECIAL OFFER

COINTREAU ICE CRUSHER



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Cointreau Ice Crusher. Special Offer $19.95

Cointreau is refreshingly different when served on ice. It's even better on crushed ice. Now you can crush all the ice you need – coarse or fine–easily and simply with this super quality Cointreau Ice Crusher.

The Cointreau Ice Crusher has stainless steel cutters, vacu-base grip and see-through ice bucket. Makes an ideal gift for any bar or kitchen. Super value at only $19.95 Available at this price exclusively through this offer.

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Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. This offer closes 30th September, 1984, unless all stock is sold beforehand. If your order cannot be filled, your cheque or money order will be returned. The offer is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18 years. Promotion by Profile Marketing Pty. Ltd.

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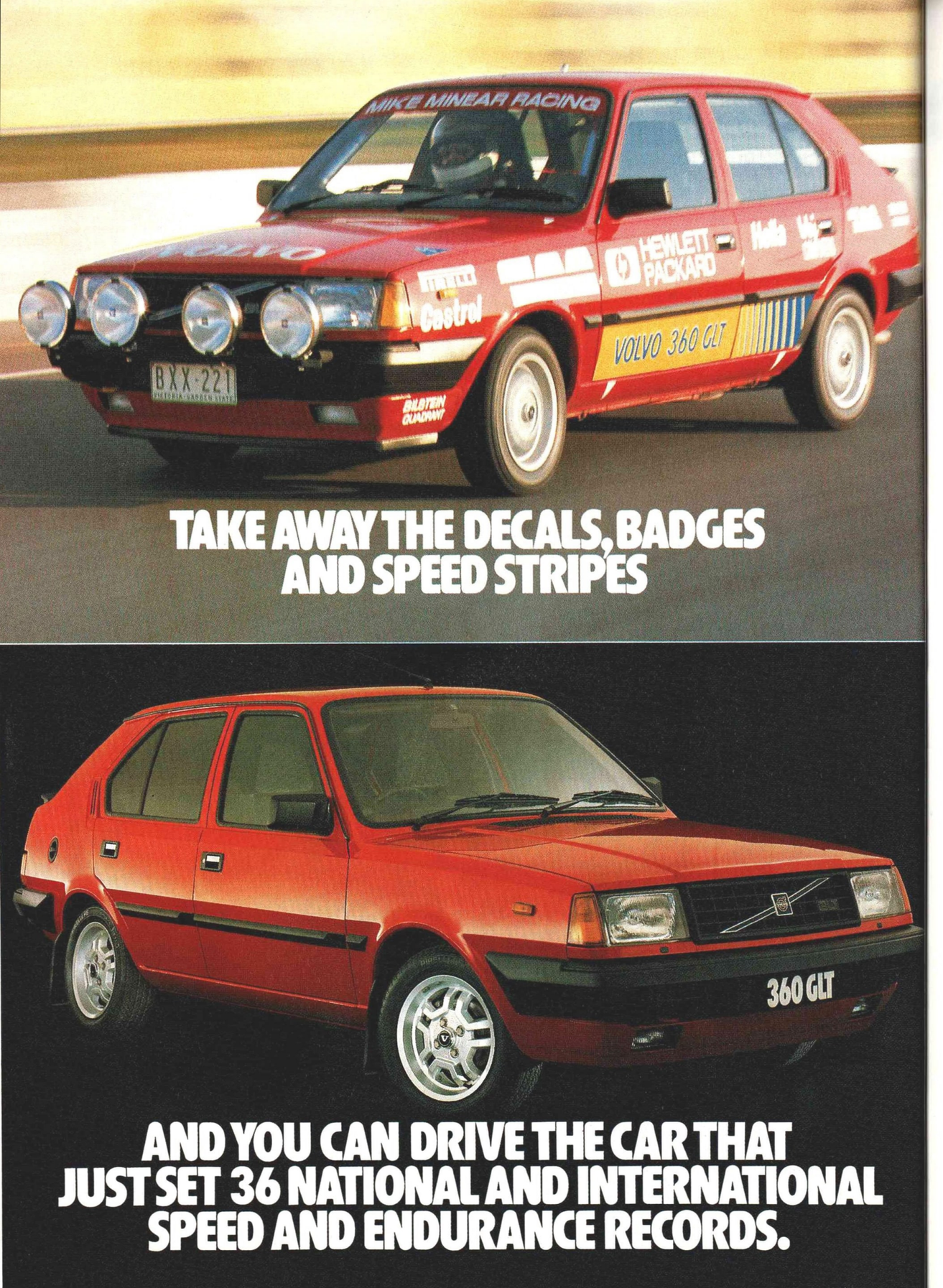

TAKE AWAY THE DECALS, BADGES AND SPEED STRIPES

AND YOU CAN DRIVE THE CAR THAT JUST SET 36 NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SPEED AND ENDURANCE RECORDS.

Take away the racing roll bar and extra driving lamps, and you have virtually the same Volvo 360 GLT you can test drive at your Volvo Dealer today.

A speedster that ran flat out for 24 hours recently at the Surfers Paradise International Raceway.

To its credit the car established no less than 36 best-in-its-class records.

These being 25 for Australia and 11 for the world.

While you might have been looking at other makes of cars on April 24th and 25th, the 360 GLT was blistering the track with very quick ¼ mile and ½ km times.

It coaxed records of endurance out of distances of 500, 1000 and 2000 kilometres.

The 360 GLT also returned 2646.6 kilometres for the 24-hour run.

So it's a car not just with speed, but heart.

Of course, this isn't just a cleverly engineered Volvo ploy to impress you.

The judges of Australia's motor sport controlling body, CAMS, supervised this trial.

They clicked the stopwatches and remained impartial.

Thank you CAMS.

Thank you Hewlett Packard for the "million-dollar array" of computer controlled timing equipment.

Thank you B.B.J. for creating the software package.

Thank you, TAA, for your generous support in Air Travel.

Thank you, Castrol for the quality lubricants.

And thank you to the drivers, Mike Minear and Team.

Now, the day you test drive this 5-speed, 5-door, 2-litre fuel injected wonder you may want to say thanks to your local Volvo Dealer

"Thanks for the experience."

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RESURRECTION

John as his running mate. He came out of the Convention more than happy that John had deigned to accept him as his running mate. "It made me feel young again," an interviewed woman in her fifties had claimed after hearing JFK's "we've-lost-our-way, we-can-be-great-again" set-piece. "Shit, with Kennedy running with Kennedy," an oldtime political campaigner had said, "they could run Roy Rogers with Trigger against us and not get a vote."

I wasn't inside the Convention. I was outside doing my side-show barker routine: "The greatest attraction since the Elephant Man. It walks like a man; it talks like a man. What is it folks? Decide for yourselves." It didn't take my lawyer long to get me out of jail after I was arrested, but there was a hostile press conference waiting for me when I got out, including a bitter contingent from the handicapped press. They wanted to know what I had against the Kennedy nomination. I said I knew that our expectations of President had been getting lower and lower over the years, but was a *live* one too much to ask? They asked me would I feel the same if Kennedy had been in a coma for 20 years. "If the Republicans want to run Karen Quinlan against him, they've got my vote," I said. Questions were thrown at me from all sides about dialysis machines and Roosevelt's wheelchair. "I don't know why you're wasting your searching questions on me," I protested. "I'm not running for President. Why aren't you over talking to the Manchurian Candidate?"

I put a proposition to them: "Suppose Lee Harvey Oswald was still alive — Ruby's gun had jammed or he hadn't got his alarm call that morning. He's done his 20 years with good behavior and marvellous psychological progress. He's released from prison, buys a gun and shoots Kennedy again. Can he be tried for the same murder twice? You're not laughing. It must be my delivery; it got a big laugh last night. I'll say it again." They didn't laugh the second time either.

As if I hadn't had enough aggravation that day, when I got home I was favored with a phone call from J.Victor Volney. "How've you been?" he said. "I'm just ringing you to tell you that I'm living with Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth who?"

"Your wife."

"I've got enough problems of my own without worrying about yours."

"I haven't got any problems. I'm just telling you; just letting you know — so everything's out in the open."

"You're a credit to your country, J.Victor. She still wear that genuine Old English Sheepdog hair poncho?"

"I don't know what you're talking about half the time."

"Neither do I, half the time."

In all the opinion polls Kennedy was running one point behind Father Christmas and two points in front of God. I tried every record company in existence with tapes of my recent shows. My old record company didn't want to know me; neither did anybody else want the tapes. Polygraph Records, being slow thinkers, kept the tapes for a listen while they were making the decision.

I waited for somebody to stop the Kennedy juggernaut. Nobody looked like they were going to do it. Where was the spirit of American enterprise? I decided I'd better do it myself. I'm a traditionalist at heart, so I sent away for a mail order rifle, found a tall building and waited. Then bang bang.

"Then bang bang, doctor. The end."

"That'll be enough for now, I think," he said. "I have to go out now. I'll be back later."

"Working on the first drafts of your book about my case, doc?"

He smiled. "Something like that."

He came back that afternoon. "The patient's doing fine," he told me. "They've put back all the electronics you shot out. It's just a matter of getting the software back in now. He'll be just like new in a couple of days. In fact there is some talk of gradually replacing the electronic parts with neural material now. It's perfectly feasible. One day you mightn't be able to tell him from the real thing."

"It's wonderful what they can do with a bit of vinegar and brown paper."

"His popularity has gone up since you shot him. It looks like being a landslide win. Your popularity has gone up too by the way. Your album is doing very well."

"My album?"

"*Beyond Satire* by Larry Martingale, Polygraph Records. First week in at number five."

"With a bullet?"

"Do you think you could give me a short, sharp, encapsulated reason why you shot him? You con't have to if you don't want to."

"Something quotable? You know what they say about assassinations: 'It's the only way us insignificant little people feel we can exert any influence on the mighty and almighty affairs of state. Not that it works.'"

"Mmm." His pen faltered on the notepad. He could feel fame and sales slipping away from him.

"I've been thinking a lot since it happened," I told him. "And I think the real reason I did it was because I was afraid."

"Afraid?" His pen had an erection.

"Yes. Afraid that after another week of that Kennedy steamroller — of listening to that voice and having that face grinning at me from every screen, every poster, every magazine on every news-stand, and every second lapel — that I might have ended up voting for the prick myself."

Introducing the camera that takes program cameras out of the experimental stage.

Ricoh introduces the first SLR to offer program ease without program compromise, the new XR-P. Never before have you had so much automatic/manual program freedom in a full-system SLR. State-of-the-art Ricoh computer technology gives the XR-P a 4K ROM microprocessor brain that provides amazing multiprogram flexibility to match any shooting situation.

You can select three basic exposure control programs, stop fast action cold with 1/2000-second shutter speed and enjoy full auto TTL flash shooting at any F-stop. The world's first TV Mode for Automatic TV photography is built in, together with a brilliant full-information LCD viewfinder. Interchangeable viewfinder screens, a multi-function electronic self-timer/intervalometer, detachable release grip and wide choice of lenses/accessories make the Ricoh XR-P a serious photographic tool.

Multi-Program Auto.
Simply select the best program for ultimate sharpness.
Action Program.

When shooting high-speed subjects and/or with long lenses, set the program selector to PA. This puts the Ricoh XR-P in the Action Program to capture the fastest motion. The microprocessor knows that it should pick the fastest practical shutter speed to prevent subject motion blur. This shift to faster speeds is done automatically by switching to PA.

Normal Program.
This program delivers fine results in average picture taking situations. Working in combination with the full range of F-stops, shutter speeds begin at 16 seconds and extend as high as 1/2000 second to handle the full scope of normal shooting conditions. Set the program selector to P.

Depth Program.
Use the Depth Program to bring both the foreground and background into the sharpest possible focus. Just set the program selector to PD and the Ricoh XR-P does the rest. The microprocessor selects a combination of F-stop and shutter speed that will produce maximum depth of field or deepest focus. All this without you having to know anything about F-stops or shutter speeds.

Ricoh Technological Advances Open Up a New Future.
The compact, lightweight XR-P incorporates the best of Ricoh technology. As a respected leader in the optical, electronic and mechanical fields, Ricoh blends these technologies beautifully in the XR-P. The results speak for themselves!

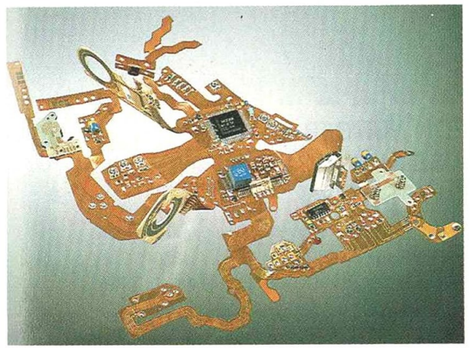
A 4K ROM microprocessor provides the 3-way multi-program AE system to extend your creative horizons in all directions.

Ricoh complements this remarkable advance with a full array of other futuristic features, including a light touch electromagnetic shutter release and ceramic shutter timing for shutter speeds up to 1/2000-sec. The world's first TV mode. An energy-saving LCD Viewfiinder. High-speed SpD meter element precision and a rugged die-cast aluminium body. The Ricoh XR-P is ahead of its time.

State-of-the-art technology gives you the future in full-system SLR camera design – now!

4K ROM Microprocessor.
The XR-P's 4K ROM microprocessor delivers unbeatable command accuracy and speed. This exclusive Ricoh microprocessor controls the automatic exposure, LCD, flash synchro speed, self-timer and other key systems with remarkable efficiency. Aside from giving you extra wide-range capabilities, it assures precise calculation and operation for superb results under diverse shooting conditions.

User Friendly LCD Viewfinder.
The energy-saving LCD viewfinder gives full information at a glance in any mode and makes



shooting in dim light easy. The program mode indicator appears at the bottom of the viewfinder as well as on the LCD display. Other information appears as it's needed on the right side. Switch-off is automatic after 60 seconds to conserve power.

Sophisticated Professional System Capabilities.
The XR-P is a total system camera, offering a full range of high quality accessories including the new Rikenon R-K lenses.

These interchangeable lenses feature a "golden contact" to eliminate the problem of program drift. Each is a high optical quality design. You have a choice of wide-angle, normal, a 28-100mm zoom with macro lens and 70-210mm zoom with macro lens.

The system range also includes the new XR Speedlite 300P program TTL flash, auto winder, angle finder, bellows, extension rings and all the accessories you would expect from a full system camera.

Talk to your Ricoh dealer soon about the remarkable Ricoh XR-P, the camera that's taking program cameras out of the experimental stage.

XR-P
MULTI-PROGRAM

RICOH
AFFORDABLE EXCELLENCE

Watson Victor

Satis Patel of East Killara in NSW receives a Canon AF35 camera for his winning Alfa photograph.

WIN AN ALFA ROMEO GTV 2·0!

Penthouse, Alfa Romeo Australia and the Canon company have teamed up offer you the chance to win an Alfa GTV 2.0 and a range of Canon camera equipment in the richest photographic competition in Australia. The Alfa GTV is a masterpiece of Italian design, with an exceptional weight to power ratio, perfect streamlining, luxurious appointments and a reputation as a speedy, robust sportscar.

The grand prize winner will also receive a Canon AE – 1 + Program f1.8 and case, a 1 × 70-210f4 lens and a 1 × speedlight 188A flash gun with a total value of $1160.

To enter the competition, which is running over six editions of *Australian Penthouse*, just send a photo incorporating an Alfa Romeo car or the Alfa Emblem. Monthly prize winners will receive a Canon AF 35 camera. The grand prize winner will be announced in the October issue. The type of photo you submit is entirely up to you. Black and white, color prints or transparencies are all acceptable, in any size from 35mm upwards. All entries remain the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be accompanied by the official entry form, which can be found only in *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. No facsimiles will be accepted.

The prizes are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to both amateur and professional Australian photographers currently residing in Australia, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse*, Alfa Romeo Australia and Canon Australia.

The competition coupon will be published in June, July and August *Penthouse*. Six monthly winners will be chosen by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. A selection of winning entries will be published in the magazine and the six monthly winners will each receive a Canon AF 35 camera.

A panel of judges comprising representatives from Alfa Romeo, Canon and *Penthouse* will select the final winning entry. The winner of the car's name will be published in the October '84 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. The winner will also receive a collection of Canon photographic equipment, valued at over $1000.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This contest is brought to you by Alfa Romeo Australia, Canon Australia and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

ENTRY COUPON NUMBER SIX
AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE ALFA ROMEO CANON PHOTO COMPETITION

Send your entry and the completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Alfa Photo Competition, *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. I hereby certify that the enclosed photograph/s were taken by me personally and I agree to abide by the judges' decision.

Signed: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Telephone: _____

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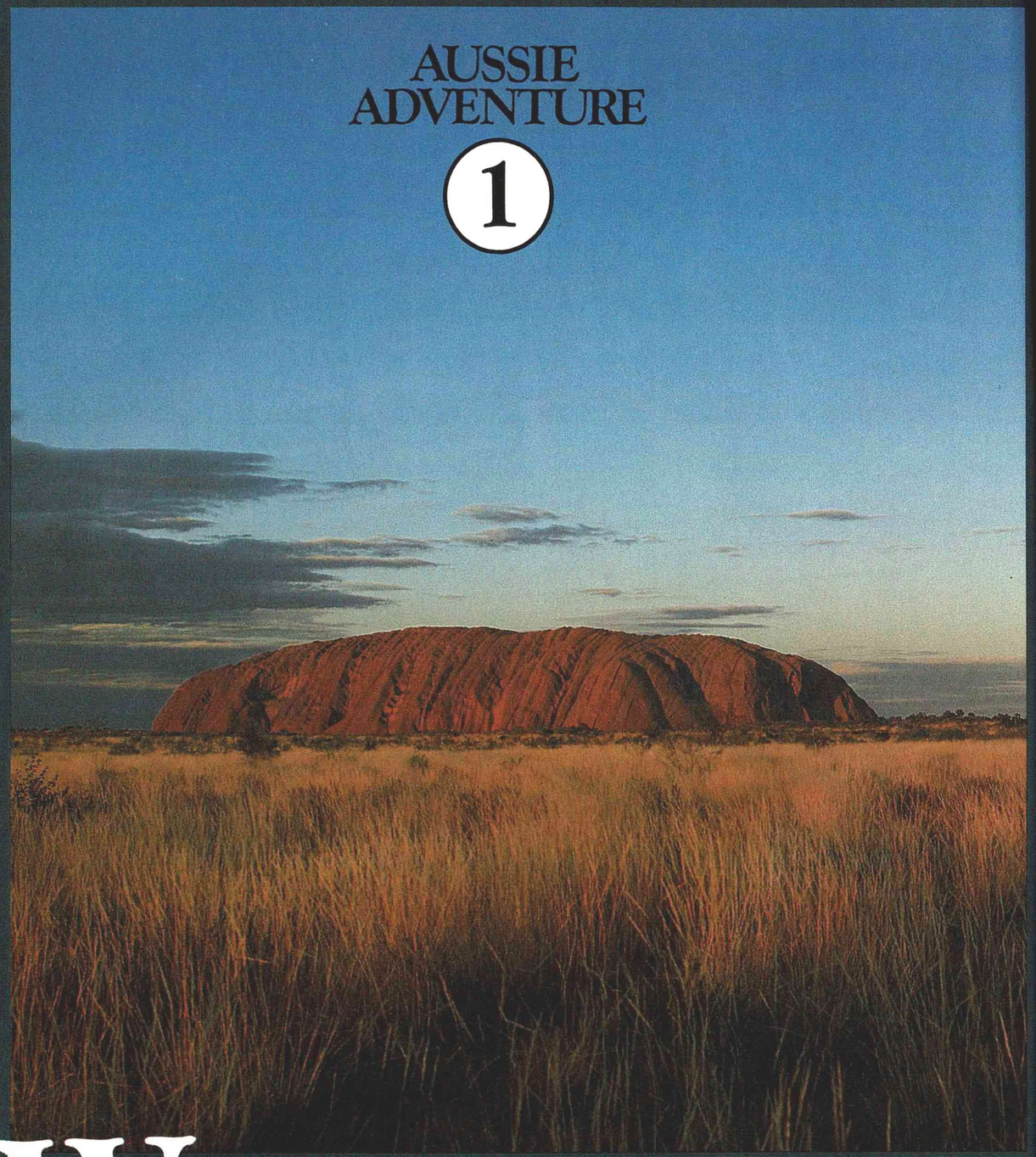

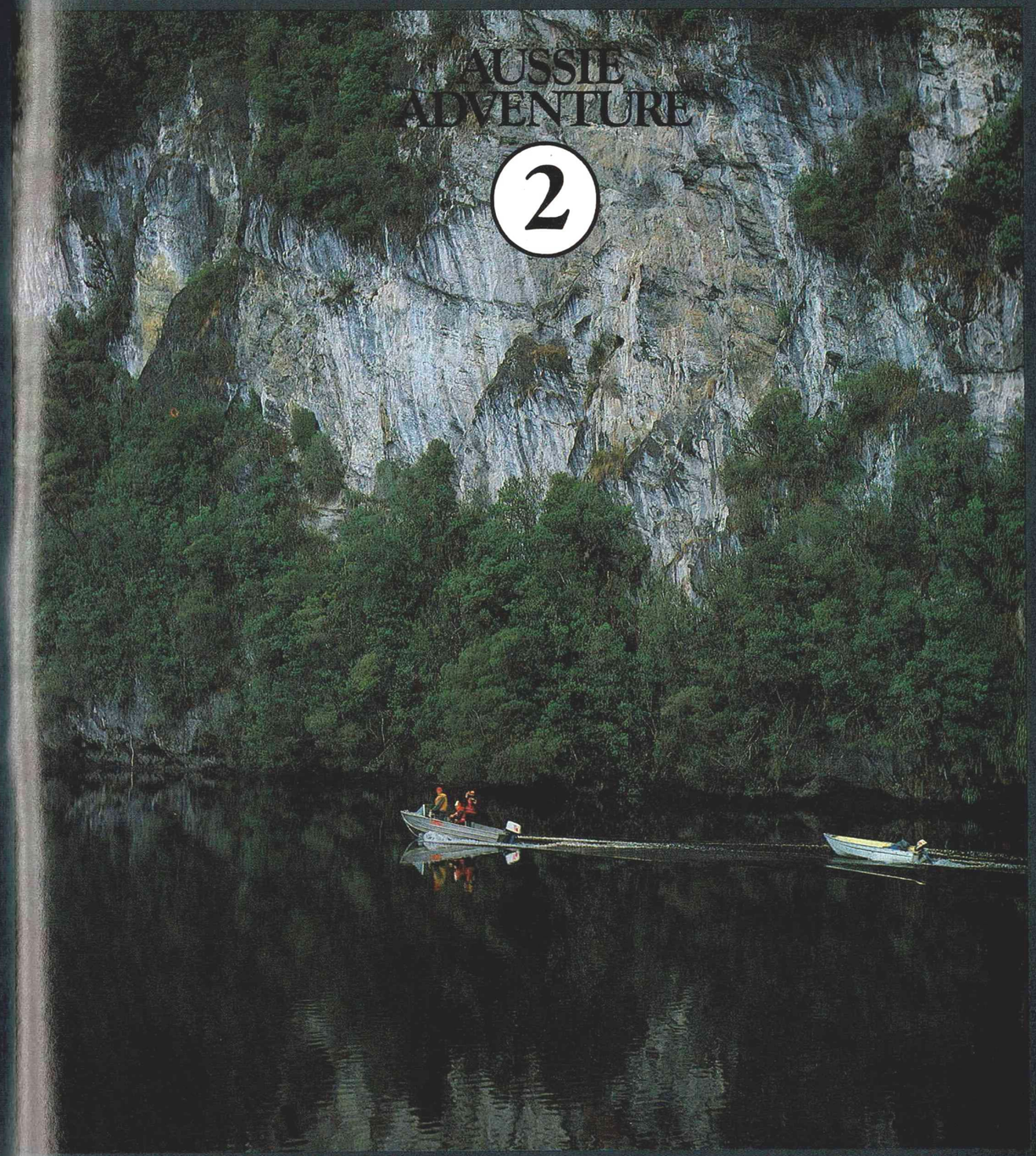

WIN AN AUSSIE ADVENTURE FROM BACARDI RUM & PENTHOUSE

WIN AN AUSSIE ADVENTURE

This month *Australian Penthouse* teams up with Bacardi rum to offer our readers a choice between two great three-week adventure holidays for two, with a combined value of nearly $12,000. Both the Northern Territory adventure and the Tasmanian adventure prizes include return air fares, luxury accommodation at the casinos in each state, all meals and equipment, and escorted adventure tours. *Both prizes must be won.* All you need do is select which holiday you'd like to win, fill in the coupon below and send it to *Penthouse*. The entries judged by the Editor of *Penthouse* to be the best in each category will win these exhilarating Australian adventures.

THE TERRITORY ADVENTURE

The Northern Territory adventure prize begins with an Ansett Airlines flight from your home city to Alice Springs, where you'll spend an evening in the casino before setting out on a seven-day camel safari, escorted by Noel Fullerton of the Virginia Camel Farm, through the rugged and starkly beautiful environs. Then you'll return to Alice and again fly Ansett to Darwin for a night in the luxurious new Mindil Beach Casino. Enjoy a Bacardi rum while trying your luck at the tables, then head off to the unique Katherine Gorge, 300 kilometres south of Darwin, to begin a thrilling Darwin Wilderness Tours five-day helicopter joy flight over spectacular canyons and on to the desert country for a buffalo round-up. You'll then return to the Mindil Beach Casino for another crack at the tables, and finally fly home via Ansett, exhausted and exhilarated.

THE TASMANIAN ADVENTURE

The Tasmanian adventure prize offers you the chance to experience the beauty and splendor of one of the world's last great wilderness environments. Ansett will fly you from your home to Launceston, where you'll spend the evening at Federal Hotels' Country Club Casino. The adventure starts the following morning with a Craclair's tour guide taking you through the breathtaking Tasmanian high country. You can choose between climbing a towering peak or swimming beneath a sparkling waterfall. You'll then fly on to Hobart for an evening at Wrest Point casino, where you can wind down with a few Bacardis before hitting the wild white water of the magnificent Franklin River. The Adventure Travel people will ensure you have the ride of your life through the spectacular wilderness of south-west Tasmania. Then it's back to Hobart for a special adventure celebration evening at Wrest Point before returning home via Ansett.

Both of these exciting three-week holidays for two have been arranged by the Bacardi rum people in conjunction with Ansett Airlines, Federal Hotels and the tourist bureaus of the Northern Territory and Tasmania. The tour operators responsible for guiding the competition winners through these uniquely Australian environments are the best available. All expenses are paid, and all hassles will be taken care of. At the same time, these adventure prizes are not for the faint-hearted or unfit. Tackling a seven-day camel safari or taking on the mighty Franklin in a rubber raft are both adventure experiences requiring a hefty measure of endurance. However, both holiday prizes offer the chance to recover from the rugged adventure tours in the finest possible style.

If you're ready for this sort of action, just fill in the coupon below, being sure to make your choice between the Northern Territory and Tasmanian adventures, and send your entry to *Penthouse*. The two lucky winners and their partners are guaranteed to experience the three-week holiday of a lifetime.

Clip and send this completed coupon to Bacardi Rum Adventure Competition, *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. First select which holiday you would like to win, then answer the question in the space provided.

☐ I would like to enter the Territory Adventure category

☐ I would like to enter the Tasmanian Adventure category

Question: Can you create and name a simple drink, using Bacardi rum, that you'd like to have on hand to celebrate your adventure holiday? Describe the ingredients below, keeping it short and simple.

_____

_____

_____

Name:.....

Address:.....

.....Telephone:.....

Optional:
I would like more information on adventure holidays in:

☐ Tasmania ☐ Northern Territory

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form, but only one entry per person is allowed.

The promoters, including *Australian Penthouse* magazine, will endeavor to comply with all requirements of the winning entries, but will not be held liable for failure to do so.

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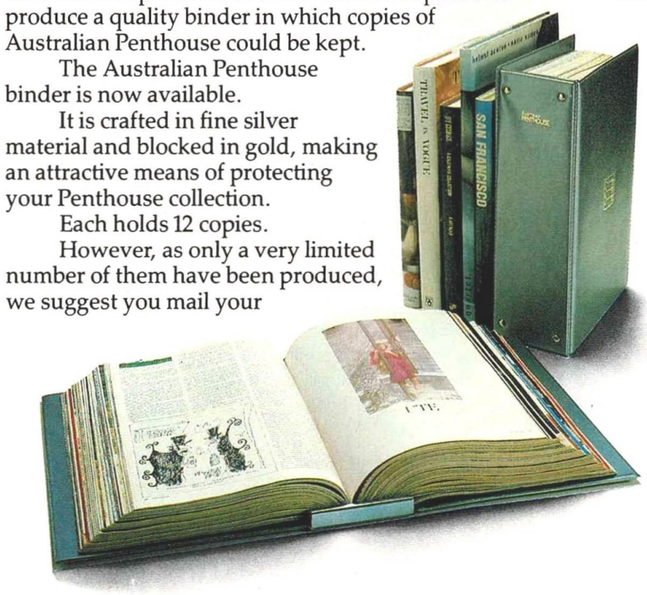

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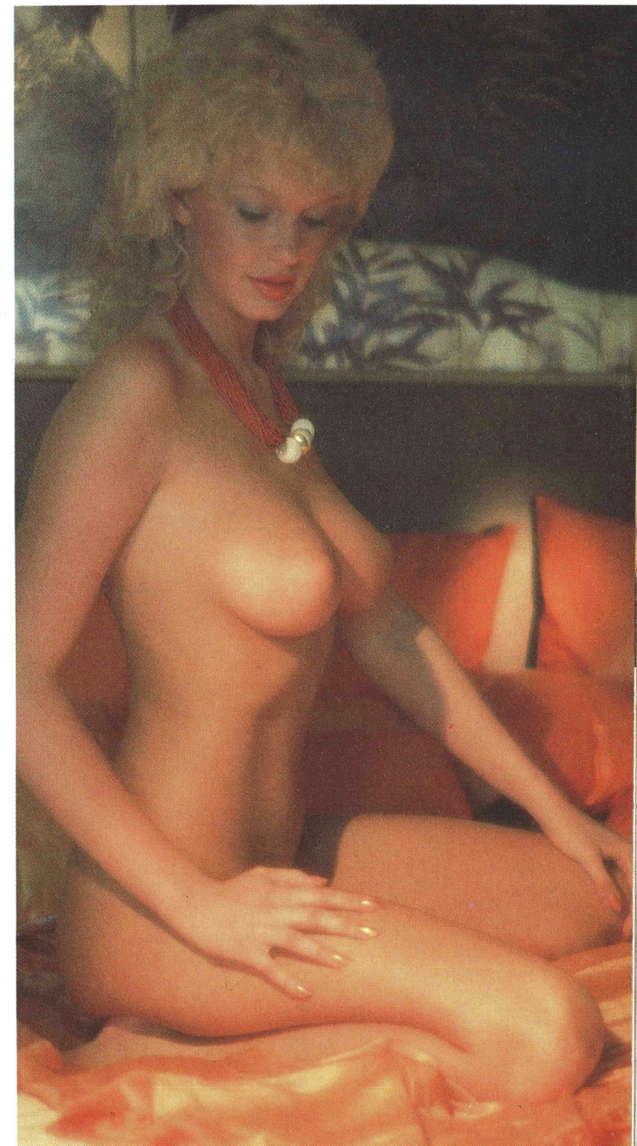
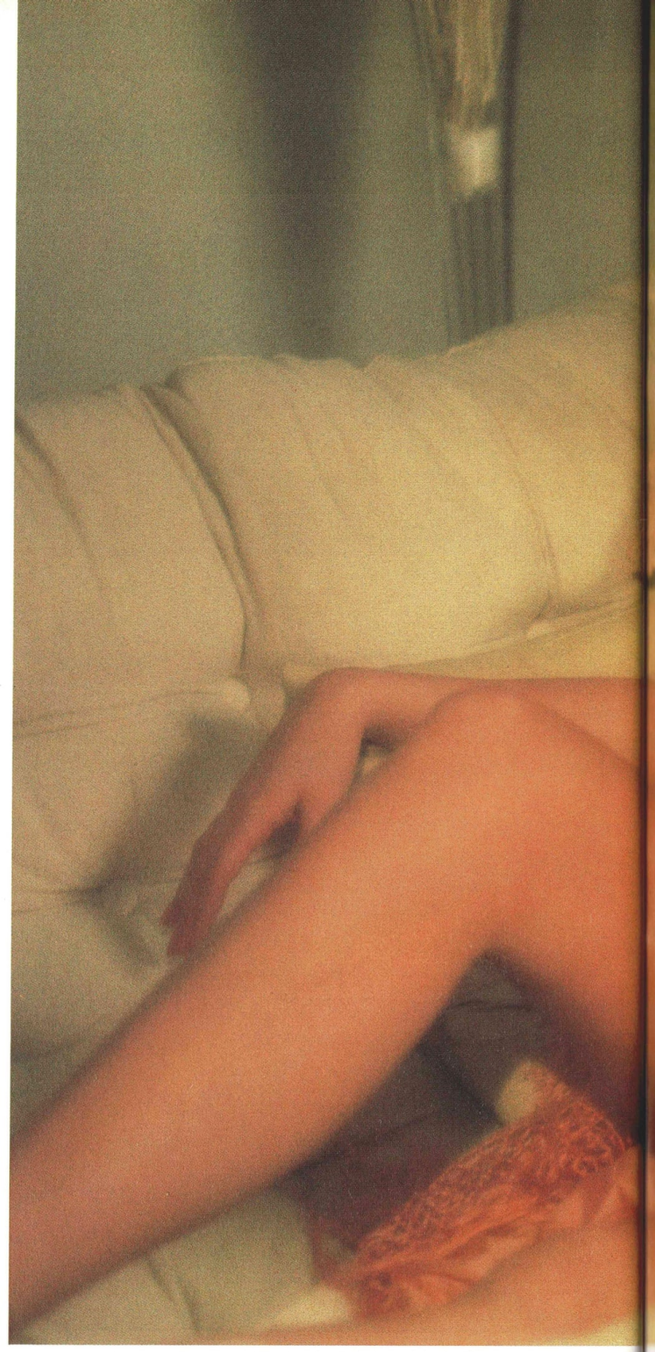
EDUCATING RITA

Rita Flanders is quick to admit that she's got a lot to learn. While she's not what you would call a dumb blonde, it is fairly obvious once she gets talking that she's very, very naive. A dangerous trait in the big city, but one that's yet another refreshing aspect of this perfect young woman.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER





It's hard to say how long that
naivety will endure the ravages of city
slickers and manipulating macho wolves,
but Rita, fresh from a small country town,
seems to be holding up so far.

"I don't know what it is about me," says Rita with a hint of a lisp. "I always seem to bring out the paternal or big brotherly side of men. They all like to play games with me and ask me to sit on their knees."

Our child-like Pet came to the city six months ago to work as a secretary, and it's not as if she hasn't had a few boyfriends since she hopped off the train. But she tends to attract the sort of decent chaps who like to play the role of minder.

Rita says she's keen to learn all the right moves of a sophisticated woman, and effervesces that she'd be a model student for the right worldly teacher. There's little doubt she'll find her Professor Higgins, but as far as we're concerned she gets top marks just the way she is.

MOTORING

SUPER SERIES

A couple of grand in prize money has lured some of Australia's top drivers away from the touring ranks

BY PETER McKAY
PHOTOS BY PHILLIP CHRISTENSEN

It's the old racetrack promoter's ploy: put up a big slab of gold and stand back and watch the fur fly.

Super Series '84 was the brainchild of Bob Jane, the pugnacious millionaire owner of Melbourne's Calder Park and Adelaide International Raceway. Peeved because contractual obligations to the Seven television network meant his tracks missed out on a plumb ABC-televised touring car title round, the feisty Jane decided to kick off a rival series for showroom production cars at his circuits and at the similarly deprived Amaroo Park near Sydney.

The bait: $200,000 spread across six races . . . a far bigger purse than any offered to the touring cars.

Thirty-seven cars showed up at the first round at Calder, and lurking among the entries were plenty of defectors from the touring car ranks, including hot operators like lauded engineer/drivers Brian Sampson and Amaroo 300 winner Barry Jones.

The headliners were Colin Bond driving a factory-backed Alfa Romeo, Allan Grice in a Nissan Exa Turbo and *Penthouse's* Kevin Bartlett in a Mitsubishi-Ralliart Starion Turbo. The three pros' collective credentials: a total of eight national motor racing titles plus a couple of Bathurst 1000s. You'd reckon such a handy threesome would make a right old mess of the production-car regulars — guys who could hardly be called household names. But not so.

At Calder, the usually impeccable Bond missed a gear at the start and finished fourth. The irascible Grice wreaked havoc and finished seventh before heading off to the panel shop, and grim Bartlett, his car underdeveloped after a rush to get it to the grid, was back in 13th. The round was won by a production car specialist, an amiable 34-year-old Melbourne accountant with a neatly trimmed goatee, Peter Fitzgerald. He'd organised himself early, purchasing a Starion back in February and covering countless laps at Calder to get his car operating at its best.

Another Starion crossed the line second, but it was later scrubbed from the

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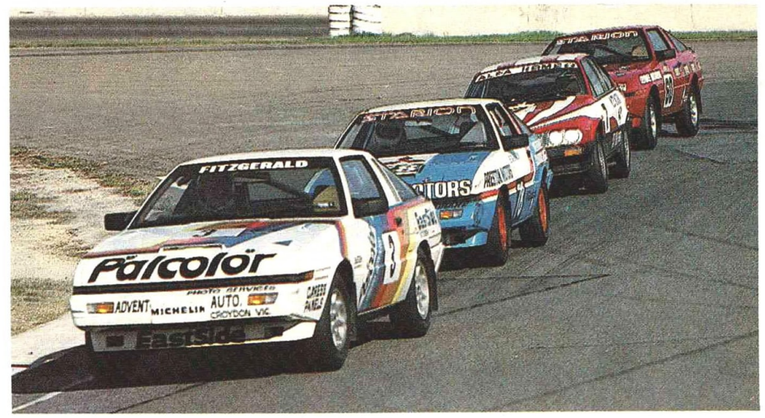
SUPER SERIES



An impressive line-up of Super Series '84 horsepower

results after scrutineering revealed some illegal go-faster fiddles. Fudging, the motor racing euphemism for breaking the rules, has emerged as one of the problem areas of this class of competition. The stakes are high and some drivers are prepared to gamble on not getting sprung. Scrutineers can't thoroughly check every car at every race meeting. Turbo technology brings new headaches to the scrutineering bay. How can a scrutineer, probably a motor mechanic Monday through Friday, be expected to know the intricacies of computerised black boxes that monitor the engine systems of turbo-charged cars?

The rule enforcers tend to concentrate their attentions on the quick machines, though a lowly-placed Falcon was declared black and the driver given a two-month holiday after Calder scrutineers noticed irregularities in its braking system.

Race star John Smith recently roundly condemned cheating, describing it as a sophisticated means of thieving prize-money. Smith and others have been calling for harsher penalties including lengthier suspensions, but with little support. A Thursday night tribunal after Calder gave one driver a laughable 20-hour suspension so that he could race in Adelaide that weekend. Drivers are only considered cheats if they get caught, and so the battle with scrutineers continues.

The good news about Calder was the racing. It was full-tilt, all action, crowd-pleasing stuff, although sadly there were few spectators to please. Our man Bartlett was fined $200 for dishing out a lesson to a recalcitrant rival, and it was reported that just five of the 37 cars escaped paint or panel scars.

Bartlett and his mechanics — Ron Eagle and Ron Missen — didn't mess about after Calder. The Starion was bundled into the transporter and despatched in the direction of the City of Churches, where round two of the Super Series was scheduled just seven days later. In the limited time, some improvements were made to the car's handling. But time ran out.

Come Sunday and wily veteran Sampson trumped Fitzgerald — a big Starion double — with Bond third. Bartlett improved dramatically to seventh, but those on the outside looking in continued to ask the awkward questions. Like how come the factory-backed car is getting caned by the privateers? And why are the pros being humbled by blokes no-one has heard of? Never heard of Brian Sampson? He only won the 1975 James Hardie 1000 co-driving with Peter Brock.

The sobering fact is that the difference between sipping champagne and running seventh can be fractions of a second in lap times. Few changes are allowed to these essentially stock standard road cars: the scant freedoms relate to shock absorbers, exhaust systems, brake pad material and spark plugs. There's no great room for technical expression there. These constraints place so much importance on bringing the car's braking, handling and engine tuning to their optimum.

Tyres are another variable. They must be commercially available radials just like the ones you buy from your friendly dealer. The teams spend anything up to $100 on a brand new steel-belted radial and then buff down the tread to within two millimetres of its life. It sounds crazy, but tyres treated in this fashion work better on the racetrack. There's less tread squirm, and after a few laps of careful "scrubbing in", the nearly bald radials will produce lap times 1.5 seconds faster than a set straight off the rack.

The grapevine was overworked during the weeks leading to round three at Amaroo Park. The European cars, it was said, were ready to take the challenge to the Japanese Starions. In trials, Alfa man Bond had reportedly left the category lap record in tatters and was quickly installed as favorite. And reigning category king Stephen Brook also practised brilliantly in his Perrier BMW.

In the *Penthouse*-Mitsubishi camp, Barlett was starting to smile after a long day's testing with a selection of shock absorbers and brake pads had produced some positive results. He didn't believe a win was possible, but he promised he'd be closer to the front.

Qualifying results tore the heart out of the Alfa and BMW teams, both of which failed to reproduce their scintillating practice form. Fastest were the Starions of Fitzgerald and Sampson. And on race day, Fitzgerald breezed to a flag-to-flag victory, followed home by the Alfa of Gerry Murphy, and then Bartlett, who put in the best drive of the race.

The television coverage missed most of KB's gritty and at times brutal charge back through the field after a three-car startline dust-up dropped him to a lowly 10th at the first corner. Afterwards, Bartlett and Brook were heatedly telling different versions of the fender-graunching incident which may have been triggered off when Bond went looking for second gear and found fourth. Despite the battering the car took, Bartlett was pleased with the results, particularly in light of the development work still to come.

If Bartlett didn't have enough on his mind before his Super Series race, he also had to endure the agony of watching his *Penthouse* connection, in the person of P. McKay, driving the Ralliart Starion in a heat and then the final of the NSW Goodyear/Stallions Stable Series. The car had been an encouraging equal second quickest during qualifying — with Fitzgerald again the nemesis. A botched start followed by a heartstopper at Amaroo's infamous Loop destroyed self-confidence and chances. A disappointing sixth was the heat result, which meant starting from sixth grid spot in the final.

The Starion's biggest assets are its power and braking. It's also a forgiving motor car, one that doesn't bite back if the driver pushes it too hard. These attributes were appreciated during the eventful final. The gaps opened and the breaks came in the eight-lapper, and second place behind Fitzgerald and ahead of the Commodore of Mark Gibbs and the Brook BMW didn't prove too upsetting.

At Oran Park a week later for the Castrol Flying Fifty, Brook turned the tables but it was a race the *Penthouse* Ralliart Starion perhaps should have won. The driver's story, and he's sticking to it, is that the rear brakes locked momentarily when he dived under Brook for the lead three laps from the end. In any event, the Starion skewed sideways and Brook scrambled away to take the money. For our team, it was another second placing and humble pie for dinner.

Winning races is never easy. If it was, everyone would be doing it. But we're getting there. After Amaroo the ebullient KB was looking for anyone prepared to bet against him taking at least one victory during the remainder of the year. There were no takers.

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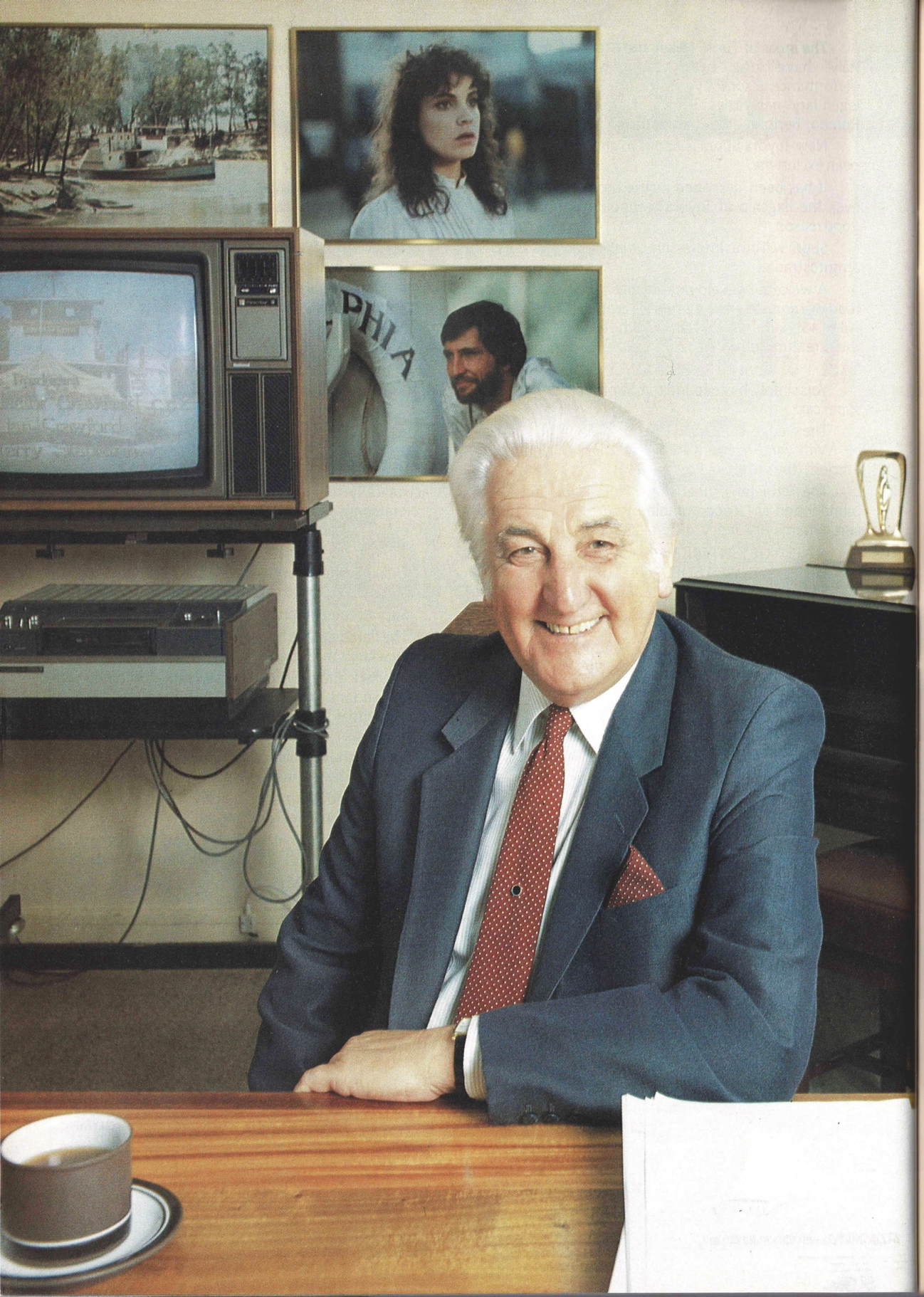


PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

HECTOR CRAWFORD

> It's enormously important to contemporary and future Australia that we most seriously consider what we're putting over the airwaves

Back in 1981, just as he was about to start filming *The Man From Snowy River*, director George Miller looked around at the crew of technicians. Suddenly he burst out laughing, and it wasn't until after he'd caught his breath that he was able to explain the outburst. He was working, on this four-million dollar feature, with virtually the same crew he used to film the Crawford television series *Matlock Police* 10 years before.

Without the lifetime effort of Hector Crawford to raise the Australian consciousness through radio and television drama, the Australian film industry might never have reached its acclaimed standards of creativity and technical excellence. Crawford Productions, through the landmark series *Homicide* in the early Sixties and its stablemates, *Hunter, Division Four, Matlock Police,* became a training ground for writers, directors, producers, actors, technicians and all those others behind the scenes who were necessary for the revival of the film industry in the Seventies. Hector Crawford, often dubbed the "Father of Australian TV", was the pioneer who virtually had to start from scratch when the demise of radio drama (with the advent of television) wiped out his business. Almost single-handedly, he did the impossible — he persuaded the commercial networks to buy and transmit Australian-produced drama in prime time.

Until the phenomenal public acceptance of *Homicide* the commercial television broadcasters had been able to block any intrusion by local drama into their programs. Australian TV was virtually the exclusive domain of American westerns, cop shows, variety shows and situation comedies. It was argued that Australian viewers were not the least bit interested in seeing Australians on the screen.

With the ratings success of *Homicide* the Seven Network's competitors wanted a police show with the same winning formula. First Nine, and then Ten. And for a time, at the start of the Seventies, all three networks were dependent on Crawford for high rating police dramas. It was a far cry from the Fifties when Crawford, frustrated with the networks' closed door policies on Australian drama, went to print with a booklet arguing that television "could make a vital contribution to the development of a specifically Australian consciousness and sense of national identity."

He's certainly achieved a lot for a man who, born more than 70 years ago, originally planned on a career in music. Crawford grew up at a time when there was a very active Australian film industry; he was conscious of it but never involved. A choirboy in a cathedral, he was never a "film buff." It was his sister, Dorothy, who had theatrical aspirations. She ran dramatic societies and gradually drew Hector into her world, where he was able to expand his musical interest into a general involvement in entertainment. It was on this broad base that Hector and Dorothy Crawford's future as one of the most successful radio production teams was launched.

Close to 50 years ago Crawford joined a private company, Broadcast Exchange of Australia, as a musical director, and in due course took over the reins when the company fell into financial difficulty. Rather than accept the decision that the company be wound up, Crawford persuaded the directors that it could be reorganised. Part of his plans included branching into drama production and he called on Dorothy, then a radio drama producer at the ABC, for help. She would "moonlight" for her brother on the company's productions, then for his own company, Heathcroft Productions, before finally leaving the ABC and going into business with him. Between them, brother and sister were at the forefront of what could, unsentimentally, be called Australia's "golden era" of radio, with talents as diverse as Peter Finch, John Meillon, Rod Taylor, Ray Barrett and Morris West in the industry.

And the whole world, rather than just Australia, was the Crawfords' stage. They were selling dozens of dramatic and musical radio productions to just as many countries. The company built itself into the enviable position where it was able to pre-sell its series — such as the 52-episode *The Blue Danube* — to countries around the world over the phone.

It was not to last. The entertainment industry was overturned with the arrival of television, and the two commercial television networks, Seven and Nine, were reluctant to program anything but cheap American imports. It was a situation that Hector Crawford was not prepared to tolerate.

The 1953 Royal Commission into television made recommendations that the television stations should create programs that would set acceptable cultural standards and further important national objectives. The Commission also made it quite clear that the television stations had an obligation to ensure that the best use was made of Australian talent. However, the two commercial stations were most reluctant to observe such guidelines. Crawford believed that Australia's national identity was in danger of being lost under the deluge of American programs the stations were showing. It was his contention that the arts and sciences of this nation had to be preserved in the same way as its industrial structure had to be defended — by prudent and reasonable protection.

It was an argument that the commercial stations were reluctant to listen to, and it was not until 1961 that Crawford was able to get his first drama production to air nationally. Produced on the proverbial shoestring, *Consider Your Verdict* was a one-set courtroom series — little more than radio with pictures. But it was a start. *Homicide*, the first of the police shows, came three years later, and with its success the way was open for on-going production. In subsequent years, *Division Four, Matlock Police, Solo One, The Sullivans, The*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP QUIRK

INTERVIEW

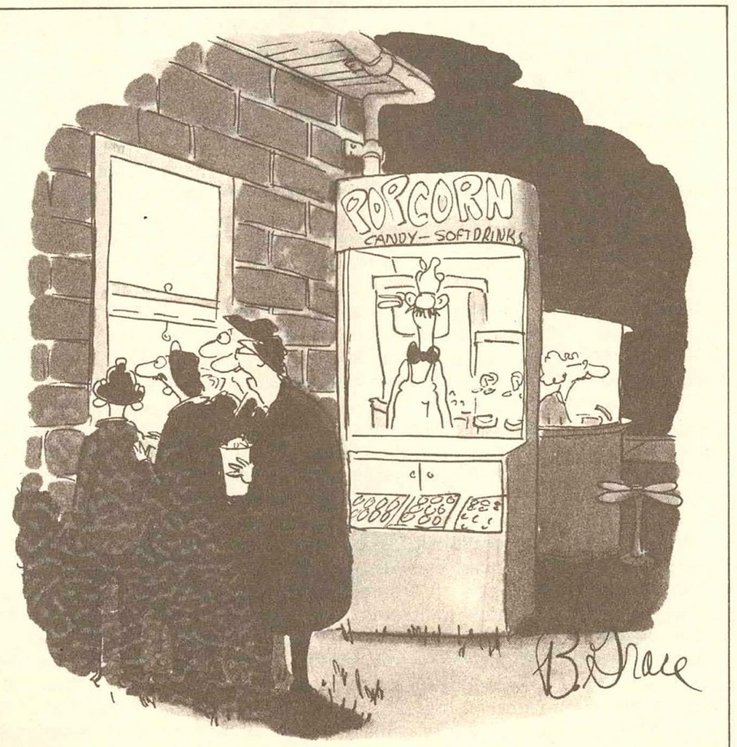
Box, Young Ramsay, Cop Shop, Carsons' Law and some other less successful efforts all followed. He built his "Music For The People" free concerts, which he started in 1938, into a Melbourne institution, while he pursued light entertainment on television with his *Showcase* series.

Crawford's great contribution to Australian television drama was recognised at this year's Logies when he was elected to the Logie Hall of Fame. He is the first recipient of this prestigious award, and it came within months of his company's greatest success, both here and in America — the mini-series *All The River's Run*. It was one of the highest rating programs on Australian television and was equally successful on the US cable network, Home Box Office. Contributing Editor Denis Whitburn met with the man known in the industry as the "Silver Fox" at his production base outside Melbourne, where his creative team handle not only the shows currently in production, but look to the future by developing ideas for series and mini-series. Some of these series will find public favor; some will fail. Either way, they will contribute to Hector Crawford's fundamental goal of raising our national consciousness.

Penthouse: The national rating success of *All The Rivers Run, Return To Eden* and *A Town Like Alice* contrasted to the lesser public acceptance of *Waterfront* and *Eureka Stockade*. Does this suggest that there is some rule of thumb applying to Australian mini-series? The rule would go something like this: find a strong story that centres on a woman character rather than a male or an historical incident.

Crawford: I only wish that were the case. There is no rule of thumb and no-one has the crystal ball. There are certain guidelines that — if you observe them — generally head you in the right direction. A one-time friend of mine, a music publisher, was offered the Southern Hemisphere rights to a popular song many years ago. When he heard the song, he said it was a load of rubbish and would never sell. The song was "Yes, We Have No Bananas." A huge success of its time. He said a song has to be about love, a mother, a baby, a son, the skies and so on. We have a sort of unwritten series of guidelines for the Australian writers to work from, but if a writer is talented enough he can break those rules and end up with a smashing episode of a show or a mini-series.

Penthouse: *The Dismissal* was a show that broke all the rules. Did its success surprise you?



"Ever get the feeling she knows we're out here?"

Crawford: I've been wrapped up in politics for a good part of my life; it has always been of great interest to me. I knew a lot of the people the series involved, so I was doubtful whether it was just my personal taste when I saw how wonderfully it had been done. I try to keep my personal taste out of professional consideration. *The Dismissal* was a great piece of television and good for Australia.

Penthouse: It did serve a purpose in opening up television to different sorts of subject matter. Do you find the networks are a bit more adventurous now in presenting new ideas?

Crawford: I don't think, as an industry, we are a terribly adventurous lot. Unfortunately in entertainment, when you become experimental or adventurous you tend to fall in it. Everyone has a great desire to push the parameters, but I don't think you can go too far, or further than we already do. Mind you, *The Dismissal* was not something totally new; it was of a style used a lot in America, England and elsewhere. It was in applying these techniques to Australia that the show broke new ground. It performed an important social function.

Penthouse: Would you like to go into areas other than, say, a new police series or something built around the appeal of an actress such as Lorraine Bayley?

Crawford: For any series to work on television, you've got to have a setting where the principal characters get into trouble — or the trouble comes to them. Other than police, barristers and doctors there are not many alternatives available. *Cop Shop* was a breakaway for us. I don't call that a police show at all: it was a mixture of human interest, the police profession and private lives.

Penthouse: What do you like to see, personally, on television when you sit down for an evening's entertainment?

Crawford: Leaving out the many shows I watch for professional reasons, I watch *Nationwide* every night, *Sunday, 60 Minutes,* the 6.30 *News* and the ABC *National News.* For private and pleasure viewing, it's current affairs.

Penthouse: You obviously have a strong interest in politics?

Crawford: Yes.

Penthouse: Do you find yourself applying anything you pick up from the news, current affairs and politics as a philosophy in your shows?

Crawford: No, I don't think so. Our executives are a very mixed bag as far as political attitudes go. It's quite fun. It would be hard to say whether the top executives in this company are right, middle or left; they are all rugged individuals with their own views. Most evenings we meet and have a drink and after the day's affairs have been discussed and the problems of the industry talked over, it'll generally end up in a political debate of some sort.

Penthouse: You've had a fair bit of politicising yourself over the years in actually being at the forefront of promoting Australian drama. Have you found it a tough battle getting through to governments with the message?

Crawford: It's almost funny talking about it now, because advocating things that are Australian is fashionable and you get applauded for it. But it has not always been like that. I saw the possibility of television coming to Australia back in 1953, when we had the largest radio production company in the country. I went over to the States and did a feasibility study, and saw then what was going to happen to us here in Australia. We were approached by American companies asking us to market their shows here.

Penthouse: You saw the floodgates opening?

Crawford: Yes. And I did everything — writing letters, ringing people — but no-one really wanted to know too much about it. Everyone was uninterested, so I really had to slug it out. In about 1959 I wrote a booklet about the whole thing, the number of American programs on air compared with local shows, and sent it to every senator and every MP. It had some influence. I spent most of the campaign with various Postmasters General in those days and I found them interested, but not prepared to do anything — they didn't seem to understand. It was a strange period.

Penthouse: This took place during the Menzies era?

Crawford: Yes. Strangely, I eventually got my strongest support from a staunch right winger who had very strong feelings for things Australian.

Penthouse: Were you lobbying both sides of the parliamentary fence?

Crawford: Very much so. I wore a track to Canberra. Everyone was charming, and everyone agreed that something had to be done, but no-one did anything. I was up against ignorance . . . inertia. Talking about Australian consciousness was not in the best taste. A bit "something funny about it." It was almost a case of "we have the best country in the world and why do you want to make these radical changes?" Things seemed to be going well; everyone loved television; why tinker with it?

Penthouse: There was just no understanding in political circles of the power of television until nearly 20 years after it started in this country.

Crawford: The run up to the Whitlam election campaign of 1972 demonstrated what television was all about and what could be done with it. Political attitudes began to change a bit from then.

Penthouse: When applications were being taken for the third commercial television station, your company applied for the one in Melbourne. Were you confident you could wear two hats as both station owner and producer of programs for national audiences?

Crawford: I wanted a TV station as a base to give me the cash flow and profitability to make better programs, which in turn, I believed, would meet public acceptance. It may have been a little ahead of its time, but I don't believe so. We might not have been as profitable as the others. I was associated with large companies — Ampol, Coles — and all of them knew my views. There was no secret about what we were up to and they all applauded the idea; they were not looking for quick financial returns. We had about 25 Australian companies in all.

Penthouse: Your promises were not extravagant compared with those of some of the other applicants, but you eventually lost out.

> The thing that drives you on in a hopeless situation is some kind of absurd optimism and we've always had that going for us

Crawford: I held the view strongly that we must not promise anything we could not fulfil. For the first year we promised 45 percent local content.

Penthouse: Did the others make promises they had no intention of fulfilling?

Crawford: Yes. And because of that, we were very confident of winning the licence. The weakest application, in our view, came from my friend Reg Ansett. Economically it was unrealistic; his promises were extravagant. We talked the whole thing over with the Americans we brought out as business consultants and they confirmed our misgivings. We had a big case prepared against the Ansett application to take to the Board hearings, but were advised against it. We didn't carve up Reg's application vigorously and, in a sense, that was a wrong move. I believe our application to have been the best by far.

Penthouse: Considering the debt that the Australian film industry owes to television — and particularly Crawford Productions — as a school for its writers, actors, directors and technicians, perhaps the industry might have developed sooner had Crawfords won that licence 20 years ago. Back in the Sixties, when you were sweating over *Homicide* trying to make ends meet, did you ever imagine the day would come when something like *The Man From Snowy River* would be produced by your people?

Crawford: The thing that drives you on in a hopeless situation is some kind of absurd optimism and I think we've always had that going for us. We had to have it. We lost $70,000 on the first 26 episodes of *Homicide.* This was at a time when there was no Australian Film Commission, no public investment incentives.

Penthouse: Was there such a thing as an understanding bank manager?

Crawford: They were very decent. I mortgaged my house to stay in business. There was a branch manager who was beaut, who took great delight in showing me a note about the overdraft saying, "This is ridiculous!" It took a year to sell *Homicide.* Nine knocked it back flatly, saying, "It'll be killed by the cowboys." I battled on with the Seven Network and eventually two chaps there got behind it and sold it to the rest of the boys. They took a big risk.

Penthouse: What kind of ratings was it getting in the first year?

Crawford: Forty-eights.

Penthouse: The equivalent of *All The Rivers Run* and *Return to Eden* today. It was the breakthrough for Australian drama production on television, but it in fact dated back to your radio days.

Crawford: Yes. I first became involved in the idea when I was at lunch at the Melbourne Town Hall back in 1943. I found myself sitting next to the then police commissioner, who was from the Flying Squad at Scotland Yard. He had come out here to do a Royal Commission on the Victorian Police Force. He found the situation in Australia terrifying. If you shouted "Stop thief!" in England, the mob would go after him. But here, the mob would just as likely turn on the copper. He asked me whether I could to something on the wireless about police work to help improve their relations with the public. The government gave us some money and we developed the radio production *D24.*

Penthouse: Considering the deep suspicion that Australians have for the police uniform, perhaps going back to our convict days, it is rather amazing that we took to *Homicide, Division 4, Matlock* so readily.

Crawford: In the heyday of *Homicide* the police used to tell the story that in the years before it went to air they would knock on a door and be told, "Get

out, you bastard!" After *Homicide*, it would be "Oh, come on in."

Penthouse: In making the transition from live radio drama to television, was it a matter of having to start from scratch with writers, actors, directors, etc?

Crawford: Radio made a sudden change to music and talk with the arrival of television. All that huge volume of drama just disappeared, and we went through a period of having no radio drama and no Australian TV drama of any consequence. In that time, we lost a lot of talent — people went into other things. Writers went into the press, advertising, public relations. Morris West packed up and gave it away; he had been a very active writer of radio serials. The industry lost an awful lot of people. We were geared up to make a dramatic sweep into television, but it didn't happen. I went before the Royal Commission into drama and was asked to assure the commissioners that there were adequate writers out there ready and willing to start writing television drama. I replied, "Well, I hope there aren't too many of them out there at the moment, because if there are they're starving to death."

Penthouse: What was required in training new people for television drama production?

Crawford: I set up a closed circuit workshop in St James Cathedral so that they would think in terms of television. Even people who'd had some limited film experience were not all that good for us because they thought in terms of the big screen. I banned big screens and we did all our viewing on screens the size of a television screen. People had to be taught in terms of packing the picture the way it would present the most impact on that small screen. We had to do everything from scratch because there was no training school . . . no facilities whatsoever.

Penthouse: Crawford's pretty well had a monopoly on supplying Australian drama to the networks until the early Seventies, when Reg Grundy diversified from the production of quiz shows into drama. Have you found that competition healthy?

Crawford: Very much so. Their entry into drama production has helped the pool of local talent grow. Some — writers, directors, producers — who were unsuccessful with us for a variety of reasons have found success in a new atmosphere with other companies. People like Simon Wincer [director of *Phar Lap*] and George Miller [director, *The Man From Snowy River*] have learnt from us and gone on to do terribly well. There are one or two directors who have also done well, but were a failure when working for us. That's probably because we gave them the wrong projects to work on. But, yes, for the total production scene, the competition is good.

Penthouse: And now there is further competition coming into television seeking that prime-time network sale . . . independent producers, the Kennedy Miller organisation. So the field is widening as far as competition goes.

Crawford: It's inevitable. One of our particular talents, from the earliest days, has been identifying talent and cultivating it. It's also inevitable that they want to leave eventually and go their own way.

Penthouse: It is pretty obvious why you are so frequently referred to as the "father of Australian television."

Crawford: I'm too young to be a father.

Penthouse: But all in all, you have raised a large "family" of creative people. It must give you a buzz when you see productions such as *A Town Like Alice* or *The Man From Snowy River* or *Phar Lap*?

Crawford: Certainly. I never lose interest in what "my family members" are doing and I'm always happy when they come to me asking for a word of advice.

Penthouse: With the move of the independents into high budget mini-series and your *All The Rivers Run* success on the American cable Home Box Office system, is the sale of Australian mini-series to the American networks now a viable proposition?

Crawford: Yes, I think so. Especially now that we are able to produce an hour of television drama on realistic budgets of $500,000 an hour. It's been good training for us that we had to do our series productions efficiently and economically. On *All The Rivers Run* we had the same drive, but we were able to take longer because of the higher budget and it showed in the production. Because of our efficiency we don't need the same high budgets as the Americans to achieve the same ends.

Penthouse: Considering that you were at the forefront of pushing drama production in the early days of Australian television, is there some particular reason why you didn't get involved in the revival of the Australian film industry in the same way?

Crawford: I didn't have the money. Unless you are prepared to take people's money, film is a real risk venture. I wasn't prepared to do that; I have an awesome sense of responsibility. *All The Rivers Run* is the first time I've done a production with someone else's money. Our company had 10 percent of that, with the rest investors' money.

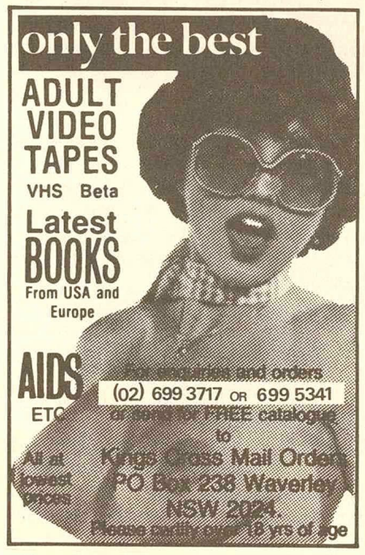
Penthouse: It was produced under the 10ba tax incentive scheme for the film industry?

Crawford: Yes. I've never worked like that before and I found it an anxiety. I'm very sensitive about using other people's money; I wanted to make sure that we knew exactly what the guidelines were with the tax incentives before we went to investors. That's the main reason we have been so late entering the film industry. All the time people were storming the doors here wanting to invest. One accountant rang our general manager with four clients who had a half million dollars between them that they wanted to invest in film. The money has been there, but we got into endless confusion with different advice from two QCs. They more or less contradicted each other on a number of points. We're reasonably confident that we know the way now, but I'm still a bit nervous that the final decision is made by the Taxation Department. We are now trying to open a way into the overseas market so that if the tax concessions are withdrawn we can continue work on high budget productions.

Penthouse: The development of both the television and film industries in Australia has depended on government legislation, yet both are in danger of being undermined by moves to reduce tax concessions and by the networks to do away with Australian content quotas.

Crawford: The Taxation Department is very hostile towards the film industry. I think the Broadcasting Tribunal has a case to answer — they set requirements that are far too low. The drama content and points system are too low. After all these years of television in Australia, only 48 percent of total air time is local, 52 percent is foreign.

Penthouse: In Britain, after many more years of television that us, the government acted to increase local content laws rather than decrease them.



INTERVIEW

Crawford: The volume of British material we take out here is just ridiculous, and yet it is very hard to get product in there. They of course want to buy *Dallas* and so forth, and out of the very small import quota left over we have to battle it out to get *The Sullivans* on air. Mind you, I don't blame them for doing it — I just get mad that we don't do it here.

Penthouse: What kind of changes would you like to see in regard to foreign products on Australian television?

Crawford: A one-to-one arrangement: one hour of theirs here to one hour of ours over there. I think that would be reasonable, but there are all sorts of objections to rocking the boat. . .changing things. I don't think the unions and guilds we work with keep their eye on the main opportunity. We all have mutual interests and common objectives, but we spend too much time arguing about comparatively unimportant things and not addressing ourselves to the principal issue. That is setting ourselves in a position where the Australian production industry is needed.

Penthouse: With international satellites, do you see the day when Australian productions can reach a wider international audience by such means?

Crawford: The big breakthrough is yet to come, that's true. But I don't see how satellite is going to help us in any way. I don't believe satellite or cable will lead us to better programs. I am opposed to them. We have enough outlets now and if we reduce the profitability of the commercial stations in this country, we reduce the funds available for better Australian production.

Penthouse: There is always the potential for an expanding overseas market. With the quality and high standard of Australian production today, a US network sale cannot be too far into the future. That could open the door for ongoing Australian sales into the prime American market.

Crawford: Yes. But there is a fierce and strong resistance in America on a union level to foreign product. Once we start making an impact there in a big way, then there will be union resistance. No matter how much product they've exported to Australia in music, film and television, the moment we reached five percent of their market, they would march on Australia.

Penthouse: America demands the right to have its cake and eat it too. They want to be able to sell their creative output world-wide while at the same time dominating their own airwaves.

Crawford: That's right. The unions rightly kick up a fuss — a hell of a fuss. But our unions here, I don't think they appreciate the situation on the larger scale — what's going to happen in the cassette world for instance. There's no Australian content requirements in the cassette business. If Australian product made up one percent of that market I'd be surprised.

Penthouse: Do you believe there is an argument for an Australian quota on video cassettes?

Crawford: Yes. The only difference between VCR and television is the pushing of a button for the tape to come on — the social effect is still there. I campaigned with some of the unions about five years ago on this very subject, because I believe we have got to have an Australian content ruling on everything: radio, TV, feature films . . . the lot.

Penthouse: Have you any thoughts on what the Australian output on VCR should be?

> In children's shows you can't pull a gun and murder a chap or cut his throat — all those things that kick the show along without being too creative

Crawford: Start at 25 percent and increase it by 10 percent annually until it reaches 70 percent.

Penthouse: Would you like to see local content on television reach that percentage also?

Crawford: The quota should be increased to 55 percent this year, and increased at the rate of five percent per annum up to a long term target of 70 percent.

Penthouse: What about children's drama?

Crawford: There should be a separate quota for that. Starting with 26 hours per year this year, there should be an increase at the rate of 10 percent per year.

Penthouse: The networks argue that they can't afford to do quality children's drama. They can only charge so much for advertising space in children's "prime time", the 4pm to 5pm time-slot.

Crawford: It may well be that the commercial channels can't afford to do all the things that are necessary in the national interest. There should be some form of government and private enterprise co-operation similar to the tax concession scheme for the film industry. We can afford better children's shows, but economically they are very difficult to make — in some way needing a bigger budget than adult drama because you haven't got the tricks to play with. You can't thump around with sex. You can't pull a gun and murder a chap or cut his throat — all those things that kick the show along without being too creative or imaginative. It's all imagination in a children's show and that's the hardest thing to accomplish.

Penthouse: Recently, a group of Australian children indicated that what they wanted to see on television was *Australian* versions of shows like *Happy Days* and *Australian* animal characters in animated cartoons. They wanted to see their own culture and fantasies.

Crawford: I do find it encouraging with the number of Media departments there are in various colleges of advanced education and the number of people doing media studies at the universities. I've been approached by some people doing essays or theses about aspects of the media. I get three or four letters every week from kids doing this. Although it's very slow in showing results, I suppose one of the advantages of being around a long time is that you can look back and see that it's not all that bloody good now — but, by Jesus, it used to be much worse!

Penthouse: After a couple of decades of watching American shows that peddled a soft propaganda line — the situation comedies of the Fifties and Sixties — we are now seeing, through television, some "flag waving" of our own with *The Dismissal, Waterfront, Eureka Stockade, The Last Bastion,* and *Bodyline*. Is there a place for nationalism in television programs?

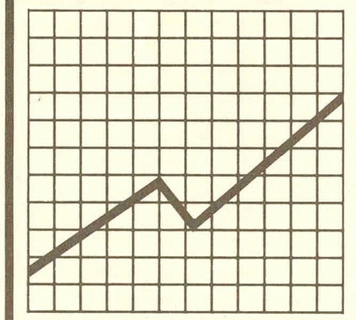
Crawford: I find it very healthy to have people talking about their own country; what others have done for it, the sacrifices made. We either attract people interested in that or we convert them. I think our prime responsibility, if we are going to use taxpayers' money through the tax incentive rulings, is to produce something that will benefit the nation. It may not be flag waving; it might be a serious work. Some of the productions coming up are highly critical of national attitudes, but that is all part of us — the good and the bad. The most significant thing is that what is coming out of the box is so persuasive. This is the most persuasive mechanism we've ever had and we've got to realise it's enormously important to contemporary and future Australia that we most seriously consider what we're putting over the airwaves.

Penthouse: Do you feel that this is taken into consideration often enough?

Crawford: No.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU THE GREATEST?



Being your own best friend is fine up to a point, but overdosing on self-love can make life miserable for both of you and for those around you. Having an unrealistically high opinion of oneself is known among psychoanalysts as a "narcissistic personality disorder", and this psychograph can give you some idea of whether or not you show symptoms of having it.

Narcissus, you may recall, was a good-looking young Greek who earned his place in mythology by admiring himself. He saw his reflection in a pool of water and became so enchanted with it that he stared at it until he died. Psychologically speaking, narcissism can be just about that deadly, since it poisons our own view of ourselves as well as our relationships with others. Some theorists suggest that narcissism has become one of the most common psychological disturbances in our culture. One thing is certain: There couldn't have been a "me" generation without it.

Narcissists don't see themselves as selfish or greedy. They really believe they are extraordinary human beings and, consequently, deserve the best of everything. In an unceasing quest to make themselves feel good, they become the ultimate consumers, gobbling up everything from the latest food fad to the psyches of their friends. The problem, of course, is that this strategy doesn't work for long. The buzz they get from acquiring a new car, a new stereo, or even a new friend quickly wears off, and, unfortunately, the old feelings of emptiness loom up larger and more powerful than ever.

Leading researchers in this field, such as Otto Kernberg of Cornell Medical Centre and Heinz Kohut of the University of Chicago, suspect that narcissists are, in a sense, psychological toddlers. As infants, all of us believe that we're the centre of the universe, but by the time we reach three or four years of age, most of us begin to realise that things are just a little more complex than that. Narcissists never come to that conclusion. They reach adulthood continuing to believe that they are something truly special (although deep down they often worry that they are actually unlovable). Some researchers feel that the narcissist's arrested development may be traced back to a mother who wasn't sensitive to her child's evolving needs, thereby locking the door on the youngster's psychological development.

You must be ruthlessly honest with yourself in answering these questions. It may not be pleasant to find out you're a narcissist, but it can be a first step toward growing up.

1. Do you often find that people whom you respect highly eventually let you down and disappoint you?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

2. If you were being really honest with yourself, how good would you say you are at understanding the feelings and emotions of other people?
   (a) very good
   (b) quite good
   (c) about average
   (d) not too good
   (e) terrible

3. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) After a short while sex with the same woman becomes incredibly boring.
   (b) You can continue to have enjoyable sex with a woman even if you've been going to bed with her for years.

4. Have you had a large number of sexual partners over the years?
   (a) yes, an extremely large number
   (b) quite a few
   (c) relatively few
   (d) I've had no sexual partners.

5. Which of the following statements best describes the duration of your sexual relationships?
   (a) When I become sexually involved with a woman it may go on for years.
   (b) I like them mercifully short and sweet.
   (c) My sex life is a mix of long-term and short-term relationships.
   (d) I have yet to have a sexual relationship.

6. Would your sexual preferences more likely be described as:
   (a) relatively normal
   (b) quite kinky

7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) I believe that somewhere out there a woman exists who is the one and only perfect match for me.
   (b) There's no such thing as an ideal woman. There are any number of women I'd probably be perfectly comfortable in a relationship with.

8. Are you a polite person when it comes to little, everyday things like holding doors for people and saying "thank you"?
   (a) Yes, I'm very polite.
   (b) I'm about average.
   (c) No. I often overlook those things.

9. Do you think most people fail to recognise your many good qualities?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you have fantasies in which you use your wit and intelligence to cut

"Narcissists feel that they are extraordinary human beings and, so, deserve the best of everything"

down people who have wronged you?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

11. Do you have fantasies about being extremely rich, and do you visualise specifically how you'd spend the money if you had it?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

12. Do you fantasise about how you'd get back at people who've screwed you around if you suddenly become enormously powerful?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

13. Would you say you're a "contemporary" person who's usually ahead of his peers when it comes to trends and fashions?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. How important is it to you to have the most advanced versions of things like electronic gear, cars, and clothes?
(a) very important
(b) quite important
(c) not too important
(d) not at all important

15. Are you extremely choosy about the type and quality of food you eat?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) No, I'll eat just about anything.

16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It's important to pamper yourself; nobody else is going to do it. And besides, if you don't feel comfortable with yourself, you're not going to be much good to anyone else?"
(a) agree
(b) disagree

17. Which one of the following statements more accurately reflects your experience?
(a) Most of the friends I have go back a long way with me. I may not have lots of friendships, but they are long lasting.
(b) My friendships don't last too long. I often become very friendly with people and see them frequently but then we drift apart. I often discover that they weren't very good friends anyway.

18. Do you ever feel worthless or depressed?
(a) yes, often
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I may not be completely successful yet, but I will be and that will be the solution to my problems."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Some people are naturally superior to other people and they have a right to expect special treatment?"
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING
All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1.	a-5,b-2,c-1	10.	a-5,b-3,c-1
2.	a-4,b-1,c-1 d-3,e-5	11.	a-5,b-3,c-1
		12.	a-5,b-3,c-1
3.	a-5,b-1	13.	a-5,b-1
4.	a-5,b-3,c-1 d-1	14.	a-5,b-2,c-1 d-1
5.	a-1,b-5,c-2 d-1	15.	a-5,b-2,c-1
		16.	a-5,b-1
6.	a-1,b-5	17.	a-1,b-5
7.	a-5,b-1	18.	a-5,b-2,c-1
8.	a-1,b-2,c-5	19.	a-5,b-1
9.	a-5,b-1	20.	a-5,b-1

If you scored 81 to 100 points:
You appear to have a larger number of narcissistic traits. You probably have an extremely high opinion of yourself and have a driving need to be the centre of attention. Even the slightest criticism is likely to enrage or humiliate you (although you sometimes react with aristocratic disdain should any mere mortal have the temerity to criticise you). You may be very exploitive, manipulating everybody and every circumstance to your benefit. By middle age, this sort of behavior often catches up with the narcissist as he begins to realise that his excessive concern with himself is not really making him any happier. Some modified forms of analysis appear to be helpful in treating narcissists at this critical stage of their lives.

61 to 80 points:
You have a substantial number of narcissistic tendencies, but you don't exhibit them to quite the grandiose degree as do men in the category above. Actually, you may be quite successful (although perhaps not well loved). Researchers suspect that narcissism is an important component in the personalities of many top politicians, business leaders, and actors — as well as those of successful international terrorists.

41 to 60 points:
You have relatively few narcissistic personality traits. You probably have enough self-love so that you can survive in what is often a hostile world but not so much that you become a creep. You're the type of person who can get ahead without leaving a trail of trampled lovers, friends, and associates behind you.

20 to 40 points:
You show virtually no narcissistic tendencies. You're either one of the true nice guys of the world, or you are lying through your teeth. If the latter is the case, no amount of advice from us is going to puncture your inflated opinion of yourself. If the former is the case, congratulations: you are one of those pleasant people who doesn't secretly think he's better, smarter, wiser, or more talented than everybody else. This doesn't necessarily mean you're a Milquetoast. You can score in this low category and still have a legitimately high level of self-esteem. What you don't have is an unrealistically high sense of self-worth.

PART·ONE
THE BASICS

NEW

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Welcome to the first of our regular sealed sections — a series of up-to-date, frank and specific articles on sexuality. In this series, modern sexual issues and their psychological importance will be discussed, with the aim of assisting our readers to become better informed lovers. For some time now, women's magazines have been providing women with detailed information on the latest advances in sexuality. We thought it was about time that men had an "equal opportunity" to read about these topics.

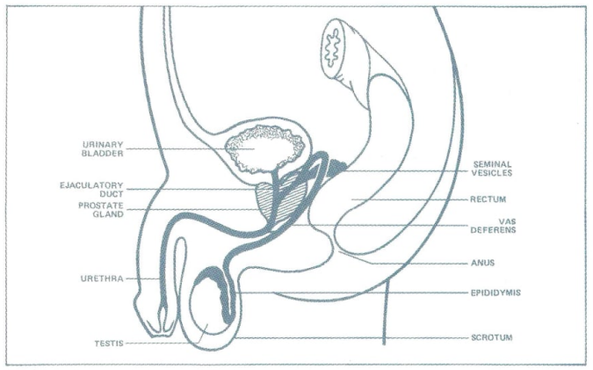
To present this series, we have asked a leading sex therapist and medical practitioner to discuss those topics which would most likely be of interest to our readers.

I was pleased to be asked by Penthouse *to present a series of articles on human sexuality. From my experience as a sexual counsellor and therapist, it has become obvious that many problems between couples arise out of ignorance and misunderstanding. Hopefully, the information you will find in the "sealed section" each month will provide a good basis for advancement of your sexual knowledge. Wherever possible, I shall be using photographs to demonstrate points.*

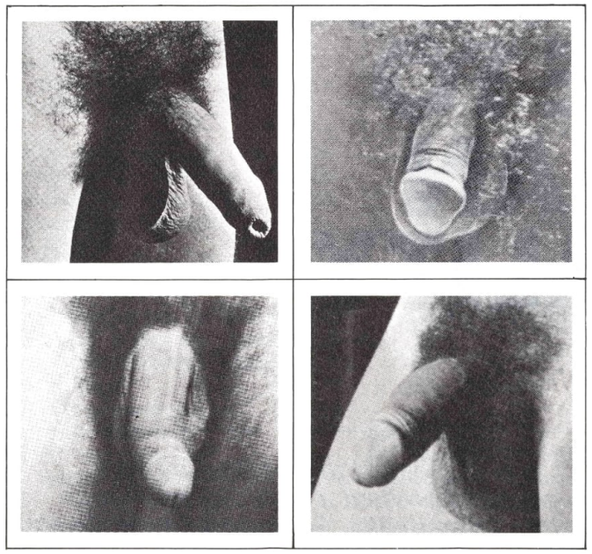
In future articles I shall deal with such topics as genital herpes, impotence, premature ejaculation, homosexuality, frigidity and sexual positions. In this issue we will cover the basic anatomy and physiology of the human sexual response.

Dr. Carl

THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM



Above: This cross-section diagram shows the position of testes, seminal vesicles and prostate gland. Below: The variations apparent in these shots show the great variation in normal penis shape, color and size.



Let's start off with the male and his "equipment." I guess it comes as no secret that there is a great variation in the size, shape and functional capacity of male organs.

MALE GENITALS

The Penis

Size: The penis in its non-erect (flaccid) state varies in length from about 8.5 to 10.5 cms — the average being about 9.5 cms. Before you go reaching for your tape measure, however, it is important to realise that most men have the ability to satisfy most women (from an anatomical point of view). It has actually been shown in scientific studies that smaller penises have greater capacity to enlarge than their more well-endowed counterparts. Some women prefer a penis which is thicker in diameter to one with additional length, so there is no need to be obsessed with penile length. Some men, in fact, find a large penis embarrassing and many women can be overanxious about being hurt by a large "weapon" during intercourse.

The good news is that just as the average penis has the ability to enlarge, so too does the average vagina have the capacity to accommodate any erect penis. I hope that by the time you finish reading this series, you will realise that from a woman's point of view there are many more important aspects to human sexuality than simple dimensions.

Circumcised/Uncircumcised: As you have no doubt realised, there is also a wide range in penile shape and color. Although the operation of circumcision is becoming less popular these days, probably because many people feel it is unnecessary, a great proportion of men in Australia today are circumcised. The operation, which is usually carried out soon after birth, involves the surgical removal of at least part of the foreskin. Remnants of the foreskin may be seen on the undersurface of the penis. The general effect is to accentuate the tip of the penis, called the corona.

Whether or not a foreskin is an advantage in love-making is open to debate. Some men report that being circumcised has given them a highly sensitive area on the undersurface of the penis, whereas those with an intact foreskin report that they have better control over their timing of ejaculation. My clinical impression is that there is probably little difference between the circumcised and non-circumcised male's ability to provide satisfaction for his partner.

Shape: Most penises have a slight curve to the left or right and may even have a degree of rotation of the head (or glans). This is quite normal and does not affect sexual ability whatsoever.

Rarely, the penis may develop a distinct curvature which gradually becomes worse over time. This condition (Peyronie's disease) may lead to definite difficulty with penetration, but fortunately the condition is uncommon and medical help is available.

The Scrotum: This is the name given to the bag of skin which encloses the "balls" (or testes) and epididymis (see diagram). A line of union can be seen along the midline; this is called the median raphe and its importance lies in the fact that there is a crossover of nervous innovation at this point and many men find that it is an especially sensitive area.

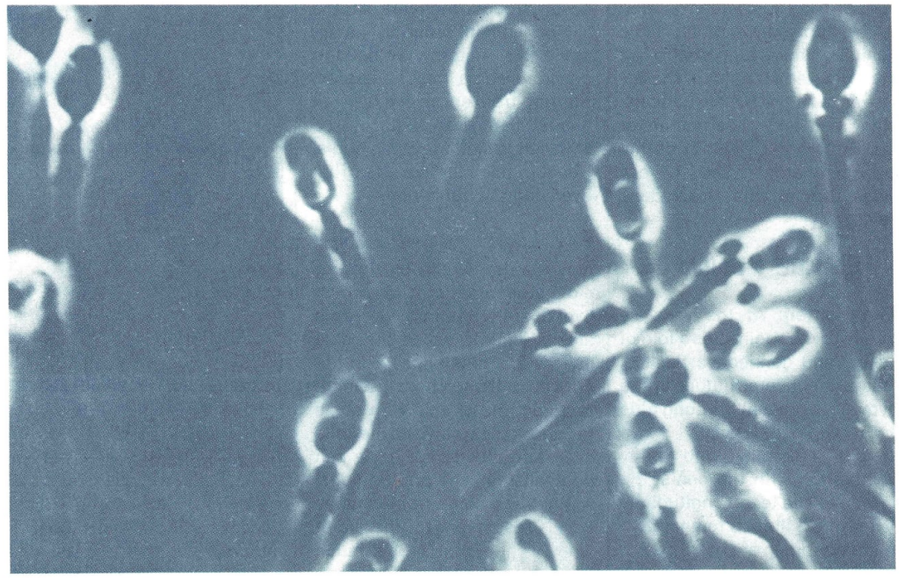
The sperm (or male eggs) are produced in their millions within the testes. They are very sensitive to extremes of heat, and it is probably for this reason that the testes are usually not within the body cavity and have a lower temperature (about 0.5°C) than the general body temperature.

Within the coverings of the scrotum lies muscle tissue, and this is responsible for the reflex withdrawal of the testes, and the fact that the "balls" seem to be "on the move" even when the man is at rest.

The Semen: The seminal fluid produced during ejaculation is a composite mixture of secretions of the testes, epididymis and prostate. It varies in volume from 2 to 6 mls, depending upon the frequency of intercourse and the age of the man. The spermatic fluid can be considered the protective substance and nutriment for the delicate sperm (rather like taking your K-ration pack with you on a long journey).

Whether or not a man is fertile depends on a number of factors: the percentage of motile (mobile) sperm; the percentage of abnormal sperm; the number of sperms (in millions) per milligram of fluid; the viscosity; and the fructose (sugar) content. In general it takes three to four days of abstinence to obtain maximum fertility.

Mechanism Of Erection: Erection of the penis is brought about by either tactile or psychological stimulation. This stimulation changes the blood flow to and from the penis. It was once thought that erection was simply a matter of a decrease in the amount of blood leaving the penis, so that the spongy tissue (corpora cavernosa) became engorged. Recent work from Scandinavia, however, has shown that a series of "shunts" (a by-pass system of smaller blood vessels) are involved. Thus there is an alteration to both the inflow and outflow of blood to the penis and this explains why some men with disease of the small blood vessels (like diabetes) have difficulty in achieving an erection.



This microscopic photo shows a few of the millions of sperm which are contained in two to six mills of ejaculate. Each sperm has a head containing essential chromosomes and a moving tail.

The fact that a man can lose his erection quickly when experiencing fear or anxiety, demonstrates the importance of psychological influences in the erection process. Age too is a significant factor — younger males usually have the ability to maintain an erection for a longer period and to regain an erection more quickly.

Although there is no standard length of time for a man to maintain an erection, the average man should be able to do so for at least 10 minutes. You will have noticed that the length of erection time is influenced by tiredness, the degree of relaxation, the state of arousal and so on. What is not commonly realised is that certain drugs and tablets which are freely available, such as Codeine, sleeping tablets, antihistamines and alcohol, do have a significant effect on the erectile process.

Another interesting fact is that it is quite normal for every man to obtain at least a partial erection during rapid eye movement (REM) sleep. This sleep phase, which can be measured by an electro-encephalogram (EEG), coincides with dreaming and occurs about four to six times per night. The relationship between the EEG reading and the partial erections can be used to distinguish between psychological and physical causes of impotence. (Women too have a similar state of arousal during their REM sleep.)

Ejaculation: Ejaculation in the male is usually accompanied by a pleasurable sensation (orgasm). During this time, a powerful rhythmic contraction of the smooth muscles surrounding the tube along which the sperm are carried (vas deferens) occurs. This produces a pulsating ejaculation and the rhythmic contraction can be felt along the very base of the scrotum and along the undersurface of the shaft of the penis.

Premature Ejaculation: This is a very common problem seen in clinical practice — perhaps as many as six percent of the male population under the age of 40 suffer from or have at one time suffered from premature ejaculation. Many men are too embarrassed to admit that they ejaculate "too early" during intercourse and it is often the woman who complains to the sexual therapist that her boyfriend/husband has this problem. From a professional point of view, this is most distressing because it is not a difficult problem to treat, and the cure rate may be as high as 90 percent.

Male Erogenous Zones: There are certain areas of the body which are usually sensitive to stimulation in most males. These include the undersurface of the shaft of the penis just near the glans, the glans itself and the area of the scrotum near the mid-line (median raphe). In addition, the area called the perineum, found between the anus and the scrotum, is also sensitive. Other areas of the body which may be sensitive are the nipples, the inner thigh, the neck around the ear, the big toe . . . in fact almost any area of the body may produce a pleasurable sensation if gently caressed with either hand or mouth. If you are not aware of the areas which give you greatest pleasure, it might be a good idea to explore these with your partner. You will need to be in a relaxed atmosphere with little pressure to "perform intercourse." (A lazy, rainy afternoon is an excellent opportunity.)

THE FEMALE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM

Just as there is a wide variation in the appearance of the male genitals, there is probably an even greater variation in the appearance of the female genitals. Many men, and some women for that matter, are ignorant of this area of anatomy. Let's have a close look at this "forbidden" territory.

FEMALE GENITALS

The Hymen: At the very entrance to the vagina lies a fold of "skin" and connective tissues. This protective structure is the hymen . . . present in young girls and virgins. Usually with "finger" foreplay and early penetration with the penis, the hymen tissue tears longitudinally, leaving a fibrous remnant.

Many women are overanxious about the pain they may experience during their first attempt at intercourse. Provided that the male is gentle and is able to admit at least two fingers into the vagina during foreplay, there should be little difficulty. Occasionally the tissue of the hymen is so persistent that it needs to be cut surgically. This is not a difficult operation and is quite painless.

You will notice that there seems to be an excess of skin cover around the area of the vagina and in order to understand this anatomy, we need to describe some major features. Starting from above, we have an almost triangular area covered with hair, called the mons pubis. Beneath this hair is a pad of fat overlying the pubic bone.

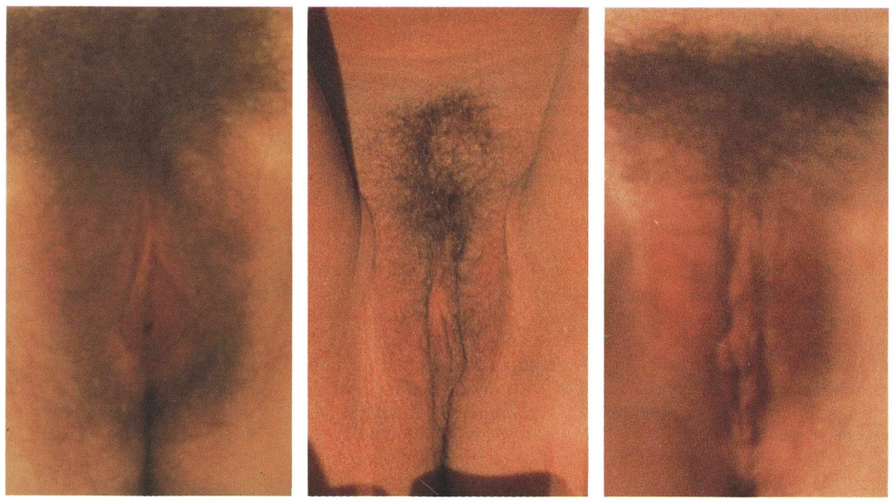
The Labia: As we proceed downwards, we come to an elongated area of skin which overlaps in the mid-line. This area of skin is called the labia minora (or "small lips"). On the outside of these, there is a more rounded fold of skin with some fat, each side, known as the labia majora (or "large lips"). As can be seen from the photographs, vaginal lips come in all shapes and sizes, even to the point where one lip may be much larger than the other. (There is a widespread belief among many men that large vaginal lips are brought about by very frequent masturbation. Let me assure you that there is no truth in this belief whatsoever!)

The Clitoris: At the upper end of the labia minora lies the clitoris (see diagram). This is a small pea-sized organ which is smooth and partly covered by a foreskin (hood). In order to get a good view of the clitoris, it is necessary to pull apart the labia minora.

This close-up shows the inner labia pulled upwards and outwards to order to expose the delicate clitoris, which is usually about the size of a small pea.

The clitoris is similar to the penis in that it is highly sensitive to stimulation and contains erectile (ie "spongy") tissue, which is capable of engorgement with blood. It does not, of course, allow for any flow of urine. Another common misconception is that a large clitoris indicates a more easily-aroused female. Whilst this may be true in part, it is certainly not essential for a woman to have a large clitoris to be easily stimulated. Many women who have quite small clitorises lead very satisfying sex lives.

Men often do not realise that the clitoris is easily overstimulated and that far from being pleasant, this overstimulation becomes irritating to the woman. In general, a very gentle stimulation of the clitoris is most arousing at first. The lady is then able to describe the type of clitoral stimulation which best suits her mood for the moment. A fundamental mistake is to gradually increase the pressure on this small organ — the intensity may be just too much for the lady, who may have been quite stimulated beforehand.



The labia (or lips) usually cover the entrance to the vagina. The clitoris (see diagrams in this article) is located at the upper end of the inner lips. As with male genitalia, the vagina comes in a variety of shapes and sizes.

The Urethra: This small hole, surrounded by puckered skin, can be found between the clitoris and the vagina. It is the tube from the bladder, through which urine passes to the outside. The urethral entrance is quite difficult to find, so please don't think your lady is missing one.

The Vagina: The ancient Romans used this word to mean a sheath which enclosed a short sword — the female vagina may also be considered as a type of sheath which is capable of surrounding the erect penis. Normally, the vaginal walls are collapsed so that the vaginal space usually shown in diagrams is merely a potential space. The skin of the vagina is supported by connective tissues and muscles which are richly supplied with blood. The actual opening to the vagina (see diagram) is controlled by a band of muscle which stretches from the lower spine near the anus through to the pubic bone. This group of muscles, called the pubo-coccygeus or pelvic floor muscles, are of great importance since they control other functions including those of the bladder and rectum, as well as assisting in childbirth. From the sexual point of view, their importance is in gripping the male's penis during intercourse. Some sexologists also believe that a woman who regularly exercises these muscles, and has therefore produced a "good tone" in them, will be capable of more powerful orgasms. Most women who have good control over these muscles are able to "perform" the task of stimulating the penis in a more efficient way, by rhythmic muscle contraction. To practise this, the woman can imagine she is passing urine and then suddenly stop the stream. In order to do so, she will automatically be contracting part of the pubo-coccygeus muscle. Once the woman has learned this sensation, she can practise the muscle contraction in lots of 10 about 10 times per day.

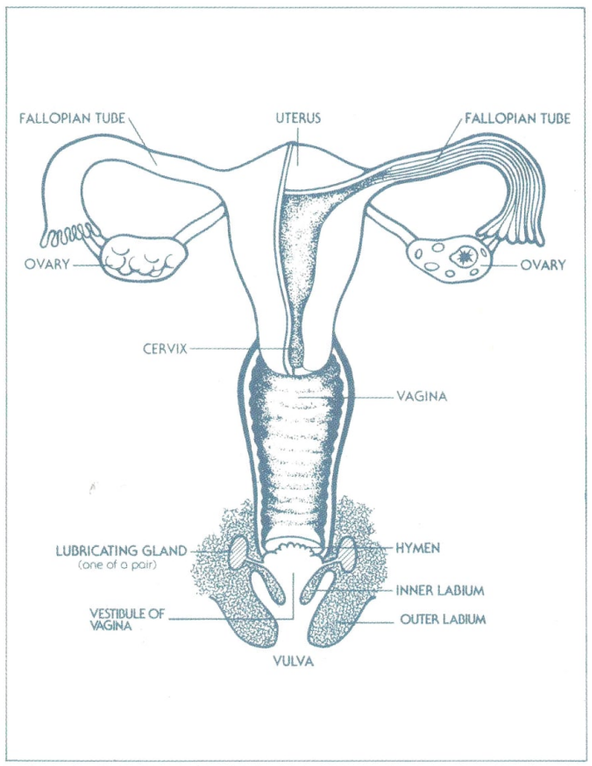
The Grafenberg Spot (G-Spot for short): This controversial area can be found about six centimetres inside the vagina on its front wall, immediately under the pubic bone. When the woman is lying on her back insert the index finger (palm upwards) into the vagina almost as far as the knuckle. Very gently curl the index finger towards you and you will feel a small area about the size of a 10 cent coin. This is the G-Spot, which is reported to give a special sensation to some women. Stimulation of this area may at first make the woman feel she needs to pass urine, but if she is in a state of arousal, continued gentle stimulation may bring about a more pleasurable sensation. Some sexologists believe that this G-Spot is the explanation for the vaginal orgasm, reported as long ago as Freud's time, when a distinction between vaginal and clitoral orgasms was suggested.

The most controversial point of all concerns female "ejaculation", which many women report occurs during orgasm when the G-Spot is stimulated. According to these reports, the ejaculate comes from the urethra and consists of a clear fluid. Certainly, many normal women do produce an additional amount of fluid during their orgasm and many women obviously enjoy having the G-Spot stimulated. From the practical point of view, it isn't necessary for you to get involved in this rather academic argument. Just be aware that this area exists and discuss its stimulation with your partner.

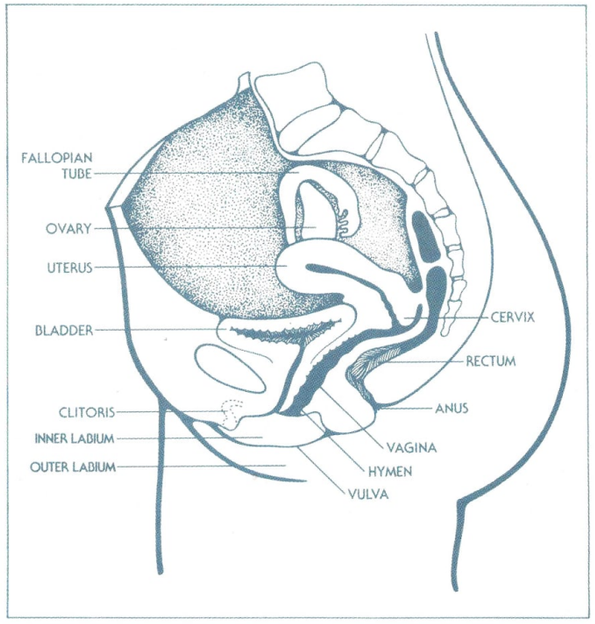
The Uterus (or womb): This structure is a highly muscular organ, with a great capacity to enlarge during pregnancy. Only a small part of the uterus can be felt inside the vagina, and even then with some difficulty. The part which protrudes into the vagina is called the cervix (or neck) and as can be seen in the diagram, it is sausage-shaped and has a small entrance called the os. It is through this opening that the menstrual fluid (blood) emerges during the woman's period.

In most women, the body of the uterus points forward towards the navel (ante-verted) but in a smaller percentage of cases, the body of the uterus points backwards towards the spine (retro-verted). As the erect penis passes close to the cervix, the woman with a retro-verted uterus may complain of pain in certain sexual positions, especially the rear entry or "doggy" position.

Ovaries And Ovulation: The ovaries are two walnut-sized structures which lie within the pelvis on either side of the womb. They are composed of similar tissue to that of the testes, and are responsible for the production each month of a single egg (ovum), which is released under hormonal action



In this frontal view of the female reproductive system (above) note that the uterus or womb projects into the upper part of the vagina. The ovaries, which contain the ovum or egg, are situated well within the pelvis. The side view (below) shows the vaginal cavity resting between the urethra and rectum.



THE EROGENOUS ZONES

There are many areas of the female body apart from the genital area which respond to various types of stimulation. The breasts and perineum are important areas, but as this diagram shows, there are many more.

into the Fallopian tube. This process, called ovulation, occurs 14 days (give or take a day) before the first day of the next period. By changing the hormonal balance, the modern contraceptive pill prevents ovulation occurring (provided that the pill has been taken for more than one month). If the woman's cycle is less than 28 days, the time of ovulation and hence her fertile time is nearer to the period just completed (see diagram).

Arousal In The Female: Compared with the male, who is capable of achieving a satisfactory erection in a few minutes, arousal in the female is more complicated and time consuming. Basically this is because two separate processes need to occur — that of fluid production and muscle relaxation.

For many years the exact method by which the vaginal fluids accumulated during sexual excitement was unknown. It was even thought that two small glands (Batholins glands) at the entrance to the vagina were totally responsible. It was only the fairly recent research by Masters and Johnson that revealed how the process actually operates. By direct observation of the vagina during the excitement phase, researchers noted a type of "sweating" from the vaginal wall. In this way, a "transudate" (or fluid) originating from blood permeates through the vaginal wall and the vagina becomes lubricated.

When there is fear or anxiety, fluid production does not occur as readily. The woman who is unsure in a new relationship or who is experiencing stress may take a little longer to be sufficiently lubricated for intercourse, and this is where unhurried foreplay and tenderness will be of best assistance. Under normal circumstances, it takes something like 15 to 20 minutes of arousal for a good production of vaginal fluid to occur.

The muscles surrounding the vaginal entrance also require time to relax and again, anxiety does not help. For these reasons, the importance of foreplay cannot be overestimated. Gentleness, consideration and communication will not only make intercourse easier, but will make the whole experience more pleasurable for both parties.

Erogenous Zones: As we have mentioned with regard to the male, there are numerous areas of the female body which respond to various types of stimulation. In addition to the clitoris, the clitoral hood and vaginal lips, there are two other important areas — the breasts and the perineum.

The female breast varies in its degree of erogenous feelings and this may coincide with the menstrual cycle. Just prior to her period (menstruation) a woman's breasts may become tender and swollen. This is due to the effect of hormonal action on the glandular tissue within the breast. The nipples may also become tender and oversensitive.

At other times the woman will usually respond to gentle caressing, touching and sucking of her nipples — they will enlarge, due to engorgement with blood, and will decrease in size just prior to orgasm. Occasionally, some women have breasts that are so sensitive that given the right circumstances, with continued stimulation (especially sucking of the nipples), they are able to achieve orgasm with breast stimulation alone.

The Perineum: This area between the vagina and the anus is very sensitive if stroked gently. It has a similar nerve supply to that of the male.

Female Orgasm: Female orgasm is similar to that experienced by the male, except that it is not really necessary to achieve fertilisation. Many females, despite years of enjoyable intercourse, never really achieve orgasm.

What happens in an orgasm? Again we owe a great deal of our knowledge to research carried out by Masters and Johnson in the US. In both masturbation and intercourse, the basic process of orgasm is much the same. There is a general build-up of overall muscle tension, and the heart and pulse rate quicken just prior to orgasm. At the moment of orgasm, there is great muscle activity — the intense congestion of the blood vessels within the pelvis is briefly released and there is a rhythmic contraction of the muscles of the pelvic floor. Although it is agreed that orgasm is not essential for fertilisation to occur, some sexologists maintain that the process of orgasm does in fact assist in bringing the ovum in contact with the sperm. Debate is still continuing on this point, but there is no doubt that orgasm is a pleasurable experience. Failure of the woman to orgasm (anorgasmia) only becomes a clinical problem if the couple interpret this inability as a difficulty.

The aim of both the man and the woman achieving an orgasm at the same time is rather difficult to achieve for most couples. For this reason it is important to communicate with your partner, so as to understand whether an orgasm is important during a particular sexual encounter. Beware of putting pressure on your partner to achieve orgasm. It is possible, especially for females, to enjoy the sexual encounter without orgasm. Being expected to "perform" only leads to tension and anxiety, which in turn makes orgasm harder to achieve and takes away enjoyment.

Sexual Problems Of The Female: Sexual counsellors and therapists recognise a number of female problems such as inability to orgasm (anorgasmia), painful intercourse (dyspareunia) and lack of vaginal lubrication. Fortunately there is help available for most of these difficulties. (See future issues.)

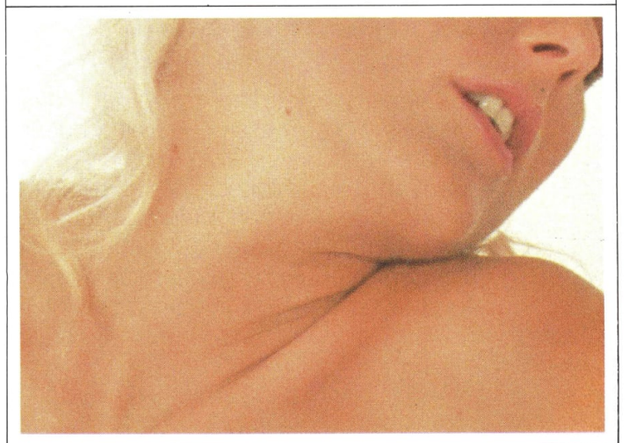
The Male And Female — Some Differences: Very generally speaking, the emphasis for the male is usually on the sexual act itself (ie penetration) whereas for the female there is much greater emphasis on the significance of the relationship and the enjoyment of tenderness and foreplay. As males become more sexually experienced, they usually realise the benefits to both partners of extended foreplay — some even enjoy it!

Another fundamental difference between the male and female response may be seen in a comparison of their fantasies. By far the most common basis of female fantasies and daydreams is the element of "romance." This may involve making love in special circumstances, for example on a moonlit tropical beach, or else the romance may involve a special person.

Men on the other hand commonly fantasise about sexual technique or slightly "kinky" experiences involving the forbidden or daring — multiple partners or threesomes for example. Occasionally women too share these fantasies, but within our culture the element of romance is very strong for women. Without at least making an attempt to understand this female point of view, it is possible that the male's preoccupation with the mechanics of sex may limit his ability as a lover.

Although perhaps we have bombarded you with facts and "figures", by far the most important thing to remember is to relax and do what comes naturally. I hope this and subsequent sealed-sections will give you a little more confidence in your love-making. If you have any topics that you would like covered in this series, please feel free to write to me c/o *Penthouse* Sealed Section.

The head and neck region is a particularly erogenous zone; behind the ears, the side of the neck are well known areas of the body capable of causing arousal in the right circumstances.



LETTERS

This space is reserved for correspondence with Dr Carl. If you have a problem or question relating to the issues raised in this sealed section or on other matters, write to Dr Carl c/o *Australian Penthouse Magazine* PO Box 42 Cammeray 2062 NSW

NEXT MONTH...

In the next instalment of the Penthouse Guide to Human Sexuality we will discuss the process of sexual arousal; how arousal occurs, how it can be created and we'll also consider how sexual arousal can sometimes be inadvertently inhibited. This second instalment will present some basic differences between male and female responses and we'll show why it is so important to have an understanding of these basic differences. Rather than concentrate just on genital sex, we will mention the importance of massage, foreplay and the most potent part of sexual arousal — the imagination.

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PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

DR CARL

Sex counselling and therapy — well established and accepted specialist disciplines in many Western countries — still suffer from the prejudices of a conservative establishment in Australia. It is this bias, and the ethics of the medical profession, which prevent *Penthouse* from identifying the leading sex therapist who writes the regular Guide to Human Sexuality. However, according to Dr Carl, a growing awareness of the benefits of this form of therapy and counselling has led to a marked increase in the number of specialists in this field. Dr Carl has worked as a sex therapist for more than six years and is a member of the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT), which was established in 1977. He believes that in the Eighties, more people are prepared to talk about their sexual dilemmas, and as far as he's concerned that's a healthy trend. Although he has an established suburban general practice, a large section of the doctor's work includes both sex counselling and therapy. Counselling involves discussing with the patient where he or she recognises his or her major sexual problem. Often it is a purely physical problem. "A woman may be experiencing pain with intercourse, or she may be having difficulty achieving orgasm," says Dr Carl. "Or a young man may have a problem with premature ejaculation. These concerns are discussed in a frank and relaxed manner. If therapy is advised, then both partners will be involved in these sessions if possible." Dr Carl says that these days people are more honest about sex. He contends that one of the benefits of his experience in sex therapy is that he has developed a greater awareness of the woman's view on sexual matters: knowledge which proves invaluable in therapy with both sexes. "Previously many women were shy about mentioning their partners' inadequacies. Now they are more willing to complain about their men's failings. In the past both men and women have complained that access to basic sexual information was not freely available, and surprisingly it can be particularly difficult to obtain information in the case of the male. Hopefully, by the end of the *Penthouse* series on human sexuality, the reader will have a comprehensive understanding of the basics of sexual response, and will also have a knowledge of some of the problems he may be confronted with. As a result of these factors he will also be a better lover. My aim in this series is to provide the *Penthouse* reader with a basic knowledge of current sexual medicine." Dr Carl will answer reader correspondence concerning sexual problems.

FRANK MACONOCHIE

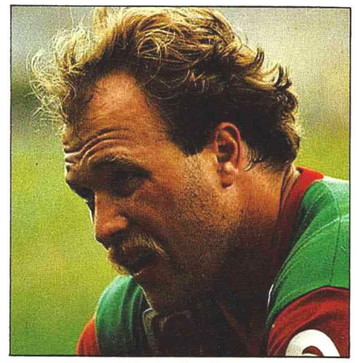
In May '83 Frank Maconochie's prospects didn't look good. A Psychology graduate from Sydney University, he'd been on the dole for eight months and jobs were about as scarce as Soviet athletes in LA. But while he was reading an American comic book — it was *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* — an idea sparked. Maconochie pondered the lack of popular Australian comics, and decided to do something about it. With no experience in publishing and precious little capital, Maconochie set about establishing an Australian comic company. He placed a series of small advertisements for contributors in newspapers across the country, to which there was a phenomenal response. In a short time *Oz Comics* had built up a nationwide stable of more than 50 artists. The first two editions were largely experimental, produced on a micro-budget and distributed in a few specialist stores like record bars and surf shops. According to Maconochie, with its third edition *Oz Comics* has "gone professional", having attracted advertising and now being distributed in newsagencies. He sees it as important that *Oz Comics* makes a profit, although his main motivation in establishing the company was idealism: "I wanted to see Australian comics because I was so fed up with American cultural imperialism, and I figured they would be a great means of promoting work among Australian artists." Maconochie's been pleased with the support his venture has attracted from everyone except the government. "Talk to the government about sunrise industries," says Maconochie, "and all they think about is micro-chips; they don't seem to realise that there's a vast pool of untapped artistic talent in Australia. And that's what we're trying to do — create a whole new sunrise industry." A future challenge is the international market, and with the lead given by Australian bands and movies, it may not be too long before we see Australian comic books selling on newsstands on Times Square.

KERRI-ANNE WRIGHT

Vivacious blonde Kerri-Anne Wright is never bored with her role as co-host of the Channel Ten network's *Good Morning Australia* — she only wishes it was a night show under a similar format. Kerri-Anne underwent an extensive change in lifestyle when she was signed to join the lumpy Gordon Elliott before the cameras five mornings a week three years ago. Kerri-Anne had for years been making a living singing on the club circuit — pure nightlife. But suddenly she was expected to rise at 4.30am and be well-informed and glamorous in time for the show's seven o'clock start. "You can't have too many late nights — it's just too hard," she says. "I have to miss some of my favorite television shows, like *The Professionals* and *Minder*, to be in bed by 9.30 or 10pm. But it's worth it: I love doing the show." Kerri-Anne hasn't totally abandoned her singing. "I take a club job one night most weekends, mainly Saturdays. I enjoy singing — I've been doing it for years and years and I wouldn't like to abandon it completely." Television has made Kerri-Anne's name more familiar with the public, and as such it could be expected that she would command a bigger fee in the clubs. But not much bigger. "It's only marginally better for me — the club scene is in a pretty sick way at the moment." Kerri-Anne, who recently wed Australian Soccer Pools chief John Kennerley, her second marriage, expects to be with *GMA* for a while yet. "It gives me national exposure and there's such a variety of things for me to do on the show. I can be live on camera interviewing anyone from Prime Ministers to pop stars, or go out on the road and do short series on serious or light subjects." Rival networks have noted Kerri-Anne's confidence and demure appeal on camera, but she is loathe to discuss the possibility of a change in the course of her career. "I suppose a variety-type entertainment show might be interesting in the future, but I'm very happy where I am for now."

TOMMY EMMANUEL

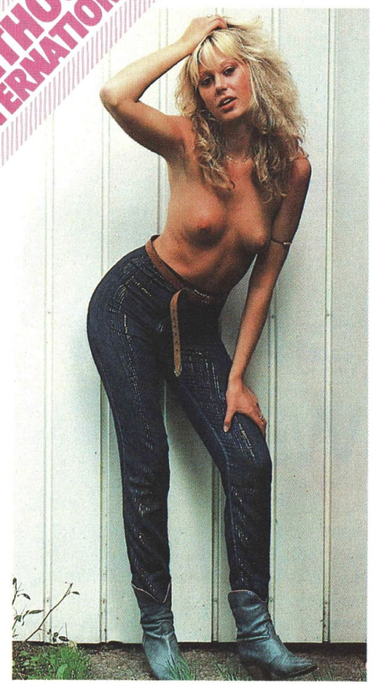
The local music press likes to tag him a "guitar whiz kid" or a "hot-shot guitarist" but the talents of Tommy Emmanuel might be better summed up by an anonymous fan at the farewell concert of the immensely popular band, The Bushwackers. Emmanuel was in full and intricate guitar flight and the fan let out a whoop and shouted, "Christ, is there anything that guy can't do?" At the age of 29, Tommy Emmanuel is entering his 26th year in the music industry. His celebrated lead guitar prowess is supplemented by a mastery of the bass and drums; he's increasingly in demand as a record producer and his music and songwriting efforts are hitting pay dirt in the States. "I got my first guitar when I was four," says Emmanuel, "My mother, Virginia, was a singing steel guitar-playing cowgirl and she showed me a few chords." With his brother Phil, the rest of the six kids, mum, dad and a singing correspondence school supervisor, Tommy was on the road when even his short pants were long. The four older kids were the Emmanuel Quartet until 1962, when six-year-old Tommy's drum cover of "Wipe-Out" signalled a name change to The Midget Surfaris. Tommy ran away from school to Sydney when he was 13 and worked the clubs with Lionel Long before Phil joined him two years later to form The Shilohs, a fairly successful pub band. At 19 he began a decade of working with just about every name singer this country has recently produced. Up to 40 sessions a week, teaching, and gigging at night with bands he's been involved in like The Southern Star Band, Goldrush, The Emmanuel Brothers and The Bushwackers, set a pace that Tommy prefers to leave behind him now. He's on a songwriting contract to the Music Corporation of America, and spends several months of each year writing in the States. His song "Driving Music" looks like being the single off Olivia Newton-John's next album, something that'll spell big bickies. Says Emmanuel: "25 years on and I feel like I'm just beginning."



WALLY LEWIS

Wally Lewis, playing for Queensland in a representative Rugby League clash against NSW last May, heard the sound of the half-time siren just as the ball entered his hands. He made a snap decision to attempt a field goal from 45 metres out. As the ball sailed between the uprights, an hysterical crowd of 30,000 Queenslanders rose to applaud their idol. As the camera panned over the mob to reveal spectators actually bowing with arms outstretched in mock worship, stunned NSW television viewers were finally conceding what they had long been loath to admit: that Wally Lewis was indeed the finest Rugby League player in the world. There was never any doubt about it up in banana country. *Rugby League Week's* Queensland correspondent Tony Durkin says the locals' adulation of Lewis is unprecedented: "People up here are now comparing him with men like Johnny Raper and Reg Gasnier — the immortals of the game." The completeness of Lewis' game is the key to his success. He developed all the passing and kicking skills of Rugby Union while at school, then switched to League and quickly established himself as a player of unlimited potential. Each year he turned out in the Queensland colors and systematically obliterated the glamorous NSW outfit. And each year, NSW players and supporters vowed it would never happen again. Lewis grew accustomed to being assaulted with everything but the kitchen sink by opponents, but never failed to stamp his class on proceedings. Now the southern officials have finally submitted to the Lewis juggernaut and named him captain of the Australian team. At just 24, Wally Lewis can go no further in football. With a degree of candor atypical of sporting heroes, he says: "As much as I love football, I realise it is far from the most important thing in life. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't in it for the money. I have a lot of admiration for the guys who run around in the lower grades getting hammered for practically nothing, but there's no way I'd ever do it."

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL



AUSTRALIA

NARELLE

She's not of exotic extraction, but there's no doubt that she's world-class. Narelle Franklin from Sydney's northern beaches reckons she qualifies as a girl of the world because she'd been globetrotting with her parents since she was six. And, if it's not obvious, these are her parting shots. Narelle's off to London to do some modelling and make a fine fist of proving that Aussie girls are the pick of the international crop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL FRANKLIN

DENMARK

BIRGITTE

Like the little bit of fluff in her homeland's most famous fairytale, Birgitte Petersen considers herself to be somewhat of an ugly duckling. "I have never considered myself to be physically beautiful," she says. "However, I have brains and to me, intelligence is beauty." Birgitte is saving to put herself through medical school in Copenhagen. It's odds on that she does well; many an ugly duckling's made a good quack.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM STRANGE

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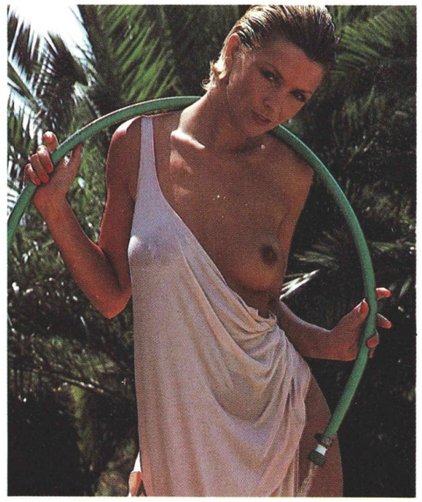
USA

BETTY JO

You don't need a skinful of moonshine to appreciate the womanly talents of Southern belle, Betty Jo McAlister. Twenty-four-year-old Betty Jo works as a cooking instructor in Asheville, North Carolina and rumor has it that she rustles up the best dish of chitterlings and black-eyed peas south of the Mason-Dixon line. "Why, I do declare," shrills our Southern beauty proudly, "some of the men-folk around here reckon they'd eat a mile of my grits to get at my chit'lins."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE JORDAN



ICELAND

RIKA

She comes from the land of the ice and snow, but whenever she can afford it 21-year-old Rika Svetlana jets off to thaw out in the West Indies. That's where we photographed her. Rika claims that she undergoes a personality change as soon as she hits warmer climes. Back home in Reykjavik she's cool and reserved but in the tropics no-one gets the cold shoulder. Understandable. Anything would freeze over after too long in the frigid air.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY ERICKSEN

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

IRELAND

SHEILA

It's little wonder the Emerald Isle gave the world the limerick and William Butler Yeats. It's not hard to get poetic when confronted with visions of Irish loveliness like red-headed Sheila O'Gorman. Sheila, 24, works as a sales rep for a computer firm based in Dublin. It's a challenging job, but Sheila has managed so far to come to grips with complicated computer technology and neatly avoid coming to grips with colleagues who're angling to sink a few bytes into her software.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT TANSEY

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

VIDEO WORLD

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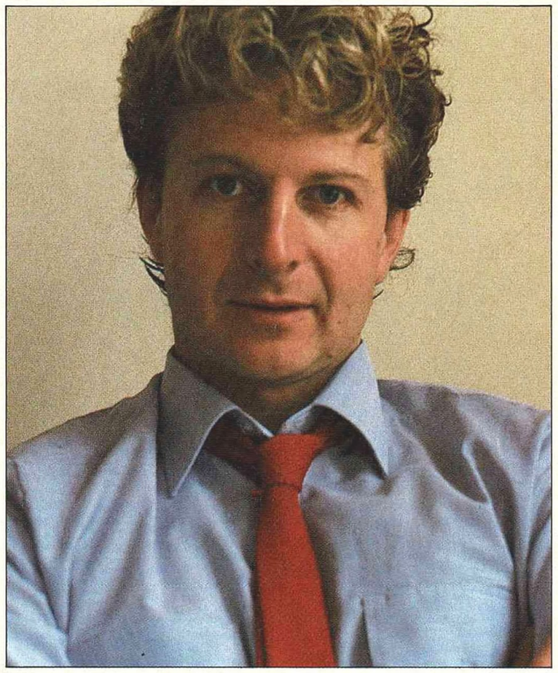
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY ROBERT SWAN

The author is the editor of Simply Living and a frequent contributor to Penthouse. Previously he was a political journalist with radio station 2XX in Canberra. Swan has had a long-standing interest in alternative movements within Australia. He is an independent commentator, and is not a member of the Australian Democrats.

THE GREENING OF THE DEMOCRATS

A curious fog seems to have settled over the Australian political landscape since the Hawke Labor government came to power last year. In establishing its economic priorities so clearly, and with such a high profile that no socialist fog might ever diffuse them, the government has effectively stolen the Liberal's traditional *raison d'etre* (as *the* sane economic policy-makers) and their whipping boy (the socialist bogey).

This economic fog, which has so confused the Liberals, may have begun to play tricks with Hawke's vision as well. For it could well be that the main problem facing Labor in the run-up to the forthcoming election will not be the ineffective Coalition parties but the Australian Democrats and the rapidly expanding green/peace movement in this country. Just as Hawke stole the middle ground from the Liberals, so Don Chipp and the Democrats might be stealing the fastest-growing section of that middle ground from Labor.

The Democrats have finally succeeded in merging their wide-ranging policies into an election platform which is very similar to that of the environmental/peace party, the Greens, in the West German parliament. An unequivocal opposition to uranium mining, a renegotiation of the ANZUS treaty and a restructuring of US bases here, a strengthening of environmental and animal welfare legislation (already initiated by their Senate committee into the latter), and a commitment to more civilised and rational debate in parliament are issues not likely to be seriously dealt with by either Hawke or Peacock.

Add to this their support for small business and the grass roots private enterprise ethic, so often trampled underfoot by Malcolm Fraser and his corporate comrades, and the Democrats end up looking like a comely combination of the German Green Party and the old Australia Party — not as unattractive a political porridge as Hawke and Peacock would like it to be.

Bob Hawke undoubtedly sees the mining of uranium as an essential ingredient of the "recovery cake", and believes that disenchanted Labor supporters will try and work the issue out within the party. They are obviously not going to swing further to the right and vote for the Opposition, who would not only mine Roxby Downs but would also be in favor of digging up any other part of this country that reacted to a Geiger-counter. But it appears that Hawke has miscalculated the intensity of the feeling over the entire nuclear debate — although you'd think it hard to ignore what have been the largest street demonstrations since Vietnam.

The Prime Minister would do well to remember the apathy of his predecessor toward the news that 40 percent of voters in the Flinders by-election expressed their opinions on the Franklin Dam issue by writing so on their ballot papers, and that around the same time in the ACT House of Assembly election a similar proportion of voters were doing likewise. The message should have been crystal clear — conservation counts. The quarter of a million people who turned out to demonstrate for peace in March were similarly not politically motivated, indicating that, as with the Franklin, people's consciences could override their traditional political loyalties if it came to the crunch.

Another important aspect of Labor's economic strategy is their new mega-tourism policy — designed to create jobs and attract overseas currency. This policy is largely the work of the Minister for Sport, John Brown, and his good friend the Minister for Environment, Barry Cohen. Together they have locked horns with conservationists over the placing of the first in a number of five-star resort centres on the beautiful and delicate escarpment at Leura in the NSW Blue Mountains. Conservationists say they're not objecting to the multi-million dollar resorts *per se*, but the fact that the developments appear to have been given the go-ahead without any need for Environmental Impact Statements. The issue is a sensitive one and again if Labor insists on pushing the proposals, conservationists will have sympathetic Australian Democrats eager to support them.

The Democrats themselves see the coming election as a "do or die" affair. If they fail to hold their position in the Senate and Labor gains a majority, they are resigned to the fact that Hawke will introduce legislation which will make it well-nigh impossible for third parties to ever meaningfully enter federal politics again.

This legislation would probably come in the form of a referendum to limit the power of the Senate, the rationale being that it is necessary for the government of the day to have the opportunity to carry out its mandate unencumbered by the ever-present threat of a hostile Senate. It would be an obvious move for a Labor government still smarting from the dismissal of the Whitlam government. However, constitutional changes to more clearly define the role of the Governor-General rather than to nullify the powers of the Senate might be more appropriate.

It is a strange and unlikely position that the Democrats now occupy. With very limited budgets on which to run their election campaigns and in many cases no candidates for House of Reps seats, it must be assumed that the Australian electorate has been sensitive and sympathetic to them. It is one of the glaring facts of political life that the Democrats get no support from the popular press at all. In fact they get almost frenzied scorn from the press barons when they attempt to live up to their "honesty" tag by publicly admitting mistakes. Senator Don Chipp's reversal and subsequent media crucifixion over the Democrat-policy on the sales tax issue is a case in point. This scornful attitude has also been adopted by the political correspondents of the major dailies who committed themselves to the two-party system many years ago and feel personally threatened by any change in the status quo.

The Democrats have succeeded in amalgamating the various streams of left-liberal third parties that have surfaced over the past decade or so. This largely involves the new Liberal Movement and the old Australia Party. In order that these two streams coexist peacefully there has been a considerable degree of compromise within the party and it would appear that at present these "factions" have a degree of harmony not evident within the ranks of the Labor Party or the Coalition.

The fact that many conservation and peace groups are beginning to champion the Democrats should ensure their long-term political survival. Most of those involved in these movements are former angry young men and women from the heady days of the Whitlam government and the Vietnam War. Over the years they've lost a lot of their anger and a degree of their youth, and along with the accoutrements of middle age (a few kids and a mortgage), they've gained a deep suspicion that the ALP of the Eighties is not at all like Gough's party of the Seventies.

However, there are groups of the environmental/anti-nuclear lobby which have tried to go it alone and form a new "Green Party." Most of these groups have had their genesis in the "new age/new awareness" societies that have developed in Sydney and on the north coast of NSW. It would appear that these latest calls for an "alternative" party could only damage the considerable gains that the Democrats have made in the same areas. With limited funds and no political acumen it is hard to anticipate a Green Party, as such, ever getting off the ground. But it is not hard to see their fledgling efforts causing some unnecessary divisions within the ranks of those wanting to get behind the Democrats.

The final blow to Labor's plans to gain control of the Senate may actually come through the Democrats' harnessing of a number of key public figures. Already one of the most well-known peace activists in the country, former American army colonel and leader of the US invasion of Cambodia in the early Seventies, David Hackworth, has constantly reiterated his support for them by saying that a vote for the Democrats is a vote for "sanity." Hackworth is a campaigner who appeals to a much broader section of the community than many of those peace groups who can easily be accused of being manipulated by the extreme left.

Dr Bob Brown, the remarkable softly-spoken achiever for the Wilderness Society and liberator of the Franklin Dam, has recently endorsed the Democrats. He suggests that all too often splinter groups within the alternative and environmental movements cause conflict by setting up rival political bodies with similar goals and that, because the Democrats are established and have sound policies on wilderness preservation, uranium mining and peace, it is the height of stupidity to attempt to replicate such policies somewhere else.

One of the most surprising endorsements for the Democrats recently came from former Labor Treasurer, Dr Jim Cairns, who is quoted as saying that support for all "green" issues should now best be channelled through the Democrats. Cairns' support is a coup for the Democrats, not only because he is a former Labor Treasurer, but more importantly (and despite his many detractors) because he is still regarded by many in the "alternative" area as something of an oracle.

If the Democrats succeed in maintaining and even adding to their strength in the Senate in the forthcoming election, and assuming Labor continues to alienate the peace and environmental groups, it is not inconceivable that the Democrats could win seats in the House of Representatives at the following election. And although the political pundits would dismiss these ideas as fanciful ponderings, the West German example stands as proof that "green" issues are here to stay, and sustainable in a Western democracy.

"The fact that many conservation and peace groups are beginning to champion the Democrats should ensure their long-term political survival"

LOOSE ENDS

Throw away that cumbersome newspaper! Now you can get the news and the music of your choice and look silly on the morning bus into the bargain with a Sanyo watch radio. The Sanyo digital radio watch with headphones allows you to tune into AM radio stations "anytime, anyplace" and do the Dick Tracy boogie until your batteries run flat. Details of availability from Sanyo Australia, on (02) 428 0822.

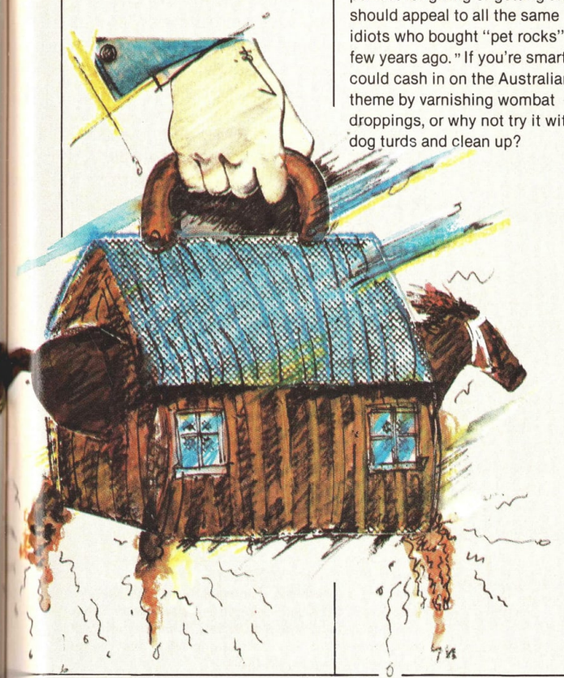
If aftershave is up your alley, then you'll know that they don't come much classier than Chanel. The new range from that olfactory factory goes by the name of Antaeus Pour Homme and it sounds good enough to drink: "Antaeus is warm, masculine and powerful, long-lasting, with aromatic top notes on woody base notes, and tones of leather." The range comprises 12 items with prices starting at $12. Antaeus Pour Homme will be available at leading department stores and selected pharmacies and boutiques from September 1.

Six Cointreau ice crushers are agitating to be given away this month and we're bowing to their demands. All you have to do to become the proud owner of one of these handy and handsome additions to your bar is write and tell us the fruit on which Cointreau is based. Or if the simplicity of that question offends you, come up with a real word that rhymes with Cointreau. Write your answer on the back of an envelope with your name and address and send it to the Cointreau Competition, PO Box 42 Cammeray 2062 NSW. Entries will be judged on correctness or outstanding poetic ability.

A rev-head's delight — The Golden Arrow (pictured) is currently touring the country courtesy of Castrol and motoring authority David Berthon. The Golden Arrow was the vehicle Sir Henry Segrave drove to establish the world land speed record of 372.46 km/h at Daytona Beach, Florida in 1929. Australian auto aficionados can check it out at Gilltrap's Auto Museum in Coomera, Queensland, until September 3. Then it rears its head at the Castrol 400 at Sandown on September 9, the James Hardie 1000 at Bathurst on September 30, and bows out at the Sydney Motor Show, October 12 to 21.

A Cessnock, NSW, gentleman with the great name of Albin Unger successfully puzzled his way through our video maze and correctly answered three questions to win our May competition prize, the revolutionary Commodore Portable SX-64 Color Computer. Mr Unger's prize, valued at $2000, can run virtually any program important to business and industry and can also be used with game cartridges or to invent your own diversions. Congratulations and keep up those entries to *Penthouse* monthly competitions.

Marketing-minded types take note: you could be making money by the shovel-load if this recent clipping from an American newspaper is anything to go by. ". For the low-low price of $3.95, you can have your very own premium, polyurethaned horseshit. The "Horse Apple" is packed in straw in its own gift box, which is shaped like a barn with a horse's south end on both sides. This decorator item is perfect for giving or getting and should appeal to all the same idiots who bought "pet rocks" a few years ago." If you're smart you could cash in on the Australiana theme by varnishing wombat droppings, or why not try it with dog turds and clean up?



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

We have a winner and it comes from Steve Gilbert of Sherwood in Queensland. Steve's study of Lee Brennan wins him a choice of two prizes from Polaroid. On the one hand there's the snappy Polaroid SLR680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe camera, and on the other there's the revolutionary new Polaroid AutoProcess system — quite a handful. The AutoProcess package comprises an AutoProcesser, Cutter/-Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts. Everything a keen cameraman needs to process his own transparencies in just a few minutes.

Reckon you can do better? Well prove it by showing us your wares. Send us a revealing study, taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise, and let *Australian Penthouse* be the judge.

Fill in the coupon below, put it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse.*

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse,* PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

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I (the subject)..... of ..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse.* I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:..... Date.....

Signature of witness:..... Date.....

Victoria's Tracee Edwards

COMING IN OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Foreign Affairs — Early this year the suspension of the Head of the Public Information Section of Australia's Department of Foreign Affairs, Don Witheford, and the subsequent laying of charges against him for possessing Commonwealth documents without excuse, gave Canberra's rumor-mongers a field day. Was someone trying to make a martyr of the man, and why? The answers to those questions lead to allegations of extensive corruption and misuse of power in the department. This exclusive expose also drags some skeletons out of a closet which many federal politicians had hoped was locked forever.

Hot Stuff — If the smell of burning steak and smoking eucalyptus leaves doesn't make your mouth water, then you couldn't be true-blue — because the barbecue is as Australian as football, meat pies and Holdens. This griller's guide gives you the drum on how to create the ultimate backyard barbie.

Rock And Raunch — A dozen pictorial profiles of Australian rock music's finest female singers. Linda Nutter, Sharon O'Neill, The Party Girls and more strut their stuff for *Penthouse*.

Tim Finn Interview — A penetrating conversation with the multi-talented frontman from Split Enz, a band with a remarkable record of success stretching over a decade. Finn covers a diversity of subjects — his solo aspirations, his dedication to his band and their plans for the future — and in doing so explains what makes Tim Finn tick.

Mr Big — Usually described as a "fugitive financier" Robert Vesco is a man whose ruthless business acumen has made him the biggest narcotics kingpin in the world. This is the story of how one man took a major role in the world's fastest growing industry and made a profit which leaves the GNP of some developing countries look like small change.

Pet Of The Month — On Great Keppel Island, where this hot blonde was photographed, they remember her as Cyclone Tracee. Legal secretary by day, rager by night, Victoria's Tracee Edwards is a centrespread you won't forget in a hurry.

STRIKEBREAKER

Continued from page 41

statement that Ernie Ecob and the other union leaders misled the shearers on the wide comb issue and are using them as pawns in their power struggle against the graziers is right on the nose. Ecob has always claimed that he's only doing what the shearers want — but he's only representing a certain *type* of shearer, and that is the union rep who's prepared to drive hundreds of miles to get to the meetings. They're the red raggers who won't compromise . . . and Ernie won't compromise either. The AWU leaders work out their tactics in the bar room and then race out and provoke violence, instead of quietly getting the names of the contractors and employers who are breaching the award, and then taking them to court. The union shearers don't have any concept of industrial law; they only know what their leaders tell them. You see, individually, shearers are good blokes; but collectively, they've got no more brains than the sheep they shear."

Is there an end in sight? In his final submission to the McKenzie Commission, Letchford stated that it was difficult for him to see a solution until either the present generation of shearers leaves the industry, or all the non-union contractors and their employers are eliminated. "You see, the industry is changing," he says. "We've got suburban shearers everywhere now. These men don't roam across the outback, and they don't sit around the fire at night discussing the heroic deeds of their fathers and grandfathers who fought the great battles against the evil graziers. The great traditions are dying now. But as long as the old guard are still alive — men like Ernie Ecob and Bluey Rodwell — the confrontation will always be on." ○—

As this article goes to print, the Arbitration Commission has handed down its ruling that wide combs will continue to be a legal option, under certain conditions, for shearers in Australia. In a subsequent meeting the AWU Executive Council, which is the management committee of the union, resolved to recommend to the shearers that they continue to work. Members of the NSW branch of the AWU were present at the conference when the resolution was carried, and they did not oppose the decision. It is to be hoped that the AWU's unequivocal acceptance of the wide comb signals an end to the dispute. As this story illustrates, the issues involved extend beyond the use of wide combs, so perhaps that is an optimistic hope.

STOCKISTS

Cover and centrespread: Photography by Bob Watson; Make-up by Chris King; Hair styled by Mara Shiavetti; Shoes and lingerie from Raymond Castles; Couch from Arredorama, Sydney; Art deco articles from Paul and Yvonne Maule at Flip, Paddington, Sydney.

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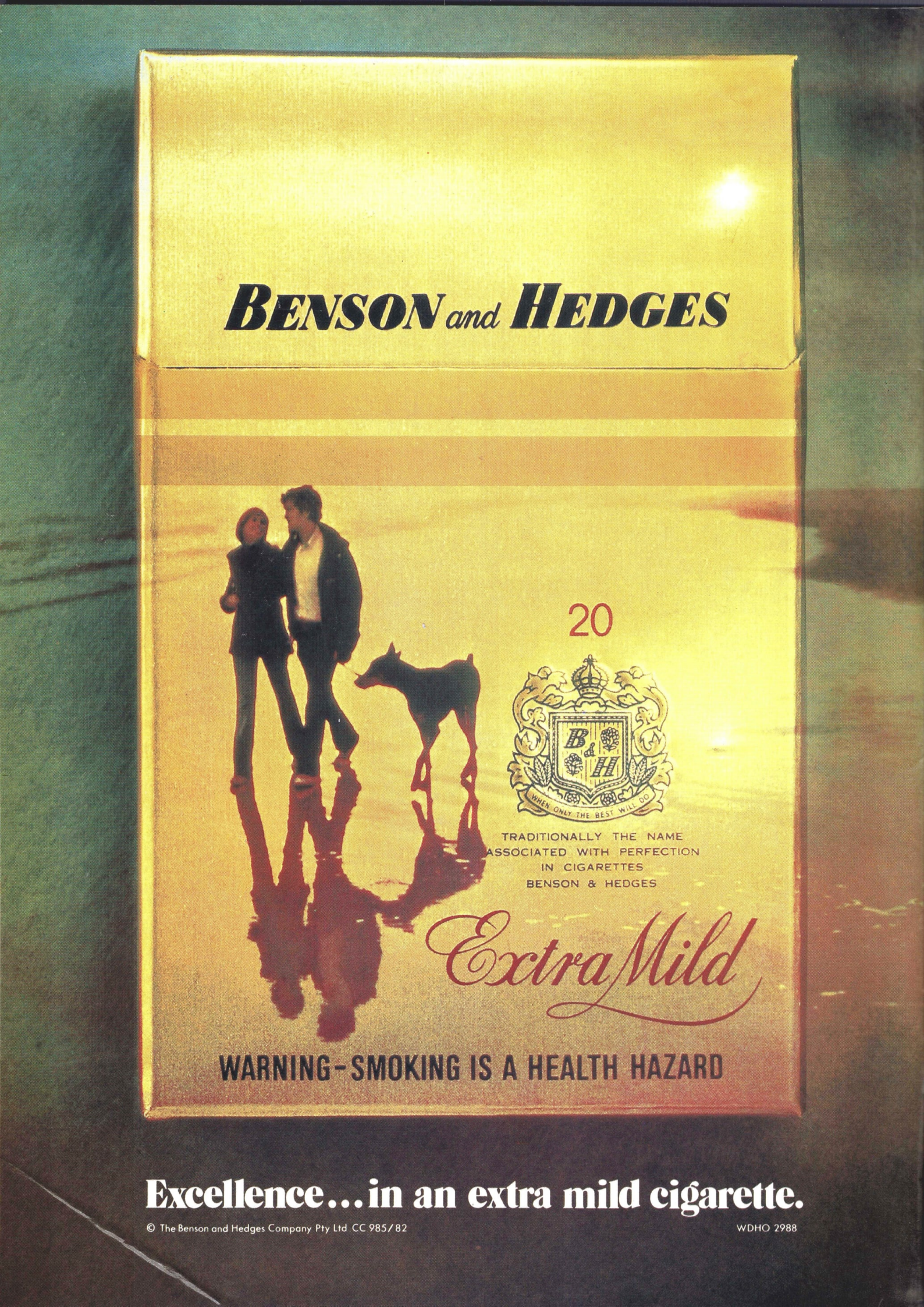
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